

MARÍA MARÍA

Words and Music by
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Moderately ♩ = 98

Intro:
N.C.

mf

La - dies and gents, turn up your sound sys - tem to the

sound of Car - los San - ta - na and the G and B Pro - duct.

Ghet - to blues from the ref - u - gee camp. Oh, Ma - ri - a, Ma - ri -

Chorus:

Dm



a. She re - minds me of a west - side

Am



sto - ry; grow - ing up in Span - ish Har -

Em



E



lem. She's liv - ing the life just like a

Am



A7



mov - ie star. Oh, Ma - ri - a, Ma - ri -

Dm



a, _____ she fell in love _____ in East L.

Am



A. _____ to the sounds _____ of a _____ gui - tar, _____

Em



E



_____ yeah, yeah, _____ played by _____ Car - los _____ San - ta -

To Coda ⊕

Am



na. _____

Verse:

Stop the loot - ing, stop the shoot - ing, pick - pock -

2. See additional lyrics

ing on the cor - ner. See, as the rich is get - ting rich - er, the poor -

is get - ting poor - er. Se mi - ra Ma - ri - a on the cor - ner think - ing of ways -

to make it bet - ter. In my mail - box there's an e - vic - tion let - ter.

* L.H. plays E pattern 2nd time.



N.C.

Some-bod - y just said, "See you lat - er." Yeah.

Bkgd. Vcl.: A - ho - ra ven - go ma - ma cho - la, ma - ma cho - la. A -

ho - ra ven - go ma - ma cho - la. A - ho - ra ven - go ma - ma cho - la, ma - ma cho - la.

1.

2.

ho - ra ven - go ma - ma cho - la. Ma - rí - a, Ma - rí - ho - ra ven - go ma - ma cho - la. A -

ho - ra ven - go ma - ma cho - la, ma - ma cho - la. A - ho - ra ven - go ma - ma cho - la. A -

ho - ra ven - go ma - ma cho - la, ma - ma cho - la. A - ho - ra ven - go ma - ma cho - la.

Bridge:



Ma - ri - a, you know you're my lov - er.



When the wind__ blows, I can feel you. Through__ the weath-



er and e - ven when we are a - part,

F

Em7

N.C.

it still feels like we're to - geth - er. Ma - ri

♩ Coda

Am

Wy - clef, Jer - ry Won - der,

Repeat ad lib. and fade

Mis - ter San - ta - na, G and B.

Verse 2:
 I said, "A la favella los colores."
 The streets are getting hotter.
 There is no water
 To put out the fire.
 Mi canto, la esperanza.
 Se mira María on the corner
 Thinking of ways to make it better.
 Then I looked up in the sky
 Hoping the days of paradise.