

Lee Greenwood

"Jose"

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In a small village near La Plaza Mexico lived a boy not
so many years ago
And hunger was his enemy every day but he never
begged the boy called Jose
And every day he worked in the fields he worked well
And when the night came this boy slept where he fell
And the earth was the only mother he ever knew some
people say
And she gave him strenght and he grew to be a man
called Jose (Jose Jose)

One Sunday afternnon this young man saw his first
bullfight
And his blood ran hot and he couldn't sleep that night
And as the morning came he thought he heard his
mother say
Now you know why you were born Jose

And he lived for one thing and nothing more he had to
be the very best matador
And when he killed his first bull one bright Sunday
You could hear a lace a hundred miles for Jose (Jose
Jose)

And as his fame grew his fortune grew too but he gave
much of this fortune away
Because he knew that other's fight is old enemy
hunger every day
And so many times he heard God bless you Jose

And the years passed and Jose said I'll fight great bulls
no more
The younger men they better sooth it for
The Sunday game with its blood and its death to pay
You'll soon forget the matador Jose (Jose Jose)

And the next morning we found him lying on the
ground
He didn't move he didn't make a sound
And yet we heard from somewhere someone say
Welcome home my little boy Jose (Jose Jose Jose Jose)

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