Cucurucu

Nick Mulvey

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
She takes me back down the vista of my years, until I see
I see a child underneath the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
Pressing the poised feet of his mother who smiles at him as she sings.

Cucurucu, cucurucu

Softly now in the evening dusk, a woman is singing to me;
She takes me back down the vista of my years, until I see
A boy, a child underneath the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
Pressing the poised feet of his mother who smiles at him as she sings
Yearning to belong, yearning to belong
My heart beats with a ceaseless longing of a yearning to belong
In spite of myself, and all of these nursery songs
My heart beats with a ceaseless longing of a yearning to belong

Cucurucu, cucurucu
Singing cucurucu, cucurucu

Till the melodies of childish days, are upon, upon me
And they take me back, back down the river
They keep leading me on, they lead me to the sea
And all of my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, and I weep like a child for the past.

Singing cucurucu, cucurucu
Singing cucurucu, cucurucu

I see a child underneath the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
Pressing the poised feet of his mother who smiles at him as she sings.
Listen to me son, I'll tell you why your feather's strong
Cause he can still say every single day, he's yearning to belong
Yearning to belong, yearning to belong
My heart beats with a ceaseless longing of a yearning to belong
In spite of myself, and all of these nursery songs
My heart beats with a ceaseless, meets with a peaceless burning to belong

Singing cucurucu, cucurucu
Singing cucurucu
Singing cucurucu, cucurucu

Cucurucu

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