

The Legend of Chavo Guerrero

The Mountain Goats

Born down in El Paso where the tumbleweeds blow
To the middleweight champ of all of Mexico
Dad fought many bloody battles and raised four sons
Chavo was the oldest one
Old man Gory could pop like a live grenade
Raised his boys in the way of the trade
Hector and Mando, young Eddie G
Chavo meant the most to me

Look high
It's my last hope
Chavo Guerrero
Coming off the top rope

He came from Texas seeking fortune and fame
Rose pretty quickly to the top of his game
Defender of the downtrodden, king of the hill
Tag-team champion with Al Madril
Before a black and white TV in the middle of the night
I'm lying on the floor, I'm bathed in blue light
With the telecast in Spanish, I can understand some
And I need justice in my life, here it comes

Red Shoes Dugan
Holding his arm high all out of breath
I hated all of Chavo's enemies
I would pray nightly for their death
Descending like fire
On the people who deserved it most
Always completely unknown
Outside of Texas and the West Coast

He was my hero back when I was a kid
You let me down but Chavo never once did
You called him names to try to get beneath my skin
Now your ashes are scattered on the wind
I heard his son got famous, he went nationwide
Coast-to-coast with his dad by his side
I don't know if that's true but I've been told
It's real sweet to grow old

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