

Pancho Villa

Sun Kil Moon

Salvador Sanchez
Arrived and vanished
Only twenty-three with so much speed
Owning the highway

Mexico City
Bred so many
But none quite like him, sweet warrior
Pure magic matador

Pancho Villa
Would never rest
'Til 1925, he closed his eyes
'Til Manila stars would rise

Gozo of the Phillipines
Choirs and angels sing
Ukelele strings play for his legend
Italy had a king

How have they gone?
Fell by leather
All alone
All bound together

Benny "Kid" Paret
Came a good way
Climbed to the gray skies to lift his hands
Stopped by the better man

Eyes of Los Rios
Cry for sons
Lost on distant shores, unforeseen horrors
Struck and delivered him

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