

San Antonio Burning

The Felice Brothers

I see San Antonio burning
Through the barred station window
I see angels on boats beating trumpets of gold
In the sky above the old rodeo

As I roll off my prison mattress
And I drink from the station house sink
I can see that blotter in the water
With my name bleeding newspaper ink

She was long white legs and diamonds
I was a Long Island lawyer in black
I should have known as we walked through the World's Fair
That she'd die with a knife in the back

O doc, O doc, I need my morphine
As the guard drags his keys across the bars
I can see Mr. Pain, beyond the window frame
In empty golden hills beyond the stars

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