Flamenco

La Rocka

Does it diminish your
Super-capacity to love

Walk like a matador,
Don't be chicken-shit
And turn breezes into rivulets

Flamenco-sweep the air
And weave the sun
And stamp your feet for everyone

Does it exhibit your
Natural tendency to hate

Maybe a prostitute
Could teach you
How to take a compliment

Maybe I'll go to New York,
I'll drag you there
You said, "no one drags me
Anywhere"

Does it diminish your
Super-capacity to love

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