

# Jim Carroll, Low Rider

Johnny's trapping stars in his car  
With the radio on  
In the parking lot

Lily heard a sound  
While they were going down  
Someone on el camino had been shot

Carmelita stared  
She really cared for that boy  
He meant a lot

Carmelita, she came over the border  
Immigration man saw her  
She wouldn't take a short order  
But it was so far behind her  
She had her heart on the wire  
She became a low rider

Immigration's full of strange language strains  
Rules Carmelita never learned in school  
Not in school  
But in the streets of Mexico  
She came to know  
That borderlines were made to walk through

Her daddy said you're fine,

You're not the water, you're the wine  
You can take and make it all new  
So make it new

Carmelita, she came over the border  
Immigration man saw her  
'cause she refused to take a short order  
But it was easy to find her  
She joined the boulevard choir  
When he became a low rider

Sometimes in the dark  
Some things just go wrong  
And it peels into the night just like a knife  
Like a knife

They stab you so cold  
The blood is bottled and sold  
All she wanted was a radio to hold  
But she said dying makes her feel so old

Carmelita, she came over the border  
Immigration man snagged her  
'cause she wouldn't take a short order  
But it was easy to find her  
She joined the boulevard choir  
When she became a low rider