

# Y Andale (Get on with it)

Linda Ronstadt

written by Minerva Elizondo

Que diran los de tu casa  
Cuando mi miran tomando,  
Pensarn que por tu causa  
Yo me vivo emborrachando,  
Y Andale...Pero si vieras  
Como son lindas estas borracheras  
Y Andale...(Coro)  
Pero hasta cuando  
Dejan tus padres de andarte cuidando  
Y Andale...Cada vez que vengo a verte  
Siempre me voy resbalando;  
O es que tengo mala suerte  
O es que me esta lloviznando  
Y Andale...Pero si vieras  
Seco mi chaco en mi higuera Ladera  
Y Andale...(Coro)  
Pero si cuando  
Seco mi chaco en mi higuera floreando  
Y Andale...Me dices que soy un necio  
Porque me ando emborrachando,  
Y a pesar de tus deprecios,  
Yo quiero seguir tomando, y AndalePero si vieras  
Como son lindas estas borracheras...  
Y Andale...(Coro)  
Pero que bellas  
Paso las horas vaciando botellas  
Y Andale.I am a renowned teetotaler, but I love  
this drinking song. The use of the word  
chaco is unusual (it has been defined as  
organ meat of hunted fowl) and the exact  
meaning of the refrain it appears in  
probably has a double connotation. I  
have opted to sing it here with my niece,  
Mindy, who at 17 brings a lovely innocence  
to this tale of gleeful debauchery.  
L.R.Get On With ItWhat will they say those in your house  
When they see me drinking,  
Will they think that it's on account of you  
That I live my life drinking

Get on with it. But if you could see  
How pretty these binges are  
Get on with it. (Chorus)  
But until whenever  
Your parents stop protecting you  
Get on with it. Each time that I come to see you  
I'm always slipping;  
Is it that I have bad luck  
Or is it that it's drizzling on me,  
Get on with it.  
But if you could see  
Me dry my chaco in my flowering fig tree grove  
Get on with it. (Chorus)  
But if ever  
I dry my chaco in my flowering fig tree grove,  
Get on with it. You say that I'm a fool,  
Because i'm always getting drunk,  
And in spite of your scorn,  
I want to keep on drinking,  
Get on with it. But if you were to see  
How pretty these binges are,  
Get on with it. (Chorus)  
But how beautiful  
Are the hours I spend emptying bottles,  
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