

# Ween, Candi

Buenas Tardes Amigo  
Hola, my good friend  
Cinco de Mayo's on Tuesday  
And I hoped we'd see each other again  
You killed my brother last winter  
You shot him three times in the back  
In the night I still hear mama weeping  
Oh mama, still dresses in black  
I looked at every fiesta  
For you I wanted to greet  
Maybe I'd sell you a chicken  
With poison interlaced with the meat  
You...you look like my brother  
Mama loved him the best  
He was head honcho with the ladies  
Mama always said he was blessed  
The village all gathered around him  
They couldn't believe what they saw  
I said it was you that had killed him  
And that I'd find you and upstand the law  
The people of the village believed me  
Mama...she wanted revenge  
I told her that I'd see that she was honored  
I'd find you and put you to death  
So now...now that I've found you  
On this such a joyous day  
I tell you it was me who killed him  
But the truth I'll never have to say  
Buenas tardes amigo  
Hola, my good friend  
Cinco de Mayo's on Tuesday  
And I hoped we'd see each other again  
Yes, I hoped we'd see each other again