Sonora's Death Row

K. Farrell

C Am F C
Me and the boys we cinched up our saddles and rode to Sonora last night
C Am F C
Guns hanging proud, daring out loud for any one looking to fight
F C F
Card cheats and rustlers would run for their holes when the boys from the old
G
broken O
C Am F C
Rode up and reined on the street that they named Sonora's death row

Mescal is free at Amanda's saloon for the boys from the old broken O
Saturday nights in the town of Sonora are the best in all Mexico
They've got guitars and trumpets and sweet senoritas who won't want to let you go
You'd never believe such a gay happy time on the street called Sonora's death row

Inside Amanda's we was a dancin' with all of Amanda's gals
I won some silver at seven card stud so I was out doin' my pals
But the whiskey and mescal, peso cigars drove me outside for some air
Somebody whispered "Your life or your money", I reached but my gun wasn't there

I woke up face down in Amanda's back alley aware of the fool I had been
Rushed to my pony, grabbed my Winchester and entered Amanda's again
Where I saw my partners twirling my pistols and throwing my money around
Blinded by anger, I jacked the lever and one of them fell to the ground

Amanda's got silent like night in the desert, my friends stared in pure disbelief
Amanda was kneeling beside the dead cowboy plainly expressing her grief
And as I bowed my head a tremble shot through me my six-gun was still at my side
I felt my pockets, there was my money, I fell to my knees and I cried

A nightmare of mescal is all that it was for no one had robbed me at all
I wish I was dreaming the sound of the gallows they're testing just outside the wall
The mescal's still free at Amanda's saloon for the boys from the old Broken O
I'd give a ransom to drink there today and be free of Sonora's death row
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