

The Ballad of Sammy Rodriguez
Jefferson Berry

Intro/Chorus:

C - - G, D - F

C - - G, D G C

Verse (3x)

Em A7

It was just about 9:30,

C G

The mechanic was in the Bay.

D F

I was smoking me a Winston

C D

And Charge cardin' a Chevrolet.

Well, the two guys who were up next
Wore the suits that were official green:
One name tag read Malenkov
The other O'Flarrity.

Well they had to ask for Sammy,
I thought 'cause Sam's the Man that can
Hear there motors knockin'
Or Squeaking with the fan.

Chorus

Sammy Rodriguez knew more about cars
Than anyone I've ever known
'Til one day the boys in the green LTD
Came 'round to take ol' Sammy home

Well, they handcuffed poor Sammy
To take him back to Mexico.
Said he had no green card,
Said he had top go.
They ducked his head as they put him in
The Back seat of their LTD.
He grinned his big gold tooth grin
And this is what he said to me.
He said, "Tell Jesus I'll be OK."

His son, Jesus, was still in school
"Tell Mr. Rick I went home sick,
You know there nothin' left for you to do."

Sammy Rodriguez knew more about cars
Than anyone I've ever known
'Til one day the boys from the I.N.S.
Came 'round to take ol' Sammy Home

You know that, Mr. Rick was the owners son
And dumber than a piece of wood.
He had a drinking problem
And was always up to no good.
Just so happened the night before,
Rick got picked up doin' 95.
He blew a 1.7
And got thrown in jail D.U.I.
So, Mr. Rick was a no-show
You know it worked out better that way
He hated the Latinos
But who would work for that kind of pay

Chorus

Now, Sammy's got some family
Somewhere in some border town.
Brings 'em most his money
Every time he goes back down.
Southern California
Was working on that summers day.
So we punched the clock for Sammy,
So Sams could get a full days pay.
Tow truck Jerry and I left work
To get ourselves a couple brews.
In walked Sam, he'd come right back,
Ready to pay more dues.

Chorus (+ Tag)

Em A7 C - - G