

THE BOO DEVILS

· HOTSPUR ·

(Letra: A. Navarro. Música: J.M. Mora)

Once there was a young boy, whose life was never told
Got no friends, just misery. The shadows were his coat

And he cried.... Oh cried
And he tried.... Goddamn, he tried
To hold his gun, oh Lord, he tried

Praying for the times comin', Devil in his shoes
Young boy got more pain bound, his ghosts ain't any good

And he cried.... Oh cried
And he tried.... Goddamn, he tried
To hold his gun, oh Lord, he tried

Sometimes have to fight
Sometimes have to lose
Sometimes have to rest
Sometimes have to choose
Sometimes have to be the one on the loose
You're called Hotspur

Always found some trouble, no one got a chance
He's the one to blame, but never left a trace

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And he tried.... Goddamn, he tried
To hold his gun, oh Lord, he tried
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Goddamn, he tried
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