Claude King, Comancheros

The Comancheros're takin' this land the Comancheros're takin' this land Paul Regret of New Orleans a fast man with a gun

Didn't want to go but he had to run when he shot down the judge's son Yes he shot Judge Moebeam's son

With the dark of night he left that town never to return again

With a oneway ticket at the end of the line

He was told by a stranger man the Comancheros're takin' this land

And then the Comancheros came ridin' through the night

Stealin' and a killin' takin' everything in sight Nothin' left behind but the blood in the sand

The Comancheros're takin' this land the Comancheros're takin' this land [trumpet]

I'll cover every inch of the ground where I stand I'd die before I'd run I'm not afraid of any living man and here I'll make my stand With a gun I'll make my stand

He rode into the Comanchero town like a wild man on the run Before he'd leave they'd all be dead they'd die by his blazin' gun They died by his blazin' gun

And then the Comancheros came ridin'...