

# Tom Russell, Gallo Del Cielo

Carlos Zaragoza left his home in Casas Grandes when the moon was full  
No money in his pocket, just a locket of his sister framed in gold  
He rode into El Sueco, stole a rooster called "Gallo del Cielo"  
Then he crossed the Rio Grande with that rooster nestled deep beneath his arm.

Well, Gallo del Cielo was a warrior born in heaven, so the legends say  
His wings they had been broken, he had one eye rollin' crazy in his head  
And He'd fought a hundred fights, but the legends say that one night near El Sueco  
They'd fought Cielo seven times and seven times he'd left brave roosters dead.

Hola, my Theresa, I am thinking of you now in San Antonio  
I have 27 dollars and the good luck of your picture framed in gold  
Tonight I'll put it all on the fighting spurs of Gallo del Cielo  
And Then I'll return to buy the land that Villa stole from father long ago

Outside of San Diego in the onion fields of Paco Monteverde  
The Pride of San Diego lay sleeping on his fancy bed of silk  
And they laughed when Zaragoza pulled the one-eyed del Cielo from beneath his coat  
But they cried when Zaragoza walked away with a thousand dollar bill.

Hola, my Theresa, I am thinking of you now in Santa Barbara  
I have fifteen hundred dollars and the good luck of your picture framed in gold  
Tonight I'll put it all on the fighting spurs of Gallo del Cielo  
And then I'll return to buy the land that Villa stole from father long ago.

Now the moon has gone to hiding and the lantern light spills shadows on the fighting sand  
Where a wicked black named Zorro faces Gallo del Cielo in the night  
But Carlos Zaragoza fears the tiny crack that runs across his rooster's beak  
And he fears he has lost the fifty thousand dollars riding on the fight

Hola, my Theresa, I am thinking of you now in Santa Clara  
Yes, the money's on the table, I'm holding to your good luck framed in gold  
And everything we dreamed of is riding on spurs of del Cielo  
I pray that I'll return to buy the land that Villa stole from father long ago

Then the signal it was given, and the roosters rose together far above the sand  
Then Gallo del Cielo sunk a gaff into Zorro's shiny breast  
They were separated quickly but they rose and fought each other thirty seven times  
And the legends say that everyone agreed del Cielo fought the best

Then the screams of Zaragoza filled the night outside the town of Santa Clara  
As the beak of del Cielo lay broken like a shell within his hand  
And they say that Zaragoza screamed a curse upon the bones of Pancho Villa  
When Zorro rose up one last time and drove del Cielo to the sand.

Hola, my Theresa, I am thinking of you now in San Francisco  
There is no money in my pocket, I no longer have your good luck framed in gold  
I buried it last evening with the bones of my beloved del Cielo  
And I'll not return to buy the land that Villa stole from father long ago

Do the rivers still run muddy outside of my beloved Casas Grandes?  
And does the scar upon my brother's face turn red when he hears mention of my name?  
Do the people of El Sueco curse the theft of Gallo del Cielo?  
Well tell my family not to worry, I will not return to cause them shame.