

# 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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