

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Contraband

Anything you want, that you don't need
La cocaína, las armas, or the weed
Como Villa, como Zapata, como Guevara, como yo
I am Capitan of my own ship!
Soy un pango!

I provide a little seen, little known, ma & pa, homegrown service to society
I got your spice at a very fine price, now
Choose your variety

No radar, no runnin' lights, no radio
The torches blinking on the shore tell when to come and where to go
And I don't believe in the satellite, computer, GPS
My faith is the horizon
My compass, my best guess

You name the time, you name the place, you name the contraband
I will be there dark of night or light of day
I guarantee delivery by air, by sea or land
That's how I make a lot of easy money, baby
The hard way

Despite the bribes I pay, my trade receives official censure
"But it's not just a job," as the gringos say, no "It's an adventure!"

For every night I have run, I prefer the moon to the sun
For every fight I have won, I prefer the knife to the gun
And any bridge I never burned, I never crossed
And every fight I never picked, I never lost
We got a wild blue yonder, wild frontier
Ain't we got the makings of a fine, fine career!

Shore to shore the sea I run 200 kilometers wide
Keep your eyes peeled, head down, hand steady; throttle ready to runnowhere to hide
The machete, the silence and the darkness are my friends
Yeah I know I gotta a date with Fate, I know not where or when