

# Pedro

Buddy Brown

I was huntin' for whitetail last year down in ole Mexico  
And I asked for the best huntin' guide and they gave me Pedro  
On that second morning I shot me a big trophy buck  
As we carried him out, soon we were circled by trucks

And I didn't know it but this land belonged to the cartel  
They took all our money and threw me and Pedro in jail

Now I'm gonna be guilty till proved innocent  
No lawyer to call so we're already dead  
But Pedro sat in the corner with a gleam in his eye  
Told me, "We're gon' be alright"

Well the jailer, he didn't know  
Pedro was hiding that ole .44  
Layin' and waitin' for him to walk by  
Soon as he did, Pedro shot the guard twice  
He said, "I'll get you to America and out of this hell  
'Cause this ain't my first time escaping a Mexican jail"

Well we blew off the lock, ran out back to an old pickup truck  
It used to belong to the guard, now he won't need it much  
We drove to the border under the cover of night  
Up a dirt road 50 miles and we cut off the lights

And I could see customs just up there ahead  
Then I reached over and shook Pedro's hand  
He said I'll disappear for a while on that wide open range  
What a true friend, maybe even a saint

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Well I air dropped a briefcase last week down in ole Mexico  
Full of ten thousand dollars and airfare to Texas for Pedro