

# Amos Tori, Juarez

Amos Tori  
To Venus And Back  
Juarez  
Dropped off the edge again down in Juarez  
Don't even bat an eye  
If the eagle cries the rasta man says  
Just cause the desert likes your girls flesh  
And no angel came.

I don't think you even know  
What you tinbk you just said  
So go on  
Spill your seed  
Shake your gun to the rasta man's head  
And the desert  
She must be blessed  
And no angel came.

There's a time to keep it up  
A time to keep it in  
The Indian is told  
The cowboy is his friend  
You know that I can breathe  
Even when I cheat  
Should Should've been over for me  
No angel came.  
No angel came.  
No angel came.  
No angel came.  
No angel came.  
No angel came.  
No angel came.  
No angel came.