

## Mr. Rodriguez

Rayland Baxter

Yesterday morning, I was walking around  
Me and Mr. Rodriguez on the wrong side of town  
The streets were all empty and the houses all burned down  
He reached in his pocket and he pulled out a crown  
And he said

You're so much like me, boy  
Step outta your dream  
Watch 'em all gather 'round, boy  
It is your turn to be king

Cause you are the only one  
You are the only one

I come from a small town near West Beverly  
Right under the freeway, all my brothers and me  
My father was Henry, Mary Jane, Eloise  
They work in a coal mine from age 17  
But I don't see 'em that much no more  
They died one day  
A king from a jester and a queen from a slave

You are the only one  
You are the only one  
Well you are the only one  
That's for me

There's a rose in my garden that never grows  
And it keeps me up at night forevermore  
And what I hold in my hand I was told to never hold  
So I let it go

The slave and the jester  
They met in the park  
A slow song in the distance and a dance through the dark  
One hand to the outside, she waves in the wind  
They circled for hours or what seemed to be them  
She love him in the moonlight  
Soon the morning comes  
Then back to the coal mine when the day is done

You are the only one  
You are the only one  
You are the only one  
For me