

Sinaloa Cowboys

Cracker

Miguel came from a small town in northern Mexico
He came north with his brother Louis to California three years ago
They crossed at the river levee when Louis was just sixteen
And found work together in the fields of the San Joaquin
They left their homes and family Their father said "My sons, on
e thing you will learn:
For everything the north-a gives, it exacts a price in return."
They worked side by side in the orchards from morning till the
day was through
Doing the work the hueros wouldn't do.

Word was out some men in from Sinaloa were looking for some hands
Well deep in Fresno county there was a deserted chicken ranch.
There in a small tin shack on the edge, on the edge of a ravine
,
Miguel and Louis stood cooking methamphetamine.

You could spend a year in the orchards, or make half as much in
one shift
Working for the men from Sinaloa. Ah, but if you slipped.
The hydriodic acid could burn right through your skin
They'd leave you spittin' up blood in the desert if you breathe
d those fumes in.

It was early one winter evening as Miguel stood watch outside
When the shack exploded, lighting up the valley night.
Miguel carried Louis' body over his shoulder down a swale to the
creekside
And there in the tall grass Louis Rosales died.

Miguel lifted Louis' body into the truck and then he drove
To where the morning sunlight fell on a eucalyptus grove.
There in the dirt he dug up ten thousand dollars, all that they
'd saved,
Kissed his brother's lips and placed him in his grave