

# Y Andale (2016 Remastered)

Linda Ronstadt

written by Minerva ElizondoQue 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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