

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 Manilla stars would rise

Ghosts of the Phillipines  
Choirs and angels sing  
Ukelele strings play for his legend  
Iloilo king

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

Benny "Kid" Paret  
Came a good way  
Climbed to the gray sky to raise 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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