

Cochise, Surrender

Someone tore the page
From his childhood days
Someone closed his dreams and angels
Little, rebel boy
Hide your silver coin
Swallow like a little piece of freedom

Someone turned the page
Ocean still remains
Swallow him just like the others
Little, rebel boy
Take your silver coin
Run away and close your soul

He remembers songs of freedom
Leather jacket full of dust
Summer girls around his table
And the wilderness of love
Golden highway full of secrets
Shadows from the temple trees
He remembers all surrenders
Meet the rebels on the run
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