

A Bed In The Desert

Bourbon Crow

Well mama I'm writting a letter home
'Cuz i know that you think what I've done was wrong
But I'm here to tell ya, I've got no regets

And you know your boy he don't take no shit
That's exactly why I killed that son of a bitch
And I'm doing life, in this metal pit

Well a man's gotta do what he's gotta do
Through its consequences can be cruel
With the one-way ticket to the graveyard
And I'm driving the hearse
And I made you a bed in the desert

Well the stoty I'm about to tell
And the first verse you heard didn't end so well
For that loose lip, non-English speaking immigrant

I said "I don't know what the hell you're saying
And this bottle I'm drinking got me to thinking
Every dog has his day and that dog was barking"

Well a man's gotta do what he's gotta do
Through its consequences can be cruel
With the one-way ticket to the graveyard
And I'm driving the hearse
And I made you a bed in the desert

I said "Adios amigo,
Hope you enjoyed your last burrito,
If you have any final words,
Let them be heard"

"No comprende señor"

And I made you a bed in the desert