Ben Nichols, Chambers

Born under a south Kentucky sky He'd 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 said good bye when the war was done He swore that he'd come back for her again Oh oh novia Oh oh your man is gone Maybe he's in Texas But we'll take what God has left us And we'll leave for California with the dawn Worked his way back to Old Mexico To reclaim the love he'd left two years ago Back to those same city walls Where he'd 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 & amp; Isquo; Till in rode Captain Glanton's gang Apache scalps for bounties paid in gold Glanton's 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 governor's gates The Veteran left camp & amp; Isquo; fore the rising sun No killer he'd left other work undone He was not yet two days out When Glanton's naked native scouts Brought back his empty horse and his brand new gun