**FUNERAL FOR A GAUCHO**

Words & music by Edward Yoo

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A blaze of glory awaits

The riders who give their lives

Upon the plains.

They sacrificed their lives for the pain

Just to recognize the road,

But it’s different all the same.

It’s down to his last ride

It’s only do or die

It’s a wasted life no matter, it’s in tatters

It’s a simple task to choose

How he’s gonna fly

And he knows that it’s his last ride

He saddles up to leave

His tired life behind and he has no will to please

To please.

The messenger of time

That riddles the path ahead

And he won’t easily concede.

(His last ride) His life before his eyes

(His last ride) Flash to pause and slowly dies

(HIs last ride) To waste the day all through the night

(His last ride) And it’s only do or die

And upon this plain

He leaves his spurs to chance

As the sunsets on his dreams, his dreams

And even this has failed

He looks down to the road

To the glory he’s curtailed

And now he’s gonna fly