

## Lee Hazlewood "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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