

Northern State

"The Three Amigas"

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The sun is setting down
This could be any town
you know what town
It's warm and dusty
It's real quiet out here

But let me tell you something
That's all about to change
By three outlaws coming over the mountain
on a horse
not the same horse of course
Three of em

They look tough they look mean
they look ready
theyre ready for a little
showbiz

here's hesta prynn- she's always on her mark
and you know her bite is worse than her bark
she's long and lean a texas hold em machine
so keep your eyes on your money if your money's
green
and here comes sprout riding up alongside
she'll coax her mare into a gentle stride
you wanna play her game? Well it'll cost you boss,
She'll hustle you in pool then ride off on your horse
And then there's spero- yeah that's me
And you know my time don't come for free
But hey I got this round- go on and drink it down
I'll have your gold in my pocket by the time I leave town

It takes 3 to make a thing go right
And we write our words in the middle of the night
Cause the night is the time to run for the border
and in fifty years we'll all be under water (2x)

at the poker table- ya'll could call me ms. Deal
spero busy casing for some booty to steal
don't bother chuck brody when he's eating his meal
sprout gone leave his share at the bottom of the stair

and we keep prospecting cause that's our biz
we're known to roll where the moonshine is
three amiga chicas smart and sassy señoritas
eating huevos and gorditas spreading hummus on our
pitas
in a northern state in a western town
where the tumble weeds are known to blow around
I draw my guns as I step through the swinging doors
With my chaps and my spurs and my head pulled down

It takes 3 to make a thing go right
And we write our words in the middle of the night
Cause the night is the time to run for the border
and in fifty years we'll all be under water (2x)

I saddle up to the bar concealing my lies
Insult the bartender order 3 red eyes
He says whoa little lady put away that six shooter
Sheriff's bringing your subpoena straight to rose's
cantina
In a cloud of dust- I slipped out the side
Out where the horses were tied
I picked a good one it looked like a good one
I hopped on his back and away I did ride

It takes 3 to make a thing go right
And we write our words in the middle of the night
Cause the night is the time to run for the border
and in fifty years we'll all be under water (2x)

aint' no cover when the sharks are biting
if you're going out might as well go out fighting
cause I budget it tight
sprout advances it right
and hesta prynn settles up at the end of the night

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