

# 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

Paco and Ramone  
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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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