Chambers

Ben Nichols

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 aliveWith Missouri Volunteers when the war began
In '46 they crossed the Rio Grande
There he met his dark-eyed loveBut said good bye when the war was done
He swore that he'd come back for her againOh 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 dawnWorked 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 cobblestonesThey 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 Glanton's gang
Apache scalps for bounties paid in goldGlanton'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 gatesThe Veteran left camp '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

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