

Salvador Sanchez

Mark Kozelek

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

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