

Bruce Springsteen, Sinaloa Cowboys

Miguel came from a small town in northern Mexico
He came north with his brother Luis to California three years ago
They crossed at the river levee when Luis was just 16
And found work together in the fields of the San Joaquin
They left their friends and family
Their father said "My sons one thing you will learn
For everything the north gives it exacts a price in return."
They worked side by side in the orchards
From morning till the day was thru
Doing the work the hueros wouldn't do

Word was out some men in from Sinaloa were looking for some hands
Well deep in Fresno county there was a deserted chicken ranch
There was a small tin shack on the edge of a ravine
Miguel and Luis stood cooking methamphetamine

You could spend a year in the orchards
Or make half as much in one ten-hour shift
Working for the men from Sinaloa
But if you slipped the Hydriodic acid
Could burn right thru your skin
They'd leave you spittin' up blood in the desert
If you breathed those fumes in

It was early one winter evening as Miguel stood watch outside
When the shack exploded lighting up the valley night
Miguel carried Luis' body over his shoulder down a swale
To the creekside and there in the tall grass Luis Rosales died

Miguel lifted Luis' body into his truck and then he drove
To where the morning sunlight fell on a eucalyptus grove
There in the dirt he dug up 10000 dollars all that they'd saved
Kissed his brother's lips and placed him in his grave