

Poverty's No Crime "Chato's Land"

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They hunt him through the prairie
For what he's done
They don't want to ley him flee

They call him a bastard
For what he's done
He shot the sheriff down
now he's dead

Twelve against one
They're on his trace
They think he's got no chance

They don't know
This is his land
He waits until his time will come

They killed his son
And destroyed his family
They raped his wife
And enjoyed the pain he feels

Too late now
Never changing his aim
REVENGE

The hunt goes on and on
They're sure they'll win
There's no doubt about

They have to kill this bastard
This is the law
For sure they won't give up
until he's dead
Who will win
This evil game
Do they know
They're in Chato's land

In this desert
They will go insane
Will they die

Here in Chato's land

They think they'll get him
But who gets who
They've got no chance
Here in Chato's land

He will get them
Just one by one
They will die
Here in Chato's land

He won't give up
Until it's done
He's looking for his revenge

There's just one left
Last one to die
He wants to bring it to
An end

They killed his son
And destroyed his family
They raped his wife
And enjoyed the pain he feels

Too late now
Never changing his aim

(Inspired by the movie "Chato's Land")

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