## Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers "Contraband"

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Anything you want, that you don't need La cocaina, las armas, or the weed Como Villa, como Zapata, como Guevara, como yo I am Capitan of my own ship! Soy un pangero!

I provide a little seen, little known, ma & pa, homegrown service to society I got your spice at a very fine price, now… Choose your variety

No radar, no runnin' lights, no radio The torches blinking on the shore tell when to come and where to go And I don't believe in the satellite, computer, GPS My faith is the horizon… My compass, my best guess

You name the time, you name the place, you name the contraband I will be there dark of night or light of day I guarantee delivery by air, by sea or land That's how I make a lot of easy money, baby… The hard way…

Despite the bribes I pay, my trade receives official censure "But it's not just a job," as the gringos say, no "It's an adventure!"

For every night I have run, I prefer the moon to the sun For every fight I have won, I prefer the knife to the gun And any bridge I never burned, I never crossed And every fight I never picked, I never lost We got a wild blue yonder, wild frontier Ain't we got the makings of a fine, fine career! Shore to shore the sea I run 200 kilometers wide Keep your eyes peeled, head down, hand steady; throttle ready to runâ€!nowhere to hide The machete, the silence and the darkness are my friends

## Yeah I know I gotta a date with Fate, I know not where or when…

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