

Linda Ronstadt, The Boat From Guaymas

At the stroke of the oar the waves
are agitated
Light is the boat
At the noise of the water my sorrow
gets deeper
And my soul is sobbing.

Because of so many troubles
My anguished love cries out to you
You are very far away
And my soul finds itself alone,
all alone.

Tired traveler who returns to the port
From faraway lands
What strange pilot sailed your boat
Without a sail, without an anchor
From where do you come, that you have
torn to pieces
Your sails so white.
You left singing
And today you return, bringing death
in your soul.

I am the sailor who happily from Guaymas
Left one morning
Carrying in my boat, like a guiding bird,
My sweet hope
Through unknown seas
The storm overwhelmed my sacred
yearnings
That's why my efforts are broken
And I bring death in the soul.

You left singing
And today you return
Bringing death in your soul.