

Yo adivino el parpadeo
de las luces que a lo lejos,
van marcando mi retorno...
Son las mismas que alumbraron,
con sus palidos reflejos,
hondas horas de dolor.
Y aunque no quise el regreso,
siempre se vuelve al primer amor.
La quieta calle donde el eco dijo:
Tuya es su vida, tuyo es su querer,
bajo el burlon mirar de las estrellas
que con indiferencia hoy me ven volver...

Volver...
con la frente marchita,
las nieves del tiempo
platearon mi sien...

Sentir...
que es un soplo la vida,
que veinte anos no es nada,
que febril la mirada
errante en la sombras
te busca y te nombra.

Vivir...
con el alma aferrada
a un dulce recuerdo,
que lloro otra vez...

Tengo miedo del encuentro
con el pasado que vuelve
a enfrentarse con mi vida...
Tengo miedo de las noches
que, pobladas de recuerdos,
encadenan mi sonar...
Pero el viajero que huye
tarde o temprano detiene su andar...
Y aunque el olvido, que todo destruye,
haya matado mi vieja ilusion,
guardo escondida una esperanza humilde
que es toda la fortuna de mi corazon.

Volver...
Sentir...
Vivir...

I imagine the flickering
of the lights that in the distance
will be marking my return.
They're the same that lit,
with their pale reflections,
deep hours of pain
And even though I didn't want to come back,
you always return to your first love
The tranquil street where the echo said
yours is her life, yours is her love,
under the mocking gaze of the stars
that, with indifference, today see me return.

To return...
with withered face,
the snows of time
have whitened my temples.

To feel...
that life is a puff of wind,
that twenty years is nothing,
that the feverish gaze,
wandering in the shadow,
looks for you and names you.

To live...
with the soul clutched
to a sweet memory
that I cry once again

I am afraid of the encounter
with the past that returns
to confront my life
I am afraid of the nights
that, filled with memories,
shackle my dreams.
But the traveler that flees
sooner or later stops his walking
And although forgetfulness, which destroys all,
has killed my old dream,
I keep concealed a humble hope
that is my heart's whole fortune.

To return...