

# Tom Russell's Mexican Bus Ride

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D

G

1. This mural was painted by hands that cracked like dry mud

D

A

with the colors of tequila, chayote squash and fresh goat's blood,

F#m

G

and the blue of a young woman's dress made of cotton home spun.

D

A

D

A

Her eyes the color of the rust on grandmother's gun.

(no chord)

D

Refrain: It's almost dawn San Juan.

G

The miracles have begun.

D

G

The child of the street has eaten and laughs as he runs.

D

Ring your bell, San Miguel.

G

You showed me heaven and hell

D

A

G

D

(A)

through the rusted grate out the window of the Mi Madre Motel.

Tom Russell's Mexican Bus Ride – cont.

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2. The past disappears into the jungle and is covered in vines.

Where Quetzalcoatl rolls cigarettes and stares back with brown eyes.

The moon and the stars hand over us throughout the night.

And the sun waits in ambush under the hills out of sight.

Refrain:

3. The brakes on this bus can't stop me from losing control.

And no washed out arroyo can make me turn back from this road.

I'm following all of the voices inside my head

while the headlights illuminate roadside shrines for the dead.

Refrain:

4. Puma carries Iguana back to her cubs

while Tarantula crawls 'cross my mirror looking for bugs.

Coyote laughs while his brothers pester Crow.

And Lover whispers, "this is the end of the road."

Refrain: