

Stephen Lynch

"Ballad of Scarface"

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Do you know Tony Montana?
Rode a boat here from Havana,
Scar from eating pussy lines his face.
Finds a day job washing dishes,
Hates his life, he only wishes
Someday in this world to find his place.

And he has a scheme
For his own drug regime.
Dream, Scarface, dream.

Hired by the gangster, Omar,
He climbs the ranks, he's getting so far,
Selling guns and drugs out in the street.
Soon he works for Frank, the main boss,
Doing hits and dodging chainsaws,
Getting rich and living life so sweet.

But he craves romance
In his disco pants.
Dance, Scarface, dance.

See, Tony wants to rule the world
So he kills Frank and steals his girl.
She'll give him the son he's never had.
Alas, her womb is so polluted
From the powder she has tooted,
There'll be no son,
And that makes Tony sad.

As he looks to the sky,
Hear his plaintive cry.
"Fly, Pelican, fly!"

Now he starts to get to high
On his own supply,
Thinking he's the only game in town.
And his enemies decide
On a plot of regicide
It's time for the king to lose his crown,
Scarface must go down.

Oh, Tony's killers soon surround him.
Sensing death has finally found him,
He aims his gun, prepared to do his part.
And as he shouts "It's not the end,
Say hello to my little friend,"
Assassin's bullets pierce his fragile heart.

It's a tragic goodbye,
He had flown so high.
Cuban butterfly.
Die, Scarface, die.

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