

Minus

"El Torrente"

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He couldn't move
As seasoned as he was
There was something in this one
That was too much for him
He had a daughter
He hoped to live through
Four years old, ten years reach to this girl

Please let my girl go without knowing what i know
Don't let her read this day on my face when i come
home

Detective, take note of all you've seen
Like her hand still holding the smallest leaf
The neck angled too far from her body
And he body's position at the base of this tree

Please let my girl go without knowing what i know
Don't let her read this day on my face when i come
home

He wrote measurements on a pad of paper
Noted each bruise and abrasion
How could this happen
To a girl so young

Please let my girl go without knowing what i know
Don't let her read this day on my face when i come
home

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