

# Rumba para los Muertos

## Zorita

He's got a one way ticket and his bloody knife  
He's sick and dirty but still alive  
He shows no remorse looking at the crossing rails  
Hammering down, hammering down the nails  
God is great, God is good  
Shouts the whole damn neighbourhood  
With a riffle at hand, we live in peace  
They all pray on their knees  
As the train was riding along the beaten tracks  
She sat across him and got on his lap  
He couldn't stand the stench of her perfume  
So he choked her, he choked her in the fumes  
He put six silver bullets in his .45  
Got out at Clarksdale to catch him alive

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