

Margarita

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Sonoran Desert, unforgiving land
A young girl's backpack, buried in the sand
I can't forget, it's burning in my brain
I tell myself her story, Margarita was her name
Margarita, Margarita
Margarita, Margarita

Long black braid, mischief in her eyes
The journey north, and Papa holds her when she cries
They paid some men to guide them through the night
The coyotes left them before the sky turned light
Margarita, Margarita
Margarita, Margarita
I don't believe, but I'll say a prayer for Margarita
It's a Godless world, but I'll say a prayer for Margarita
Margarita
Margarita

I like to think she's going to school near Bakersfield
Su papá y su tío found work in the fields
Her teachers say she has a gift for math and art
She has many friends who love her for her gentle heart

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