

# Swift, The Guatemalan

Save me--i don't wanna die.  
Don't just stand there--just stand there.

(throw me away)

I'm just hoping  
That this dirt under my fingernails,  
Can keep them clothed.  
I've gone too far to be tossed out.

And this knife is upon my neck,  
I'm just trying to feed my wife.  
I've felt your grab for the last time.

Don't tell me that i wronged you,  
When you're not the one giving hugs to the phone.  
You've had your chance now give me mine.

Watching my chance roll by--  
Watching my chance roll by this time.

Save me--i don't wanna die.  
Don't just stand there--just stand there.

(donde esta mi familia?)