

# 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 today  
Oh, 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 gun  
A 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 be  
Oh, 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 gun  
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 ooohhh...  
Pistole-, Pistolero...  
Death will be your companero  
While you follow your dream  
He 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 ooohhh...

Pistole-, Pistolero...

You're the devil's companero

And the devil's what you see

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...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>