

# Adios 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 amigos Maybe 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 better Afraid to leave the projects  
To cross into another neighborhood  
The blancos and the nigger gangs  
Well, they'd kill you if they could Angel of Mercy, people are suffering  
All over the world  
Spanish children are taught  
On their knees to believe Angel of Mercy, people are suffering  
All over the island tonight  
Mothers weep  
Sisters grieve Well, 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 murder Well 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 reporter Afraid to leave the projects  
To cross into another neighborhood  
The newspapers and the T.V. crews  
Well, they'd kill you if they could Angel of Mercy, people are suffering  
All over the world  
A Spanish boy could be killed  
Every night of the week But just let some white boy die  
And the world goes crazy  
For blood-Latin blood  
I don't lie when I speak Well, they shackled my hands  
A heavy belt around my waist to restrain me  
And they shackled my legs  
Hernandez, the "Umbrella Man," chained beside me Then we rode that Black Maria  
Through the streets of Spanish Harlem  
Calling old friends on the corners  
Just to lay our prayers upon them Crying, adios Hermanos, Adios

Adios Hermanos, Adios  
Adios Hermanos, Adios

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