## **Matador**

## Halford

The gold ran dry in '54 so with a broken hand He packed his bags and headed south across the Rio Grande The town was mean and brutal for a gringo filled with strife He was about to end it all when some thing changed his life

A bullfight in the street went bad the beast made to escape And in a feat of danger with his jacket as a cape He stared into the eyes of death and bought it to his knees A cry went up from in the crowd at last he felt appeased

Then all the people were screaming Having the time of their lives Some said they thought they were dreaming But he was right there before their eyes

He had the crowd they cheering right in the palms of his hands With one or two of them leering
At what they never could comprehend

Matador heart of the brave Suit of life never to save Matador in for the kill Statuesque he's standing still

El Toro charged he danced with death
And every place he's go
The reputation lead the way through all of Mexico
The Greatest of the Greats they said
One never to be missed
But all good things come to an end
And so it was with his

A moments hesitation and he felt the gore go deep His life flashed in slow motion as the crowd begin to weep The country was in mourning as they buried him that day But memories live for ever like the ghost of him they say

The people said he's The Greatest Look at his flair and his style No one can stand in his foot steps Or follow him by a mile

The crowd was in such a frenzy He had the air of a saint Control was part of the fever Together with such restraint

Matador graced by The Lord Cheating death plunging the sword Matador here to annul With respect praise for the bull

There was a sense of dramatic That in the blink of an eye It could turn into traumatic Would he be alive or die He was the man of the hour
And master of his domain
He was bestowed and empowered
He had the key to each city he reigned

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