

## Tijuana

The Growlers

Ether in the ice  
Revenge in the water  
There's a thorn in your taco  
And where is your daughter  
Madness in the meat  
Dead dogs in the street  
Little babies scrappen money that they don't get to keep  
Take me to the city of wasted dreams where there's little boys  
with M16's  
Where there's little girls barely in their teens  
Dancing on laps to mechanical beats  
Child look over your shoulder and don't believe their smiles.