

Jackson Browne, Sergio Leone

He came 'round here with his camera and some of his American friends
Where the money is immortal and the killing never ends
He set out from Cinecitt?through the ruined streets of Rome
To shoot in Almeria and bring the bodies home

He said
I'll be rich or I'll be dead
I've got it all here in my head

He could see the killers' faces and he heard the song they sang
Where he waited in the darkness with the Viale Glorioso gang
He could see the blood approaching and he knew what he would be
Since the days when he was first assisting The Force of Destiny

He worked for Walsh and Wyler with the chariot and sword
When he rode out in the desert he was quoting Hawks and Ford
He came to see the masters and he left with what he saw
What he stole from Kurosawa he bequeathed to Peckinpah

From the Via Tuscolana to the view from Miller Drive
He shot the eyes of bad men and kept their deaths alive
With the darkness and the anguish of a Goya or Van Cleef
He rescued truth from beauty and meaning from belief

Lyrics by Jackson Browne Music by Jackson Browne, Kevin McCormick, Mark Goldenberg, Maurice
(Swallow Turn Music, ASCAP; Eye Cue Music, ASCAP; Bossypants Music/Songs of Windswept Pa