

Consuela Biaz

Sergio Presto

In the hills above Freno
By a shiny mountain stream
A young man laid where he fell
In the ruins of his dreams
He looked into the sky
Happy to see that the dawn was slowly breaking
And the women knelt beside him
Consuela Biaz
Consuela Biaz, she knelt there and gently
She bathed his wounds
And he kissed her trembling fingers
Consuela Biaz
Consuela Biaz, she knelt there and gently
She bathed his wounds
And he kissed her trembling fingers
Consuela Biaz
In the town San Domingo

As we laughed and danced all night
To the throb of flamingo guitars
Seemed a long, long way from tomorrow's fight
He came from over the sea
Full of the passion of when you were born to be free
From the Valley of Ronda
Consuela Biaz
Consuela Biaz, she knelt there and gently
She bathed his wounds
And he kissed her trembling fingers
Consuela Biaz
Consuela Biaz, the Valley of Ronda
To the hills above Freno
Just to die against her shoulder
Oh, Consuela Biaz
I'm sorry if I have failed you