

Mariachi Bands

J Church

Jesus was a guy that I met at El Tin Tan about a year and a half ago,
Drinking shots and shooting pool,
'Cause in the Men's Room they were doing lines of coke

He worked too hard for his wage,
'Til two he turned into a rage,
'Til two he'd laugh about his life,
About his father and his Guatemalan wife

Every night Joanne was working at the bar for some 30 years,
Once we asked her if she was happy,
She said she was saving and one day getting out of here

But she will never change,
Except gray and wrinkles that come with age,
I catch the essence in my clothes and on my hands,
Camels, spilled Corona and the sound of mariachi bands

So where's my sense of humor?
My life is a disaster,
No one has a future,
So let's all get there faster

In the morning the sun fills my room,
I think I'll call in sick today and keep my afternoon