

El Fusilado

Chumbawamba

Listen close to this crooked mouth
For my story I will tell-o
Lived in Mexico by the name of Wenseslao Moguel-o
Left my home in Santiago
The heart of the city of Merida
Served with my brothers and sisters all
For the army of Pancho Villa

Stand me straight against the nearest wall
Line up your bravest soldiers oh
Ten good shots I'll take them all
They call me El Fusilado

The Federales captured me
Bound up my arms with wire
Officer comes he says "Take your aim -
Steady your guns and fire!"
Bullet holes all across my chest
Ripped up my shirt and my body-o
Heart beat on through the silenced guns
To the rhythm of life inside me-o

Stand me straight against the nearest wall
Line up your bravest soldiers oh
Ten good shots I'll take them all
They call me El Fusilado

Fell to the ground the officer came
One last shot to the head-o
Heard through the pain as he walked away
And left me there for dead-o
All went quiet so I crawled away
I wasn't giving up to the glory
Ten good shots I took them all
And lived to tell my story

Stand me straight against the nearest wall
Line up your bravest soldiers oh
Ten good shots I'll take them all
They call me El Fusilado.

A true story. Wenseslao Moguel was captured while fighting in the Mexican revolution in 1915 and without trial sentenced to face the firing squad, 'las sentencias al paredon'. After being shot by the squad, and despite receiving the 'tiro de gracia' (shot at close range by the captain), Wenseslao somehow survived. He managed to escape and spent much of his life touring the USA with the 'Ripley's Believe It Or Not' travelling museum.