

Rumba Para Los Muertos

Zorita

He's got a one way ticket and his bloody knife
He's sick and dirty but still alive
He shows no remorse looking at the crossing rails
Hammering down, hammering down the nails
God is great, God is good
Shouts the whole damn neighbourhood
With a riffle at hand, we live in peace
They all pray on their knees
As the train was riding along the beaten tracks
She sat across him and got on his lap
He couldn't stand the stench of her perfume
So he choked her, he choked her in the fumes
He put six silver bullets in his .45
Got out at Clarksdale to catch him alive

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