## Ween "Buenas 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 up stand 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 I hoped we'd see each other again

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