

# Edie Brickell, Carmelito

Handsome Carmelito and the one they call Vandito  
Rode fiery horses through the snow  
Snow covered hills snow covered miles  
Miles and miles of traveling to go  
And they were wild and free  
Happy as could be in America  
They were wild and free  
Everything to see in America, in America

Late one night by a little fire and a lot of booze  
Dito woke up Lito from a snooze  
Said "My friend I must confess, I pulled off her dress  
And had the time of my life with your wife"  
Oh, we were wild and free  
Happy as could be in America  
They were wild and free  
What will be will be in America, in America

Blod was spilt Carmelito felt no guilt  
Justice had fallen like the snow  
The ground was red the ground was white  
And blue was the color of the sky  
He was wild and free  
Happy as could be in America  
He was wild and free  
Better him than me in America, in America