

Sangria Morte

The Michael Schenker Group

Riding through the desert sand
Bet you got a crime in mind
When the sun is high and you sweat to death
Man you're not the loving kind
Train is slowly approaching
Through the Texican heat

Sangria Morte
You'll go down with a bang
Sangria Morte
That's the place where you'll hang
Sangria Morte
It was one soul too much
Sangria Morte
This ain't your city of luck

A burning sky without a sound
Sense tension in the air
Empty faced with frightened eyes
As they come from everywhere
Train arrives - it's your showdown
Headhunters will take care

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May guns speak fire
Let bullets fly
No one's coming out alive
Show no mercy for the damned
It's just a name that will survive
Train is slowly rollin'
Into the oncoming night

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