

Frank Black

"The Real El Rey"

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We made the scene
At the real El Rey
Or so they say
So many claimed to be king

I'm going back to Manchester, England
I'm gonna learn me to sing
But I'll beware out there on the English moor
Where so many claim to be king, I'm gonna be the king

I'm going down there to Globe-Miami
I'm going up on the heaps, the heaps of slag
'Cause a bottle of cold Bohemia
That's the best water I ever had

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