

# Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Contraband

Anything you want, that you don't need  
La cocaina, 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  
&quot;But it's not just a job,&quot; as the gringos say, no &quot;It's an adventure!&quot;

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