

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

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