

## Mora (Blackberry)

Corb Lund

What if I wound up spending most my whole day through  
Talking over coffee, leftist politics with you  
And my face lit up with Che Guevera  
Hero of all of South America  
Challenging the yanquis of America  
Well, exactly who or what would I be?

And if because of prison beatings and corrupt police  
I had to flee beloved Chile in the seventies  
Come to seek asylum in your embassies  
Well, exactly who or what would I be?

My name would be Jose Alberto Mora (Blackberry)  
And I would be a good man  
His name would be Jose Alberto Mora (Blackberries)  
And he would be a good man

What if I lost my arm as a younger lad  
When I broke it at the shoulder in the hilly lowlands

North to Santiago by the quickest route  
Because we didn't have good medicine or medics in the south  
Hurrying to try to keep infection out  
Well, exactly who or what would I be?

If we arrived too late and it was all gangrene  
And the doctor said it was the worst case he had seen  
We'll have to cut the arm and the extremities  
Well, exactly who or what would I be?

My name would be Jose Alberto Mora (Blackberry)  
And I would be a good man  
His name would be Jose Alberto Mora (Blackberries)  
And he would be a good man

What if wound up marrying a gringa who  
Gave me one young son with the eyes like hers, of blue  
And we named him well for Simon Bolivar  
Handsome as a Latin silent movie star  
How could we have known that we'd have come this far  
Well, exactly who or what would I be?

And if I not so good with English much when I arrive  
But I sent for my old father to come start a brand new life  
If you come close but don't quite sing my accent right  
Well, exactly who or what would I be?

My name would be Jose Alberto Mora (Blackberry)  
And I would be a good man  
His name would be Jose Alberto Mora (Blackberries)  
And he would be a good man

Ai!