

Matador

Halford

The gold ran dry in '54 so with a broken hand
He packed his bags and headed south across the Rio Grande
The town was mean and brutal for a gringo filled with strife
He was about to end it all when some thing changed his life

A bullfight in the street went bad the beast made to escape
And in a feat of danger with his jacket as a cape
He stared into the eyes of death and bought it to his knees
A cry went up from in the crowd at last he felt appeased

Then all the people were screaming
Having the time of their lives
Some said they thought they were dreaming
But he was right there before their eyes

He had the crowd they cheering right in the palms of his hands
With one or two of them leering
At what they never could comprehend

Matador heart of the brave
Suit of life never to save
Matador in for the kill
Statuesque he's standing still

El Toro charged he danced with death
And every place he's go
The reputation lead the way through all of Mexico
The Greatest of the Greats they said
One never to be missed
But all good things come to an end
And so it was with his

A moments hesitation and he felt the gore go deep
His life flashed in slow motion as the crowd begin to weep
The country was in mourning as they buried him that day
But memories live for ever like the ghost of him they say

The people said he's The Greatest
Look at his flair and his style
No one can stand in his foot steps
Or follow him by a mile

The crowd was in such a frenzy
He had the air of a saint
Control was part of the fever
Together with such restraint

Matador graced by The Lord
Cheating death plunging the sword
Matador here to annul
With respect praise for the bull

There was a sense of dramatic
That in the blink of an eye
It could turn into traumatic
Would he be alive or die

He was the man of the hour
And master of his domain
He was bestowed and empowered
He had the key to each city he reigned

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