

Cracker

"Sinaloa Cowboys"

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Miguel came from a small town in northern Mexico
He came north with his brother Louis to California three
years ago
They crossed at the river levee when Louis was just
sixteen
And found work together in the fields of the San
Joaquin
They left their homes and family Their father said "My
sons, one thing you will learn:
For everything the north-a gives, it exacts a price in
return."
They worked side by side in the orchards from morning
till the day was through
Doing the work the hueros wouldn't do.

Word was out some men in from Sinaloa were looking
for some hands
Well deep in Fresno county there was a deserted
chicken ranch.
There in a small tin shack on the edge, on the edge of
a ravine,
Miguel and Louis stood cooking methamphetamine.

BREAK:

You could spend a year in the orchards, or make half
as much in one shift
Working for the men from Sinaloa. Ah, but if you
slipped.
The hydriodic acid could burn right through your skin
They'd leave you spittin' up blood in the desert if you
breathed those fumes in.

It was early one winter evening as Miguel stood watch
outside
When the shack exploded, lighting up the valley night.
Miguel carried Louis' body over his shoulder down a
swale to the creekside
And there in the tall grass Louis Rosales died.

Miguel lifted Louis' body into the truck and then he
drove

To where the morning sunlight fell on a eucalyptus
grove.
There in the dirt he dug up ten thousand dollars, all
that they'd saved,
Kissed his brother's lips and placed him in his grave

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