

Paco & Ramone

Eddy Grant

Paco and Ramone lived a mile away from where I used to be
In Alabama, all the bars and all the jams we used to keep
They wanted to live on the freeway, in a gypsy style
A caravan [?] a few, hey, that would be wise

Paco and Ramone made a pact, and there won't be no turning back
They'll live on figs and nuts alone, on cans of beans and country pone
Their mama should see how they're being, just a little while
Two country boys bringing a new way, with a little style

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An Indian chief with all the right connections, said he was a star
He'd pay for company, and in-between he played a mean guitar
He wanted to gig on the freeway, but he needs a van
But Paco and Ramone and he'd play, if he gets a stand

An unbelievable arena seemed to grow up over night
Far fields of [?] far belong, but not to anyone in sight
It just seemed to grow on the freeway, waiting for a cause
The hungrily indians of peace make, just relax the laws

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The Indian chief went dip-de-deep, the whole crowd shouted da-da-daa
The place was buzzing like a bee, a festival of harmony
The officers didn't get the key in, though they were young
This stone really needed the free up, for it seemed so long

The old state trooper paralyzed from the waist down, couldn't believe his eyes
Here's holiday for sun recall much better, much much better night
He called down the merry and the V8, and he stopped the fun
When last I heard, Paco and Ramone were still on the run

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Paco and Ramone dip-de-deep, the whole world, shouted da-da-daa
Paco and Ramone dip-de-deep, the whole world, singing da-da-daa

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