

**El Fusilado**

By:Chumbawamba

Listen close to this crooked mouth  
For my story I will tell-o.  
I lived in Mexico by the name  
Of Wenseslau Moguel-o.  
Left my home in Santiago,  
The heart of the city of Merida.  
Served with my brothers and sisters all  
In the army of Pancho Villa.

Stand me straight against the nearest wall;  
Line up your bravest soldiers-o.  
Ten good shots, I'll take them all.  
They call me "El Fusilado."

The Federales captured me;  
Bound up my arms with wire.  
Officer came; he said, "Take your aim,  
Steady your guns and fire!"  
Bullet holes all across my chest  
Ripped up my shirt and my body-o.  
Heart beat on through the silenced guns  
To the rhythm of life inside me-o.

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Line up your bravest soldiers-o.  
Ten good shots, I'll take them all.  
They call me "El Fusilado."

Fell to the ground, the officer came;  
One more shot to the head-o.  
Heard through the pain as he walked away  
And left me there for dead-o.  
All went quiet, so I crawled away;  
I was not giving up to the glory.  
Ten good shots, I took them all,  
And lived to tell my story.

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"El Fusilado!"