

Jan Smit

"Carlos"

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Carlos by Jan Smit
In the backstreets of Chicago Lives a little man
In the night-time he's the leader
Of a young man's gang
He sleeps with a gun
He's always on the run
They despise him like dirt
In the rich man's world

Carlos, the gunman, is in town
He rules the backstreets all around
He is ruthless and mean, a devil in disguise
There is no mercy, in his eyes
He's ruthless and mean
They call him "Mister gun"
But he is fighting for beggars and for "scum"
He's the hero of the poor men
In his hand-me-downs
But the terror of the policemen
In Chicago town

He sleeps with a gun
He's always on the run
They despise him like dirt
In the rich man's world

Carlos, the gunman, is in town
He rules the backstreets all around
He is ruthless and mean
A devil in disguise
There is no mercy in his eyes
He's ruthless and mean
They call him "Mister gun"
But he is fighting for beggars and for "scum"
He's never been caught though many have sought
He's always one step ahead of them all

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