

Queen Of Heaven

Joe Ely

She rides a horse named Las Grimas
Through deserted railway stations
Blood red lips through a cloud of
Dust
In her quest for the crucifixion
She's the Queen of Heaven,
Sweetheart of the rodeo,

Heroine of hometown corridos,
Finder of your silver dime,
Border radio valentine
blue Ribbon winner at the South
lains fair
She's a desert solitaire

Would yon like to dance a brand
New dance ?
It's called the New World Tango,
It's leaving it's bloody hand print
From Lima to Durango