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El Pistolero by Lou Marshall Gould & Peter Moring

*Where you see this asterisk it tells that*this concept was put forth by Roberto Rodriguez in 1998,*

El Pistolero

El Pistolero drives his sleek white Camaro
on the dusty boulevards through the barrios
of East L.A.

From their windows the children see him
and know it safe to come out and play

The crickets can't be heard as even they
listen to his assuring words

Brown eyed women tease their hair hoping to catch
his eye as Chicano flags begin to fly on
lampposts in a land where a scolding
Uncle Sam is their unhappy host
while the "creation of a spiritual nation"* rises
like a silver ghost

The boys in the band
cruise by to lend a hand
when El Pistolero comes to make a
stand to fight injustice in Yankee land

It's a street party
Latin rhythms fill the air
and the sound of castanets
speak no regrets
for a people who are tried once again
for being strangers in their own land

A hot dry summer breeze plays through
the palm trees
Must be the Santa Anas calling...

Ten million people prepare to feel
the hammer that could send them to the
slammer and back to Mexico
away from this Hispanic barrio

But tonight
It's a street party
Latin rhythms fills the air
and the sound of castanets
speak no regrets
for a people who are tried once again
for being strangers in their own land

The boys in the band
cruise by to lend a hand
when El Pistolero comes to make a
stand to fight injustice in Yankee land

El Pistolero checks his back
'cause there's no going back
and for him it's already tomorrow

Apache and Smokin' Pete

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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