

Ayúdame a mirar (Help Me to See)

Xochitl Galán Molinet

Pedacito de mar, que me consuela
pedacito de mar, besando arenas
toda tu inmensidad, dejando huellas
ayúdame a mirar.

De tierra adentro soy, de las maderas
no pude imaginarme que existiera
intensidad de azules que me ciega
ayúdame a mirar.

*Little piece of sea that consoles me
little piece of sea that kisses the sand
all of your immensity leaving traces
help me to see.*

*I am from inland, from the woods
I never imagined that there existed
this intensity of blues that blinds me
help me to see.*

Amarás

Brian Amador ©2019 Greñudo Music (BMI)

Amarás, y el objeto de tu amor
no siempre lo merecerá.
Pensarás que es en vano el amar,
que inútil es soñar con más.
Llorarás, sentirás que en este mundo no hay lugar
para aquel amor profundo,
y que la suerte tuya es vivir toda la vida en soledad.
Llorarás, y tal vez de ese llanto brotará
la semilla de un encanto, y dirás
que tal vez vale la pena y amarás.

O tal vez no.
Tal vez no llegues a encontrar tu alma gemela.
Tal vez tu media naranja resulte limón.
Encontrarás el amor por donde lo encuentres,
y aprovecharlo o no, es tu decisión.

O tal vez no.
Nunca se sabe qué nos traerá el futuro.
Y lo que has baila'o, no te lo pueden quitar.
Requiere atención, esmero y paciencia
ejercitar el músculo del amor.

Amarás, y el objeto de tu amor
no siempre lo merecerá.
Pensarás que es en vano el amar,
que inútil es soñar con más.
Llorarás, sentirás que en este mundo no hay lugar
para aquel amor profundo,
y que la suerte tuya es vivir toda la vida en soledad.
Llorarás, y con cada desamor aprenderás como amarte mejor,
y verás que aún vale la pena y amarás.

*You will love, and the object of your love
will not always deserve it.
You will think that loving is in vain,
that it's useless to hope for more.
You will cry, you will feel that there's no room in this world
for that profound love,
and that your fate is to live your whole life in solitude.
You will cry, and maybe from your tears will spring
the seed of an enchantment, and you'll say
that maybe it's worth it, and you'll love.*

*Or maybe not.
Maybe you don't find your soulmate.
Maybe your "better half" turns out to be a lemon.
You'll find love wherever you find it,
and whether to take advantage of it is up to you.*

*Or maybe not.
We never know what the future will bring
and the dances you've danced, they can't that away from you.
It requires attention, effort and patience
to exercise the muscle of love.*

*You will love, and the object of your love
will not always deserve it.
You will think that loving is in vain,
that it's useless to hope for more.
You will cry, you will feel that there's no room in this world
for that profound love,
and that your fate is to live your whole life in solitude.
You will cry, and with every heartbreak you'll learn
to love yourself better and you'll love.*

Canción (Song)

Pablo Milanés, Nicolás Guillén

De que callada manera se me adentra usted sonriendo
como si fuera la primavera, yo muriendo
y de que modo sutil me derramó en la camisa
todas las flores de abril.

¿Quién le dijo que yo era risa siempre, nunca llanto?
Como si fuera la primavera, no soy tanto.
En cambio qué espiritual que usted me brinde una rosa
de su rosal principal.

De que callada manera se me adentra usted sonriendo
como si fuera la primavera, yo muriendo, yo muriendo.

*In such a quiet way your smile gets under my skin
as if it were the springtime and I was dying
and how subtle the way in which you spilled on my shirt
all the flowers of April.*

*Who told you that I was always laughter, never tears?
As if I were the springtime, I'm not so much.
But how spiritual that you should offer me a rose
from your favorite rose garden.*

*In such a quiet way your smile gets under my skin
as if it were the springtime and I was dying, and I was dying.*

Tonada de luna llena (Full Moon Tone Poem)

Simón Díaz

Yo vi de una garza negra dándole combate a un río,
así es como se enamora tu corazón con el mío.
Yo vi de una garza negra dándole combate a un río,
así es como se enamora tu corazón con el mío.

Luna, luna, luna, luna llena menguante.

Anda muchacho a la casa y me traes la carabina
pa' matar a este gavilán que no me deja gallinas.

La luna me está mirando, yo no sé lo que me ve,
yo tengo la ropa limpia, ayer tarde la lavé.
La luna me está mirando, yo no sé lo que me ve,
yo tengo la ropa limpia, ayer tarde la lavé.

Luna, luna, luna, luna llena menguante.

I saw a great blue heron doing battle with the river,
that's how my heart falls in love with yours.
Full moon, full moon waning.

Go on home, boy, and fetch me my rifle
so I can kill this chicken hawk that's leaving me without chickens.

The moon is watching me, I don't know what it sees.
My clothes are clean, I washed them yesterday.
Full moon, full moon waning.

Home Again

BAlisa Amador ©2018 Honest Magic Publishing (BMI)

I made myself some tea and I sat upon the rug
braided years before I was a twinkle in your eye.
Under me, holding all of the dust and the stories of my youth,
my New England tapestry.

I made my way outside and the waning moon was high,
with Orion 'bout to strike the celestial poetry.
Over me, holding all of the stars and the things we cannot see
in my New England tapestry.

So what do you say I come home again
and I leave this old rug behind?
Can't see the stars in the city so well
but I can see the light in your eyes.
And for me, that will suffice.

So what do you say I come home again
and I leave these old books behind?
Can't take back the miles that have kept me away,
so I'll thank them for shaping my mind.
Through all of the tears, and the wish you were heres
and the feeling of living a lie.

They can go and I'll know that I suffice.

Carve My Initials (in the Tree of Life)

Brian Amador ©2016 Greñudo Music (BMI)

*I'm not gonna live forever, that is one thing that I know,
Someday I'll be fertilizer - hope to make some green things grow.
I'm not gonna live forever, but there's one thing I can see:
I am gonna do some livin', long before they bury me.*

*I'm gonna carve my initials in the Tree of Life,
keep on livin' 'til the day I die.
When I fall, I'm gonna get back up,
Keep on drinkin' from the lovin' cup.
Carve our initials in the Cosmic Tree,
leave a heart that says "you plus me".
Won't give up without a fuss,
make damn sure they will remember us.*

*You're not gonna live forever, that is one thing that's for sure,
'cause we're here but for a moment, and for death,
there ain't no cure.
You're not gonna live forever, so there's one thing you must do:
Just be sure to do some livin', long before they bury you.*

*You've got to carve your initials in the Tree of Life,
keep on livin' 'til the day you die.
When you fall, you gotta get back up,
Keep on drinkin' from the lovin' cup.
Carve our initials in the Cosmic Tree,
leave a heart that says "you plus me".
Won't give up without a fuss,
make damn sure they will remember us.*

*Carve our initials in the Tree of Life,
keep on livin' 'til the day we die.
When we fall, we're gonna get back up,
Keep on drinkin' from the lovin' cup...*

Amapola (Poppy)


Juan Luis Guerra

Abre las hojas del viento, mi vida
Ponle una montura al río
Cabalga y si te da frío te arropas
Con la piel de las estrellas
De almohada la luna llena, mi vida
Y de sueño el amor mío.

Y una amapola me lo dijo ayer
Que te voy a ver, que te voy a ver
Y un arcoiris me pinto la piel
Para amanecer contigo.
Y una amapola me lo dijo ayer
Que te voy a ver, que te voy a ver
Y un arcoiris me pinto la piel
Para amanecer contigo.

Cierra la noche y el día, mi vida
Para que todo sea nuestro
Y una gran fuga de besos
Se pose sobre tu boca
Y que el trinar de las rosas, mi vida
Te diga cuánto te quiero.

Y una amapola me lo dijo ayer...



Open the leaves of the wind, my love
Put a saddle on the river
Gallop, and if you get cold, wrap yourself
in the skin of the stars
For a pillow, the full moon, my dear
and for your dreams, my love for you.

And a poppy told me yesterday
that I'm going to see you
and a rainbow painted my skin
to wake up with you.
And a poppy told me yesterday
that I'm going to see you
and a rainbow painted my skin
to wake up with you.

Close the night and day, my dear
so that everything will be ours
and a great rush of kisses
will rest on your mouth
and so the trilling of the roses, my dear
will tell you how much I love you.

And a poppy told me yesterday....

Quizás, quizás, quizás (Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhaps)

Oswaldo Farrés, English lyrics Joe Davis

Siempre que te pregunto que ¿cuando, cómo y dónde?
tu siempre me respondes, "Quizás, quizás, quizás."

Estás perdiendo el tiempo pensando, pensando
por lo que más tu quieras, ¿hasta cuándo, hasta cuándo?
Y así pasan los días y yo desesperando,
y tú, tú contestando, "Quizás, quizás, quizás."

You won't admit you love me, and so how am I ever
to know, you only tell me,
A million times I ask you, and then I ask you over again.
You only answer, "perhaps, perhaps, perhaps."

If you can't make you mind up, we'll never get started
and I don't want to wind up being parted, broken hearted.
So if you really love me, say yes, but if you don't, dear,
confess, and please don't tell me, "perhaps, perhaps, perhaps."

Nana rabiosa (Raging Lullaby)

Brian Amador ©2018 Greñudo Music (BMI)

Duerme niña, duerme, duerme si puedes
lejos de tu papi, en tu celda gris.
Duerme niño, duerme.
Sepas que tu mami no piensa más que en ti,
no añora más que a ti, y en busca va de ti.

Duerme niña, duerme, duerme si puedes.
Y si te maltratan, no es nada personal.
Es que esa gente no es capaz de verte
como un ser humano,
no eres más que daño colateral.

Duerme niña, duerme, duerme si puedes.
Que esta noche larga tendrá su final.
No te olvidaremos, no descansaremos
hasta que amanezcas,
hasta que amanezcas en libertad.

*Sleep, little girl, sleep, sleep if you can
far from your Papi in your grey cell.
Sleep little boy, sleep.
Know that your Mami thinks of nothing but you,
longs for nothing but you, and is searching for you.*

*Sleep, little girl, sleep, sleep if you can.
And if they mistreat you, it's nothing personal.
It's just that those people are not capable of seeing you
as a human being; you're just collateral damage.*

*Sleep, little girl, sleep, sleep if you can.
This long night will come to an end.
We won't forget you, we won't rest
until you wake up
until you wake up in freedom.*

Palomita (Little Pigeon)

Alisa Amador ©2017 Honest Magic Publishing (BMI)

*Palomita, palomita gris,
no me explicas porque estoy aquí,
sólo miras y echas a volar.
Las estrellas no me cuentan más
de sus cuentos de amor, guerra y paz,
sólo miran desde el más allá.*

*En estos días yo me pierdo en mí misma,
y las palabras son una falsa sonrisa.
Y desde el sur del continente
con invierno en el vientre
y las lluvias sin parar,*

*Llévate las mañanas, llévate las manzanas,
tus ojos, tu pelo, el olor de tu cuello,
la luz por tu ventana.*

*No sabía que al caminar a tu lado
me iba a enamorar,
que una sonrisa te puede marear.
Las estrellas nos contaron mal.
Nuestra historia tenía un final.
El silencio te puede matar.*

En estos días yo me pierdo en mí misma....

*Little gray pigeon, you don't explain to me why I'm here,
you just look at me and fly away.
The stars no longer tell me their stories of love, war and peace,
they just look down from above.*


*These days I get lost in myself, and words are a false smile.
And from the South of the continent with winter in its womb
and the rains that won't stop,*

*Take the mornings, take the apples,
your eyes, your hair, the smell of your neck,
the light through your window.*

*I didn't know that walking by your side
I would fall in love, that a smile can make you dizzy.
The stars mislead us. Our story had an end.
The silence can kill you.*

These days I get lost in myself....





Olor a chiles (Smell of Chiles)

Brian Amador ©2009 Greñudo Music (BMI)

Estaba muy lejos de casa, en un lugar ajeno
cuando un olor a chiles me llevó a mi terreno.
Se desvanecieron los años, retrocedieron las millas.
Otra vez vi a mi abuela amasando tortillas.

Olor a chiles, olor a infancia,
tantos años borrados por nada más que una fragancia.
Olor a chiles, olor a casa,
me ha hecho olvidar de como la vida pasa.

Hay bocas que hablan de mí con odio y con desprecio
mientras se comen los frutos que yo les cosecho.

Me vine pa'l norte en apuros a trabajar sin descanso
y cuando siento ese aroma me devuelve a mi rancho.

Olor a chiles, olor a infancia...

I was far from home, in a strange place
when a smell of chiles carried me to my home.
The years vanished, the miles rolled back,
again I saw my grandmother shaping tortillas.

Smell of chiles, smell of childhood -
so many years erased by nothing more than a fragrance.
Smell of chiles, smell of home -
it made me forget how life passes by.

There are mouths that speak of me with hatred and disrespect
while they eat the fruits that I pick for them.
I came North out of necessity to work without rest
and when I smell that aroma, it takes me back to my ranch.

Smell of chiles, smell of childhood...

Buen camino (Good Travels)

Brian Amador

©2014 Greñudo Music (BMI)

Buen camino, buen desvío,
buen tropiezo, buena recuperación;
buena herida, buen remedio,
buen fracaso y buena redención.

Buena angustia, buen alivio,
buen conflicto, buena reconciliación;
buen descanso, buen trabajo,
buena lucha y buena aceptación.

El camino es tu destino,
el camino es tuyo, nada más ni menos.
Si me ves, saludame de paso
y buena redención.

Good travels, good detour,
good stumble, good recovery;
good injury, good remedy,
good failure and good redemption

Good anguish, good relief,
good conflict, good reconciliation;
good rest, good work,
good struggle, and good acceptance.

*The road is your destiny,
the road is yours, nothing more or less.
If you see me, greet me in passing
and good recovery.*

Epidemia de soledad (Epidemic of Loneliness)

Brian Amador

© 2018 Greñudo Music (BMI)

Dicen que hay una epidemia,
una plaga de verdad,
que la gente está muriendo de soledad.
Más dañino que el tabaco,
más dañino que el alcohol,
es como una espina en el corazón.

¡Ay, Doctor! ¿Qué me puede dar pa' quitarme este dolor?
¡Ay dolor! ¿Qué puedo yo tomar para sentirme mejor?

No es único su caso, cada vez lo veo más.
Sepa que no está sola en su soledad.
No importa su tribu, religión o creencias,
hay tantas personas con la misma dolencia.

¡Ay, Doctor! ¿Qué me puede dar...?

Hay muchos remedios que usted puede probar.
Ninguno es perfecto pero le pueden ayudar.
Menos redes sociales, más contactos reales.
Menos amargura y más gratitud.

Una buena comida, una dosis de risa,
llamar a una amiga y salir a caminar,
meditar, hacer yoga, o una clase de Zumba
o agarrar su pareja ¡y bailar una cumbia!

¡Ay, Doctor! ¿Qué me puede dar...?

*They say there's an epidemic, a real plague,
That people are dying of loneliness.
More damaging than tobacco,
More damaging than alcohol,
It's like a thorn in the heart.*


*Oh, Doctor, what can you give me to take away this pain?
Oh, pain, what can I take to feel better?*

*Your case is not unique. I see it more every day.
Know that you're not alone in your loneliness.
It doesn't matter their tribe, religion or beliefs,
There are so many people with the same affliction.*

*There are many remedies you could try.
None of them are perfect, but they might help.
Less social networks, more real contacts.
Less bitterness and more gratitude.*

*A good meal, a dose of laughter,
Calling up a friend and going for a walk.
Meditating, doing yoga, or a zumba class,
Or grabbing your partner and dancing a cumbia!*





Together

Alisa Amador ©2018 Honest Magic Publishing (BMI)

All of the people of all of the earth
each with a piece of all this hurt.
Some take it in, some give it away
among other things that I can't explain.
Childlike wonders that wither and flicker and fade.

But when we're together, opening heart
it doesn't matter, that all falls apart.
When we're together, there lies the art.
We'll make it better when it falls apart,
for it always falls apart.

All of the people of all of the earth
each with a reason, a heart and a worth.
Some devastate when you're in their way
and dig themselves deeper in hopes that you stay.
Childlike blunders that cover up feeling afraid.

But when we're together, wandering soul
we'll build a ladder and climb out of that hole.
When we're together, our only goal
is to make it better when it all unfolds,
for it always does unfold.





syl y canto

¡EN VIVO, EN FAMILIA!

Lyrics & Translations

