Pancho Villa

Kid Frost

Salvador Sanchez arrived and vanished
Only twenty-three with so much speed
Owning the highwayMexico City bred so many
But none quite like him sweet warrior
Pure magic matadorPancho Villa would never rest
'Til 1925 he closed his eyes
'Til Manila stars would riseGozo of the Philippines, choirs and angels sing
Ukulele strings play for his legend
Italy had a kingHow have they gone
Fell by leather
So alone
Bound togetherBenny "kid" Paret came a good way
Climbed to the grey sky to raise his hands
Stopped by the better manEyes of Los Rios cry for suns
Lost on distant shores, unforeseen horrors
Struck and delivered himHow have they gone
Fell by leather
So alone
Bound togetherWhy have they gone
Fell by leather
So alone
All bound together

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