

# Bourbon Crow, A Bed In The Desert

Well mama I'm writing a letter home  
'Cuz I know that you think what I've done was wrong  
But I'm here to tell ya, I've got no regrets  
And you know your boy he don't take no shit  
That's exactly why I killed that son of a bitch  
And I'm doing life, in this metal pit  
Well a man's gotta do what he's gotta do  
Though its consequences can be cruel  
With the one-way ticket to the graveyard  
And I'm driving the hearse  
And I made you a bed in the desert  
Well the stoty I'm about to tell  
And the first verse you heard didn't end so well  
For that loose lip, non-English speaking immigrant  
I said &quot;I don't know what the hell you're saying  
And this bottle I'm drinking got me to thinking  
Every dog has his day and that dog was barking&quot;  
Well a man's gotta do what he's gotta do  
Though its consequences can be cruel  
With the one-way ticket to the graveyard  
And I'm driving the hearse  
And I made you a bed in the desert  
I said &quot;Adios amigo,  
Hope you enjoyed your last burrito,  
If you have any final words,  
Let them be heard&quot;  
&quot;No comprende se&ntilde;or&quot;  
And I made you a bed in the desert.