

Hubbard Ray Wylie "Wild Gods of Mexico"

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Thereâ€™s a lot I donâ€™t understand
Thereâ€™s so much that I donâ€™t know
Lately, Iâ€™ve been thinkinâ€™ â€˜bout the wild gods
of Mexico
Mr. Campbell says they was feathered serpents
Highly revered a 1000 years ago
Now a days, nobody much recalls the wild gods of
Mexico
Hearsayâ€™s got â€˜em viscous and vain
Demanding blood and flesh and bone
Sacrifice was what it was, for the wild gods of Mexico

The woman I love desired a child
She abandoned hope as we grew old
In desperation I swore an oath to the wild gods of
Mexico
With conviction and for recompense
I took a dog and I cut itsâ€™ throat
Drained the blood into a wooden cup
For the wild gods of Mexico
Now thereâ€™s a lot I donâ€™t understand
Thereâ€™s so much I donâ€™t know
Someday soon Iâ€™ll tell my son about the wild gods
of Mexico
Someday soon Iâ€™ll tell my son about the wild gods
of Mexico

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