

# El Pistolero:



Niet zo opzichtig profilerend als, weliswaar in een andere en zeker niet de minste sport -de 100 en 200 meter sprint-, de heersende Usain Bolt, heeft **Contador** een wapen zich als symbool geschapen.



*Kiezen, focussen,  
inschatten, richten  
en dan afdrukken.*

Jaren geleden niet verwacht na een hersenbloeding een gedeukte moraal maar een prachtig verhaal dankzij moederskracht “Querer es poder”<sup>1</sup> de vergoeding.



*Niet geschoten, altijd mis  
rivalen trager, druk lager  
het eindschot telt, doel bereikt.*



Toine  
150716

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<sup>1</sup> Qep=waar een wil is , is een weg.

## My Way – Sid Vicious (Sex pistols)

And now, the end is near  
And so I face the final curtain, ha ha ha  
You cunt, I'm not a queer  
I'll state my case, of which I'm certain

I've lived a life that's fool  
And each and every highway  
And yet, much more than this  
I did it my way

Regrets, I've had a few  
But then again, too few to mention  
But dig, what I have to do  
I'll see it through with no devotion

Of that, take care and just  
Be careful thought along the highway  
And more, much more than this  
I did it my way

There were times, I'm sure you knew  
When there was nothing fucking else to do

But through it all, when there was doubt  
I shot it up, or kicked it out  
I fought the war, and the world  
And did it my way

I've knocked out in bed last night  
I've had my fill, my share of looting  
And now, the tears subside  
I find it all so amusing

To think, I killed a cat  
And may I say, oh no, not their way  
"But no, no, not me"  
"I did it my way"

For what is a brat, what has he got  
When he finds out that he cannot  
Say the things he truly thinks  
But only the words, not what he feels

The record shows, I've got no clothes  
And did it my way



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ixuOLJfwa4Q>