Pistolero

Dschinghis Khan

The boy was asleep in his parents' cabana
He woke to the thunder of guns in the night
And there in the dark he saw three Mexicanos
His father was shouting, "Boy run for your life!"
He prayed and he wept at the sight that he saw
His mama and papa lay dead on the floor
They laughed as he ran and they rode on their way
But how will it be if they see him todayOh, Pistolero
Like an angel of death, you go
Desperado from Mexico
Never more will he run
Oh, Pistolero
Riding up through the wind and rain
With revenge burning in your brain
And your hand on your gunA quiet little village was just south of Reno
Where someone had told him he might find the men
And there in the stairway, they're guzzling the vino
The three Mexicanos were laughing again
He pushed his sombrero away from his face
His cool cigarillo was pounding in place
The Mexicans stared at the man they can see
And wondered who this Pistolero could beOh, Pistolero
Like an angel of death, you go
Desperado from Mexico
Never more will he run
Oh, Pistolero
Riding up through the wind and rain
With revenge burning in your brain
And your hand on your gunOh oh oh oh oh oh oh ooohhh...
Pistole-, Pistolero...
You're the devil's companero
And the devil's what you see
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh ooohhh...
Pistole-, Pistolero...
Death will be your companero
While you follow your dreamHe looked with contempt at the cowardly killers
His eyes were as cold as the hate in his heart
"Get ready to fire and viya con dios."
He lowered the hand that would blow them apart

Then suddenly somewhere, the voice of his father
Was shouting, "Forgive them and put down your gun!"
He knew in his heart that the madness was over
He climbed on his horse and rode into the sunOh, Pistolero
Like an angel of death, you go
Desperado from Mexico
Never more will he run
Oh, Pistolero
Riding up through the wind and rain
With revenge burning in your brain
Now it's over and doneOh oh oh oh oh oh oh ooohhh...
Pistole-, Pistolero...
You're the devil's companero
And the devil's what you see
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh ooohhh...
Pistole-, Pistolero...
Death will be your companero
While you follow your dream
Oh oh oh ooohhh... ooohhh... ooohhh...

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