

Weekend Players

"Buenos Tardes Amigo"

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Buenas Tardes Amigo
Hola, my good friend
Cinco de Mayo's on Tuesday
And I hoped we'd see each other again
You killed my brother last winter
You shot him three times in the back
In the night I still hear mama weeping
Oh mama, still dresses in black
I looked at every fiesta
For you I wanted to greet
Maybe I'd sell you a chicken
With poison interlaced with the meat
You...you look like my brother
Mama loved him the best
He was head honcho with the ladies
Mama always said he was blessed
The village all gathered around him
They couldn't believe what they saw
I said it was you that had killed him
And that I'd find you and upstand the law
The people of the village believed me
Mama...she wanted revenge
I told her that I'd see that she was honored
I'd find you and put you to death

So now...now that I've found you
On this such a joyous day
I tell you it was me who killed him
But the truth I'll never have to say
Buenas tardes amigo
Hola, my good friend
Cinco de Mayo's on Tuesday
And I hoped we'd see each other again
Yes, I hoped we'd see each other again

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