

Gallo del Cielo (with Joe Ely & Ian Tyson)

Tom Russell

Carlos Zaragoza left his home in Casas Grandes when the moon was full
No money in his pocket, just a locket of his sister framed in gold
He rode into El Sueco, stole a rooster called Gallo Del Cielo
Then he swam the Rio Grande with that fighter nestled
Deep beneath his arm. El Gallo Del Cielo was a rooster born in heaven so the legends say
His wings they had been broken, he had one eye
Rollin' crazy in his head
And he'd fought a hundred fights, and the legends say
That one night near El Sueco
They'd fought Gallo seven times, and seven times he'd
Left brave roosters dead. Hola, my Theresa, I am thinking of you now in San Antonio
I have 27 dollars and the good luck of your picture
Framed in gold
Tonight I'll put it all on the fighting spurs of Gallo Del Cielo
And then I'll return to buy the land Villa stole
From father long ago. Outside of San Diego, in the onion fields of Paco Monteverde
The Pride of San Diego lay sleeping on a fancy bed of silk
And they laughed when Zaragoza pulled the one-eyed
Del Cielo from beneath his coat
But they cried when Zaragoza walked away with a
Thousand dollar bill. Hola, my Theresa, I am thinking of you now in Santa Barbara
I have fifteen hundred dollars and the good luck of
Your picture framed in gold
Tonight I'll put it all on the fighting spurs of Gallo Del Cielo
And then I'll return to buy the land Villa stole
From father long ago. Now the moon has gone to hiding and the lantern light
Spills shadows on a fighting sand
Where a wicked black named Zorro faces Gallo del Cielo in the night
But Carlos Zaragoza fears the tiny crack that runs across his rooster's beak
And he fears he has lost the fifty thousand dollars riding on the fight. Hola, my Theresa, I am thinking of you
now in Santa Clara
Yes, the money's on the table, I am holding to
Your good luck framed in gold
And everything we've dreamed of is riding on the spurs of Del Cielo
I pray that I'll return to buy the land Villa stole from father long ago. Then the signal it was given, and the cocks
rose
Together far above the sand
El Gallo del Cielo sunk a gaff into Zorro's shiny breast
They were separated quickly but they rose and fought

Each other thirty seven times
And the legends say that everyone agreed that del Cielo fought the best. Then the screams of Zaragoza filled the
night outside
The town of Santa Clara
As the beak of del Cielo lay broken like a shell within his hand
And they say that Zaragoza screamed a curse upon the
Bones of Pancho Villa
When Zorro rose up one last time and drove del
Cielo through the sand. Hola, my Theresa, I am thinking of you now in
San Francisco
I have no money in my pocket, I no longer have
Your good luck framed in gold
I buried it last evening with the bones of my
Beloved Del Cielo
And I'll not return to buy the land Villa stole from
Father long ago. Do the rivers still run muddy outside of my beloved
Casas Grandes? Oes the scar upon my brother's face turn red when
He hears mention of my name?
Do the people of El Sueco curse the theft of Gallo del Cielo?
Well, tell my family not to worry, I will not return
To cause them shame.

Songwriters

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