

Mavericks, The

"From Hell to Paradise"

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(Raul Malo)

For thirty years they sang the song
Of promised victory
But who they've fought and who was won
Didn't matter much to me.

I see them driving down the streets
In their fancy shiny cars
Crowds of people to their feet
Their faces full of scars.

No pleasantries no luxuries
No little children's milk
While minister's wives spent all their lives
In china's finest silk.

My back's been broken many times
But my spirit lingers on
The day it comes my way on freedom's ship
I will be gone.

From hell to paradise
I'll always pay the price
From hell to paradise
I'll always pay the price.

--- Instrumental ---

This ninety mile trip has taken
Thirty years to make
They tried to keep forever
What was never theirs to take.

Well, I cursed and scratched the devil's hand
As he stood in front of me
One last drag from his big cigar
And he finally set me free.

From hell to paradise
I'll always pay the price

From hell to paradise
I'll always pay the price.

--- Instrumental ---

From hell to paradise
I'll always pay the price
From hell to paradise
I'll always pay the price...

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