

Lobos, Los

"Good Morning Aztlan"

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There's a tattoo heart
With an arrow through the middle
Of a name that looks like Joe
And a young girl's looking
At her makeup in the mirror
Puts a little gold ring on her toe

I gotta say one, two, three
More things before I go on

There's a sharp dressed man
Playing something on a fiddle
In the backyard right next door
And everybody's mother
Is cooking something in the kitchen
Got dishes stacked ceiling to floor

I gotta say one, two, three
More things before I go on

You can't run and try to hide away
Here it comes, here comes another day

A red rooster crows a little Mexican tune
On the chain link fence by the gate
Somebody's daddy's out there
Honkin' on the horn
Hurry up, we're gonna make him late

I gotta say one, two, three
More things before I go on

You can't run and try to hide away
Here it comes, here comes another day
If you're long down that highway
No matter where you are
You're never really far
Good morning Aztlan

There's a big fat heart
With an arrow through the middle

Of this place that I call home
And when I get lost
And don't even got a nickel
There's a piece of dirt I call my own

I gotta say one, two, three
More things before I go on

You can't run and try to hide away
Here it comes, here comes another day
You can't run to try to hide away
Here it comes, here comes another day
Where you are, never really far away
Good morning Aztlan

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