

TORI SPARKS



EL MAR

Everybody Knows

Written by Leonard Cohen/Sharon Robinson. Copyright © 1988 Sony ATV Songs LLC/Wixen Music Publishing (ASCAP/SOCAN).

Everybody knows that the dice are loaded
Everybody rolls with their fingers crossed
Everybody knows that the war is over
Everybody knows the good guys lost
Everybody knows the fight was fixed
The poor stay poor the rich get rich
That's how it goes
Everybody knows

Everybody knows that the boat is leaking
Everybody knows that the captain lied
Everybody got this broken feeling
Like their father or their dog just died
Everybody talking to their pockets
Everybody wants a box of chocolates
And a long stem rose
Everybody knows

Everybody knows that you love me baby
Everybody knows that you really do
Everybody knows that you've been faithful
Ah give or take a night or two
Everybody knows you've been discreet
But there were so many people you just had to meet
Without your clothes
And everybody knows

Everybody knows
Everybody knows
That's how it goes
Everybody knows
Everybody knows
Everybody knows
That's how things goes
Everybody knows

And everybody knows that it's now or never
Everybody knows that it's me or you
And everybody knows that you live forever
Ah when you've done a line or two
Everybody knows the deal is rotten
Old Black Joe's still pickin' cotton
For your ribbons and bows
And everybody knows

And everybody knows that the Plague is coming
Everybody knows that it's moving fast
Everybody knows that the naked man and woman
Are just a shining artifact of the past
Everybody knows the scene is dead
But there's gonna be a meter on your bed
That will disclose
What everybody knows

And everybody knows that you're in trouble
Everybody knows what you've been through
From the bloody cross on top of Calvary
To the beach of Malibu
Everybody knows it's coming apart
Take one last look at this Sacred Heart
Before it blows
And everybody knows

Everybody knows
Everybody knows
That's how it goes
Everybody knows
Everybody knows
Everybody knows
That's how things goes
Everybody knows

Cold War

Written by Tori Sparks. Copyright © 2006 Hand Over Foot Publishing (ASCAP).

I been knocking
At your door
Don't call these bloody knuckles bad luck
Call them battle scars

I been waiting
For your light to turn on
Patient nascent faith in the impossible dream
Keeps me hanging on

I been down down down
For way too long
But if you think that cold should gonna roll me over
Baby you're wrong

I been down down down
On my knees
But it's a cold war baby
You won't see no white flag from me

I been hurting
Way deep inside
Internal bleeding feeding my needing
Only one thing can satisfy

I been beating
My head against that wall
Cold stone all alone but even cold stone
Can fall

I been down down down
For way too long
But if you think I can't recover from my lover
Well then baby you're wrong

I been down down down
On my knees
But it's a cold war baby
You won't see no white flag from me

If waiting is a weapon
I got the magic bullet
Fire with precision in this war of attrition
There ain't nothing to it

I been down down down
For way too long
No pretenses in the trenches
And I am in for the haul

I been down down down
On my knees
But it's a cold war baby
You won't see no white flag from me

Yes it's a cold war honey
You won't get no surrender from me

La Llorona

Traditional Mexican. Arrangement by Tori Sparks © 2014.

Todos me dicen del negro Llorona
Negro pero cariñoso
Yo soy como el chile verde Llorona
Picante pero sabroso

Ay de mi Llorona Llorona
Llorona llévame al río
Tápame con tu rebozo Llorona
Porque me muero de frío

Cada vez que entra la noche Llorona
Me pongo a pensar y digo
De que me sirve la cama Llorona
Si tu no duermes conmigo

Si vez a ricos que ríen Llorona
Que ríen al caminar
Es porque a los pobres roban Llorona
Toda su felicidad

Ay de mi Llorona Llorona
Llorona de azul celeste
Aunque la vida me cueste Llorona
No dejare de quererte

La Flor de Estambul

Lyrics written by Javier Ruibal. Music written by Erik Satie. Copyright © 1994 Sociedad General de Autorías de España (SGAE).

Debutó en París
La Flor de Estambul
Comenzó a bailar
Y todo se quedó en silencio

Luz en tornasol
Púrpura y añil
De su mano alada
Hasta la gracia de su pecho

Y quién no da la vida por un sueño
De diosa modelada por el genio

Ni favorita de sultán ni esclava en venta
En la puerta de Oriente
Ella es la estrella de Pigalle
La danzarina que burló su suerte

Y quién no da la vida por ser dueño
Del aire que se agita tras su velo

A conquistar la Tour Eiffel
Pisando la soberbia de Occidente
Esa es la estrella de Pigalle
La danzarina que me hirió de muerte

Y quién no da la vida por un sueño
de diosa modelada por el genio

El Mar

Written by Tori Sparks. Copyright © 2014 Wry Toast Publishing (SESAC).

Esto no puede ser mi amor
Viviendo en la oscuridad sin saber
Yo esperaba por demasiado tiempo
Como la esposa de un marinero perdido

Esforzando sus ojos
Mirando las olas
Imaginando formas
A lo lejos

Y al final no hay nada
Excepto el mar

Azul y tan vasto
Azul y profundo
Como los ojos
Del hombre que la dejo

Del hombre que la dejo
Del hombre que la dejo
Por alguna orilla
Incógnita y remota

Esto no puede ser mi amor
Viviendo en la oscuridad de la esperanza
Yo esperaba por demasiado tiempo
Como la esposa de un marinero perdido

El único sabor
Dentro de su boca
Es sal lagrimas
Y espuma

Y al final no hay nada
Excepto el mar

Salado y asombroso
Salado y profundo
Como los besos
Del hombre que la dejo

Del hombre que la dejo
Del hombre que la dejo
Por alguna cama
Incógnita y remota

Esto no puede ser mi amor
Esto no puede ser
Y al final no hay nada
Excepto el mar

Sinner's Shoes

Written by Tori Sparks. Copyright © 2014 Wry Toast Publishing (SESAC).

Low
Light
Nervous hands
Pour the wine

So
Tight
Your iron grip on control slips
Your mouth on mine

You can blame it on the moment
You can blame it on the mood
You can blame it on me if it makes you feel better
I've got nothing left to lose

Some things in this old world
Just happen
The earth quakes the sea shakes
And floods

But when lightening strikes
In the same place twice
Well that's an act of man and woman
Not an Act of God

You can blame it on bad judgment
You can blame it on the booze
You can blame it on me if it makes you feel better
And I will walk a mile in sinner's shoes

You can blame it on the weather
On those strange Southern winds that blew
I will go all-in on a bad hand
I've got nothing left to lose

Because I've already lost you
I've already lost you

Low light
You can't meet my eyes
Because these bruises
Fit the shape of your hands

Little wonder little bird
If you don't know which way is up
With your lovely head stuck deep
In the sand

You can blame it on temptation
I mean what's a poor man to do
You can blame it on me if it makes you feel better
And I will wear the scarlet
Letter for you

You can blame it on the red red Devil
You certainly gave him his due
I will stand naked at the cross and testify
That I've got nothing left to lose

Because I've already lost you
I've already lost you

Verde

Lyrics from the poem Romance Sonámbulo by Federico García Lorca. Music written by José Manuel Ortega Heredia.
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Verde que te quiero verde
Verde viento verde ramas
El barco sobre la mar
El caballo en la montaña

Verde que yo te quiero verde
Verde que yo te quiero verde

Con la sombra en la cintura,
Ella sueña en su baranda
Verde ojos negro pelo
Su cuerpo de fría plata

Verde que yo te quiero verde
Verde que yo te quiero verde

Compadre quiero cambiar
Mi caballo por tu casa
Mi montura por tu espejo
Mi cuchillo por tu manda

Verde que yo te quiero verde
Verde que yo te quiero verde

Compadre vengo sangrando
Desde los puertos de Cabra
Y si yo fuera mocito
Este trato lo cerraba

Verde que yo te quiero verde
Verde que yo te quiero verde

Verde que te quiero verde
Verde viento verde rama
El barco sobre la mar
El caballo en la montaña

Verde que yo te quiero verde
Verde que yo te quiero verde

Llorando (Crying)

Written by Roy Orbison/Joe Melson. Copyright © 1961 Acuff/Rose Music (BMI). Spanish translation by Tania Sanz.

Yo estaba bien
Por un tiempo
Volviendo a
Sonreír

Luego anoche te vi
Tu mano me tocó
Y el saludo de
Tu voz

Te hablé muy bien de ti
Sin saber que he estado
Llorando por tu amor
Llorando por tu amor

Luego de tu adiós
Sienti todo mi dolor
Solo y llorando
Llorando llorando

Llorando
No es fácil de entender
Que al verte otra vez
Yo quedo llorando

Yo que pensé
Que te olvidé
Pero es verdad
Es la verdad

Que te quiero aún más
Mucho más que ayer
Dime
Qué puedo hacer

No me quieres ya
Y siempre estaré
Llorando
Por tu amor

Llorando
Por tu amor
Tu amor se llevó
Todo mi corazón

Y quedó llorando
Llorando llorando llorando
Llorando llorando
Por tu amor

Quizás Quizás Quizás

Written by Osvaldo Farrés. Copyright © 1947 Peer International Publishing (SGAE).

Siempre que te pregunto
Que cuándo cómo y dónde
Tú siempre me respondes
Quizás quizás quizás

Y así pasan los días
Y yo desesperando
Y tú tú contestando
Quizás quizás quizás

Estás perdiendo el tiempo
Pensando pensando
Por lo que más tú quieras
Hasta cuándo hasta cuándo

Y así pasan los días
Y yo desesperando
Y tú tú contestando
Quizás quizás quizás

Quizás quizás quizás
Quizás quizás quizás

Mama

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Oh It's a winding road
Ain't no straight and narrow path I'm walking alone
Beset on every side
By temptation offering me a ride

And don't he look good with his smile
But I know better child

I got to keep my foot out of my mouth
Got to keep the Devil out of my house
Got to make sure when I go down south
I can still find my way back home

I got to try to chin up when the rain comes down
Got to look for higher ground
Got to know that I will be found
Whenever I'm lost

Because honey Mama
Didn't raise no weak-willed woman no

All of my days
Been marked by trouble in a thousand ways
I don't go seeking its shame
It just seems to be drawn to me like black flies to a flame

And I can hear their sickening buzzing
But I plug my ears because

I got to keep my foot out of my mouth
Got to keep the Devil out of my house
Got to make sure when I go down south
I can still find my way back home

I got to try to chin up when the rain comes down
Got to look for higher ground
Got to know that I will be found
Whenever I'm lost

Because honey Mama
Didn't raise no weak-willed woman no

Oh when that mean old wind come calling
I know soon that bitter fruit will be falling

I got to keep my foot out of my mouth
Got to keep the Devil out of my house
Got to make sure when I go down south
I can still find my way back home

I got to try to chin up when the rain comes down
Got to look for higher ground
Got to know that I will be found
Whenever I'm lost

Because honey Mama
Didn't raise no weak-willed woman no
I got to keep the Devil out of my house
I got to keep him out

Under This Yellow Sun

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Some people hide from the weather in the pouring rain
I don't understand it but I do the same
Trying to drown sorrow in sorrow's seas
And we are floating aimlessly

Well you told me the truth
Was gonna set me free
I'm hanging by a thread so what is freedom to me
But a fall and a tragedy

How did I know
That you were the one
If there ain't nothing new
Under this yellow sun

If the man on the corner
And the woman on the bus
And the Jehovah's witnesses
Standing on my doorstep

Can make it through
Noon to night
Clock in clock out
In short survive so can I

The weight of my coat like your arms around me
Saying I'm not lost I'm home you've found me
Everything is substitute
Sweet-N-Low without you

The touch of hot coffee to my bleeding lips
Is your kiss illusory bliss
It's not just the music babe
The whole world is blue today

So how did I know
That you were the one
If there ain't nothing new
Under this yellow sun

If the man on the corner
And the woman on the bus
And the Jehovah's witnesses
Standing on my doorstep

Can make it through
Noon to night
Clock in clock out
In short survive so can I

I'm begging and broke without you
But we pay for the things we do
I can't touch you much less love you
Because when I did I drew blood

So how did I know
That you were the one
If there ain't nothing new
Under this yellow sun

If the man on the corner
And the woman on the bus
And the Jehovah's witnesses
Standing on my doorstep

Can make it through
Noon to night
Clock in clock out
In short survive so can I

Out of the Void

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I can't keep chasing
Though you I love to follow
You shine so bright I feel warm in the night
Bone cold

Love come to me out of the void
And warm me tonight
Because I will be leaving you
With tomorrow's first light

Now I've been here before
Barely surviving I swore
Never again to be blindly led
Down this dank road

True it is stony
Slippery and dark
But that's not the reason I refuse to go
That far

Love come to me out of the void
And warm me tonight
Because I will be leaving you
With tomorrow's first light

They say that true believers
Are tested ultimately
Do I pass or fail when they find me
Down on my knees

Or singing up here on my feet
Because somehow I'm still on my feet

Love come to me out of the void
And warm me tonight
Because I will be leaving you
With tomorrow's first light