

# Bruce Springsteen, Sinaloa Cowboys

Miguel came from a small town in northern Mexico  
He came north with his brother Luis to California three years ago  
They crossed at the river levee when Luis was just 16  
And found work together in the fields of the San Joaquin  
They left their friends and family  
Their father said "My sons one thing you will learn  
For everything the north gives it exacts a price in return."  
They worked side by side in the orchards  
From morning till the day was thru  
Doing the work the hueros wouldn't do

Word was out some men in from Sinaloa were looking for some hands  
Well deep in Fresno county there was a deserted chicken ranch  
There was a small tin shack on the edge of a ravine  
Miguel and Luis stood cooking methamphetamine

You could spend a year in the orchards  
Or make half as much in one ten-hour shift  
Working for the men from Sinaloa  
But if you slipped the Hydriodic acid  
Could burn right thru your skin  
They'd leave you spittin' up blood in the desert  
If you breathed those fumes in

It was early one winter evening as Miguel stood watch outside  
When the shack exploded lighting up the valley night  
Miguel carried Luis' body over his shoulder down a swale  
To the creekside and there in the tall grass Luis Rosales died

Miguel lifted Luis' body into his truck and then he drove  
To where the morning sunlight fell on a eucalyptus grove  
There in the dirt he dug up 10000 dollars all that they'd saved  
Kissed his brother's lips and placed him in his grave