El Torrente

Minus the Bear

He couldn't move as seasoned as he was

There was something in this one that was too much for himPlease let my girl go

Don't let her read this day

He had a daughter, he hoped to live throughFour years old, ten years to reach to this girl

Detective, take note of all you've seen

Like her hand still holding the smallest leaf

The neck angled too far from her body

And the body's position at the base of this treePlease let my girl go without knowing what I know Don't let her read this day on my face when I come homeHe wrote measurements on a pad of paper Noted each bruise and abrasion

How could this happen to a girl so young?Please let my girl go without knowing what I know Don't let her read this day on my face when I come homePlease let my girl go without knowing what I know Don't let her read this day on my face when I come homePlease let my girl go without knowing what I know

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