

# Matador

## Mariachi El Bronx

In his prime, he took his time  
His suit of lights worn proudly  
But that was then and this now

His body moves so sadlyThe thought of running never crossed his mind

He fears the death of any other kindNow the devil takes his horns out

And the shadows in the crowd shout

He was born to bleedThe hero's pride stretches far and wide

As if the earth was empty

His holy ghost carries coast to coast

As if his body's buriedThe thought of running never crossed his mind

He fears the death of any other kindNow the devil takes his horns out

And the shadows in the crowd shout

Stare into his eyes

Can the matador survive?He was born to bleedThe thought of running never crossed his mind

He fears the death of any other kind

Only a coward quits while he's ahead

Only a matador would take a standNow the devil takes his horns out

And the shadows in the crowd shout

Stare into his eyes

Can the matador survive?He was born to bleed

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