

Down in San Isidro where the road are made of rocks  
And the dust rises in the air in beige brown clouds.  
Andy you lay your body down in the afternoon  
To rest a while.  
And there's nothing to do when the day is through  
In the evening, down in San Isidro. Down in San Isidro.

Virginia calls her children in from play  
“Time to come in doors, you've played a lot in the sun  
today.”  
And the sky is the bluest blue that I've ever seen,  
The mountains seem to tumble 'round.  
And you pray for rain or a breeze to sustain you  
In the evening, down in San Isidro. Down in San Isidro.

I can still feel the way it felt there in the mornings after it  
rained.  
And I can still feel the beat of the city in San Jose.

Down in San Isidro where I lay awake.  
And I count the greenwood slats of the bedroom walls.  
There was a streetlight shining in from the window  
It was glowin' right outside  
And how many hours, who knows till the rooster crows  
In the morning, in San Isidro. Down in San Isidro.