

Nino

Jackson Browne

Nino, walking around on Sunday
Nino, just one more kid in L.A.
With a hubcap and a stick in his hand
In his own parade, leading the band
His head in the sky, his feet nearly touching the sand
Nino, three thousand miles away
Nino, la familia stares at the bay
Turning off Sunset Boulevard
Playing the fence around somebody's yard
Thinking of home and keeping tumbao on the hood of a car
Nino, people will know you one day
Nino, they're going to call you El Rey
Nino de la playa why la ciudad
Nino de las calles why la verdad
El ritmo de tu pueblo se siente aqui
Al canto de la tierra que vive en ti
La magia de tu mano en el tambor
Retumba aqui con alma why con sabor
Why al toque de campanas al sonar
Los Angeles te guardan desde el mar
(Child of the beach and the city
Child of the streets and of the truth
The rhythm of your people is felt here
To the song of the country that lives in you
The magic of your hand on the drum
Resonates here with soul and good feeling
And at the strike of bells as they ring
The angels guard you from the sea)

Songwriters

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