

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