

Sergio Leone

Jackson Browne

He came 'round here with his camera and some of his American friends

Where the money is immortal and the killing never ends

He set out from Cinecitt  through the ruined streets of Rome

To shoot in Almeria and bring the bodies home He said

I'll be rich or I'll be dead

I've got it all here in my head He could see the killers' faces and he heard the song they sang

Where he waited in the darkness with the Viale Glorioso gang

He could see the blood approaching and he knew what he would be

Since the days when he was first assisting The Force of Destiny He worked for Walsh and Wyler with the
chariot and sword

When he rode out in the desert he was quoting Hawks and Ford

He came to see the masters and he left with what he saw

What he stole from Kurosawa he bequeathed to Peckinpah

Songwriters

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BROWNE Published by

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