

# 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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