

Lucero, Chambers

Born under a south Kentucky sky
Hed come west to Mexico to fight
1842 at Mier
The gutters filled with blood and fear
Barely made it back to Texas alive
With Missouri Volunteers when the war began
In 46 they crossed the Rio Grande
There he met his dark-eyed love
But he said good-bye when the war was done
He swore that hed come back for her again
Oh, oh novia
Oh, oh youre man is gone
Maybe hes in Texas
But well take what God has left us
And well leave for California with the dawn
Worked his way back to Old Mexico
To reclaim the love hed left two years ago
Back to those same city walls
Where hed watched copper cannonballs
Like wayward suns roll down the cobblestones
They put him in a prison left alone
With other yankee fools so far from home
Parade them through the square in chains
Till in rode Captain Glantons gang
Apache scalps for bounties paid in gold
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And well leave for California with the dawn
Glantons men were killers all by trade
And through the prison bars a deal was made
Glanton needed three new men
Hired the lovelorn veteran
The killers rode out through the governors gates
The Veteran left camp fore the rising sun
No killer hed left other work undone
He was not yet two days out
When Glantons naked native scouts
Brought back his empty horse and his brand new gun
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