AdiÃ³s Hermanos

Paul Simon

It was the morning of October 6th, 1960
I was wearing my brown suit
Preparing to leave the house of D
Shook some hands then adios Brooklyn amigosMaybe some of them had hopes of seeing me again
Some even said that my judge, Judge Gerald Culkin
Wouldn't play it by the book
Maybe let us off the hook
But, woh, oo woh, I knew betterAfraid to leave the projects
To cross into another neighborhood
The blancos and the nigger gangs
Well, they'd kill you if they couldAngel of Mercy, people are suffering
All over the world
Spanish children are taught
On their knees to believeAngel of Mercy, people are suffering
All over the island tonight
Mothers weep
Sisters grieveWell, I entered the courtroom, State Of New York
County of New York, just some spic
They scrubbed off the sidewalk
Guilty by my dress, guilty in the press
Let The Capeman burn for the murderWell the "Spanish boys" had their day in court
And now it was time for some fuckin' law and order
The electric chair, for the greasy pair
Said the judge to the court reporterAfraid to leave the projects
To cross into another neighborhood
The newspapers and the T.V. crews
Well, they'd kill you if they couldAngel of Mercy, people are suffering
All over the world
A Spanish boy could be killed
Every night of the weekBut just let some white boy die
And the world goes crazy
For blood-Latin blood
I don't lie when I speakWell, they shackled my hands
A heavy belt around my waist to restrain me
And they shackled my legs
Hernandez, the "Umbrella Man," chained beside meThen we rode that Black Maria
Through the streets of Spanish Harlem
Calling old friends on the corners
Just to lay our prayers upon themCrying, adios Hermanos, Adios

Adios Hermanos, Adios
Adios Hermanos, Adios

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