

Page Tommy

"Botus"

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Tony got shot at the Mexican border
Leaving his past far behind his leg
He could run fast
But he knew they would catch him
They're gonna find me out some day, some day
But Tony tried, and he denied, but he relied
On the wrong person
And he made his own way
But now he lay at Mexico's end

Little boy Botus selling fruit and tacos
American tourists are so strange, so strange
I'm saving up money for my mother and my hunny
Gonna buy a big house some day, some day
But Botus he was only eight
And he only ate if he had a good day
And he saw Tony bleed
On two pounds of weed and some peyote

But little boy Botus he was young but no dummy
Filling, his tummy, was all he ever knew
He grabbed Tony's stash, filled his pockets with his
cash
He ran like the devil, Hell, I would too
But Botus see he didn't know
That once you go, man, you never come back
And he ran from the man, with dirt, and sand,
And that devil running down his back

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