

# Matador

The Bronx

In his prime he took his time  
His suit of lights worn proudly  
But that was then, and this is now  
His body moves so sadly

The thought of runnin' never crossed his mind  
He fears the death of any other kind

Now the devil takes his horns out  
And the shadows in the crowd shout  
"He was born to bleed"

The heroes pride stretches far and wide  
As if the earth was empty  
His holy ghost carries coast to coast  
As if his body's buried

The thought of runnin' never crossed his mind  
He fears the death of any other kind

Now the devil takes his horns out  
And the shadows in the crowd shout;  
Stare into his eyes,  
can the matador survive?  
"He was born to bleed"

The thought of runnin' never crossed his mind  
He fears the death of any other kind  
Only a coward quits while he's ahead  
Only a matador would take a stand

Oooooohhhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh ohh

Now the devil takes his horns out  
And the shadows in the crowd shout  
Stare into his eyes,  
can the matador survive?

He was born to bleed.