

Indio Boy

Arabesque

He came from the mountains to our little town
And he never spoke a word.

But he played every day in a lovely wayLittle tunes I had never heard.

When he played his fluteHis eyes seemed to be like mirrors of times gone by.

I don't know if I saw what I should not seeBut I looked right into his heart.

I looked right into his heart.I found out one evening only by chanceWhere he spent his lonely nights.

There he slept in the church on the marble floorAnd his flute lay by his side.

As I woke him up and saidWon't you come to my house where it's nice and warm
He said

Please let me be, for I am not freeAnd I don't wanna break your heart

I don't wanna break your heart

When early one morning I came to the placeWhere he used to play his flute.

He was gone

but a song that will never die

Seemed to linger on in the sky.

He's an Indio boy

And his folks

far away

they are prayingIndio boy come home when you are a man.

He's an Indio Boy

and he longs for the girl who is waitinc

Indio Boy

come home as soon as you can.

He's an Indio Boy till the day he will be a man.

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