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
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