

Jose

Lee Hazlewood

In a small village near La Plaza Mexico lived a boy not so many
years ago
And hunger was his enemy every day but he never begged the boy
called Jose
And every day he worked in the fields he worked well
And when the night came this boy slept where he fell
And the earth was the only mother he ever knew some people say
And she gave him strenght and he grew to be a man called Jose (Jose Jose)

One Sunday afternnon this young man saw his first bullfight
And his blood ran hot and he couldn't sleep that night
And as the morning came he thought he heard his mother say
Now you know why you were born Jose

And he lived for one thing and nothing more he had to be the ve
ry best matador
And when he killed his first bull one bright Sunday
You could hear a lace a hundred miles for Jose (Jose Jose)

And as his fame grew his fortune grew too but he gave much of t
his fortune away
Because he knew that other's fight is old enemy hunger every da
y
And so many times he heard God bless you Jose

And the years passed and Jose said I'll fight great bulls no mo
re
The younger men they better sooth it for
The Sunday game with its blood and its death to pay
You'll soon forget the matador Jose (Jose Jose)

And the next morning we found him lying on the ground
He didn't move he didn't make a sound
And yet we heard from somewhere someone say
Welcome home my little boy Jose (Jose Jose Jose Jose)