

Mariachi El Bronx "Matador"

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In his prime, he took his time
His suit of lights worn proudly
But that was then and this now
His body moves so sadly

The thought of running never crossed his mind
He feels the death of any other kind

Now the devil takes his horns out
And the shadows in the crowd shout
He was born to bleed

The hero's pride stretches far and wide
As if the earth was empty
His holy ghost carries coast to coast
As if his body's buried

The thought of running never crossed his mind
He feels the death of any other kind

Now the devil takes his horns out
And the shadows in the crowd shout
Stare into his eyes
Can the matador survive?

He was born to bleed

The thought of running never crossed his mind
He feels the death of any other kind
Only a coward quits while he's ahead
Only a matador would take a stand

Now the devil takes his horns out
And the shadows in the crowd shout
Stare into his eyes
Can the matador survive?

He was born to bleed

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