

Madrugada, Black Mambo

When you're on your own
And you've got them twisting bones
And a red hot poker burning in your ear
You think you've had it but you ain't nowhere near
You think you've had it but you're nowhere near

Oh, black mambo, gonna knock you down to the ground
Oh, black mambo, little chicken better run, run, run
Don't let the children catch you
Don't let all the children catch you

Gonna knock you down
With the liquor and love
Black mambo, little chicken better run, run, run
Don't let them catch you out here on the streets because you've got no soul
Black mambo, little chicken better run, run, run
Don't let the children catch you
Don't let all the children catch you