

La Costa Perdida

Camper Van Beethoven

In the oil fields of San Ardo
That's where she broke my heart
I buried her in Parkfield
In a sandy river bed
Sold her car in Fresno
Mongrel's Motorcycle Club

Broken Spanish in the daytime picking fruit with campisinos, I'm a half a wedo [Caucasian], caballero yankee
from a town just south of Raleigh (?)

Don't live there anymore
I know I look familiar
Brother you don't want to know
So listen to your banda [gang]
Play your narco corridos
Just don't you forget, who's the real chingon [badass].

They call me Flaco Blanco
On La Costa Perdida
I'm walking on a dead man's name
His bones are in the woods
Scattered by wild animals
He knew me in jolan

Broken Spanish in the daytime with my crew from Sinoloa, I'm a half a wedo caballero yankee from a town just
south of Raleigh

Don't live there anymore
I know I look familiar
You don't want to know
So listen to your banda [gang]
Play your narco corridos
Just always remember, I'm the real chingon

He shot me in the shoulder
He was aiming for my heart
Though he was like my brother
I had to cut his throat
That poor girl in San Ardo
Now she's joined by her primo [cousin]

Broken Spanish in the daytime
Running cattle up at Bishop
I'm a half a wedo, caballero yankee from a town just south of Raleigh
Don't live there anymore
I know I look familiar

Brother you don't want to know
So listen to your banda
Toca su narco corridos
Just always remember who's the real chingon

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