

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Ashes Of San

I spun a bottle on the map to tell us which way to go
now were hellbound south into Hermosillo
got the ashes of my best friend in a cremation jar on the shotgun seat of the car
got the top chopped off
got the windows down
one last tour through our happy, happy hunting grounds
though we never made a kill, that was never really what we came down here for

so give me a sign, amigo can you tell me
did you go down laughin when you finally fell
we had tales to tell and songs to sing
did you get your horns or did they give you wings
either works just as well
ashes of san miguel

well its a hundred and one under this fanatical sun
them black-eyed federales drippin' sweat on their machine guns
sayin', "drive on slow, gringo, you aint as savage as you think you
are..."
I bought a box of firecrackers and liquor to go
vamonos, amigo para Baha Kino
everythings here I got the pesos and the beer
still aint no sign of your ghost

chorus

the deserts lovely, dark and deep
and I got no more promises left to keep
but why
tell me why
I gotta drain a bottle dry
before I can cry
before I can cry over you

theres bones on the beach
and theres ashes in the jar
ghosts in the air laughin' at us fools at the bar
and somewhere inside this river dont run to the sea no more
life is cheap here and death is rich
and he finally got you, lucky son of a bitch
and if I could do it again
Id cry aloud at your hospital bed