

# The Dogs of B.A.

## Mirah

I hung myself out on the line  
Beneath an argentina sky  
And i expected there to dry  
Beneath the argentina sky  
Upon the rooftop here so high  
Beneath the argentina sky  
The storm did call me to its side  
Beneath the argentina sky And the dogs of buenos aires they will take you from your sleep  
Between the firecrackers cackling and the taxis in the street  
And if you wake up lonely better throw some shoes upon those feet  
To keep the heartbreak from taking your life Once i had planned to be your bride  
Before this argentina sky  
Now i just tend my wounded pride  
Under this argentina sky  
Now i want the rain to fall into my eyes  
From this argentina sky  
The thunder to match my anguished cries  
Beneath this argentina sky I looked into the darkening and while the air did chill  
I knew that though i'm here in exile that you should love me still  
And when the rain began to pound i lifted up my face until  
I was soaked with the ache of the sky Spanish talks :ELLA HACA EL LAVADO EN LA TERRAZA,  
she was washing the clothes at the rooftop,  
MIENTRAS EL SOL LE QUEMABA LA ESPALDA.  
while the sun was burning her back.  
ELLA INTENTABA FREGAR EL SUDOR DE SU DESCONSUELO,  
she was trying to wash out the sweat of her grief,  
ESCURRIR LAS LGRIMAS.  
drain her tears.  
PERO ANTES DE QUE LA TAREA ESTUVIERA TERMINADA,  
but before the work was done,  
LA ROPA TODAVA DOLIENTE EN LA SOGA,  
clothes still aching on the rope,  
BAJ DESDE EL DELTA UN VIENTO PODEROSO,  
from the Delta came down a powerful wind,  
Y LAS NUBES SE CARGARON A LO LAARGO DEL CIELO.  
and the clouds got loaded all through the sky.  
"RPIDO, ADENTRO! CERRAD LAS VENTANAS! VIENE UNA TORMENTA!  
"quickly, get in! close the windows! there's a storm moving in!  
SACA TU ROPA DE LA SOGA!"

take out your clothes from the rope!"So many tears could make me blind  
Beneath this argentina sky  
But still my love for you i can't deny  
Even under argentina's skies  
I'll seek until a path to you i find  
Under these argentina skies  
When will you take me back inside  
From under argentina's skiesI looked into the darkening and while the air did chill  
I knew that though i'm here in exile that you should love me still  
And when the rain began to pound i lifted up my face until  
I was soaked with the ache of the sky  
When will you take me back inside  
From under these argentine skies?

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