Cecilia

Franky Perez

Gypsy woman, come inside now
And take a load off your feet
You've been pounding the pavement
Ain't told a fortune in weeksShe spends here money on tequila
She says, it keeps her warm
They call her many things but her name's Cecilia
Now don't you know, now don't you knowHey hey hey hey, Cecilia
Don't you know the streets will kill ya?
Don't you know your mama misses ya?
Don't you know? Don't you know?Gypsy woman, say she don't need ya
And asks for a ride to the liquor store
She kills the bottle, gives praise to Jesus
Then passes out on your living room floorShe tells the story of a shotgun wedding
And a birth of a stillborn child
She was only 13 and her little body wasn't ready
Babies watching babies dieHey hey hey hey, Cecilia
Don't you know the streets will kill ya?
Don't you know your mama misses ya?
Don't you know? Don't you know?Hey hey hey hey, Cecilia
I have seen the beauty in ya
Don't you know you're one in a million?
Don't you know? Don't you know?Hey hey hey hey, Cecilia
Don't you know the streets will kill ya?
Don't you know your mama misses ya?
Don't you know? Don't you know?Hey hey hey hey, Cecilia
I have seen the beauty in ya
Don't you know you're one in a million?
Don't you know? Don't you know?

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