

# Willie Nelson, Seven Spanish Angels

He looked down into her brown eyes,  
Said, &quot; Say a prayer for me.&quot;  
She threw her arms around him,  
Whispered, &quot;God will keep us free.&quot;  
They could hear the riders comin,  
He said, &quot;This is my last fight.  
If they take me back to Texas,  
They won't take me back alive.&quot;

**\*\*Chorus\*\***

There were seven Spanish Angels,  
At the alter of the Sun.  
They were prayin' for the lovers,  
In the valley of the gun.  
When the battle stopped,  
And the smoke cleared.  
There was thunder from the throne.  
And seven Spanish angels,  
Took another angel home.  
She reached down and picked the gun up,  
That lay smokin in his hand.  
She said, &quot;Father please forgive me,  
I can't make it without my man.&quot;  
And she knew the gun was empty,  
And she knew she couldn't win.  
Her final prayer was answered,  
When the rifles fired again.

**\*\*Chorus\*\***

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