

Robert Kennedy

"Spanish Song"

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We went down to that old lost city and are friends were there
and the girls were pretty
But no one knows about consequences
and it couldn't be helped that we couldn't share
Drink two more; it couldn't hurt..
I'm pretty much drunk but I better keep running
Top off the morning to my fellow friends
Though they were mine, but it had to end

The Feeling of everything makes us move
The meaning of words off our lips is confused
The tragedy struck by our hearts is abused
The Friends we thought to be ours, just fools

Shoulda got caught shoulda got caught a pity
Dreamed enough in the last ten cities
Living on the runs just not so fun
When your looking down the barrel of somebodies gun
Dug a ditch someplace offa highway
Never gonna go back never gonna pray
Never gonna say what you wanna say
Cocacaine never left me the same
never left me the same

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