

Nada Es

Fury In The Slaughterhouse

When the sun cast no shadow
You better not move
The only fool on here was the drummer
Who was looking for the group
Don't worry bout tomorrow
Drink as much as you can stand
Cause there is rock'n roll rule number seven
The producer wakes the band

Nada, nada es mi huijo
Como la vida
En El Cortijo

I have a suspicion
That Anita will fatten us till we're round
Cos I know they sell stuffed gringos
On the market day downtown

So we party with the devil
And we sing with God
And we trust in our company
Cause they pay a lot