

# Zingara

Marcos Soares

Why do you fly on the dusty dawn  
so far from home, Zingara?  
Why do you sleep under stranger stars  
by stranger fires, Zingara?  
It calls me beyond the wild  
so strange are the old home fires  
burning, burning  
blue, blue, gone, gone, gone  
we're going down, down,  
yeah we're going down,  
dancing down Corduroy Road  
we're going down, down,  
dancing down, down,  
dancing down Corduroy Road

they laughed in your face, they ranted and raced  
and cursed your name, Zingara  
a sad, sad day with hell to pay  
you're so in a cage, Zingara  
It calls me beyond the wild  
so strange are the old home fires  
burning, burning  
blue, blue, gone, gone, gone  
we're going down, down,  
yeah we're going down,  
dancing down Corduroy Road  
we're going down, down,  
dancing down, down,  
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