

# Emilio

## Judy Collins

Emilio lives in an attic  
Plays a flamenco guitar  
Our prayers fall down his window  
And roll down flanders of rusted out carsThey harmonize with the sirens  
And mix with that racket downstairs  
They wonder out into the traffic  
Emilio's misguided prayersThe moon is Emilio's mistress  
On her there's no journeys back  
Some nights she comes to him naked and cold  
And some nights she only wears blackWhen the full moon flows from his bottle  
Somehow there's always a fight  
When the moon and the lunatic dance, "senorina"  
The beautiful music spins into the night and they danceIn his dreams he can see the "abuelas"  
They offer him razors and wine  
Suspicious Emilio measures  
The "vino" against the divineBut he never has come to believe them  
Or accepted their Heavenly host  
So vigorous and savage darling  
The Saint and the sinner he prays to the mostEmilio lives in an attic  
Plays a flamenco guitar  
Our prayers fall down his window  
And roll down flanders of rusted out cars

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