

Spanish Johnny

Emmylou Harris

(Paul Siebel) Those other years, the dusty years
We drove the big hers through
I tried to forget the miles we rode
And Spanish Johnny too
He'd sit beside a water ditch when all this herd was in
And he'd never harm a child but sing to his mandolin
The old talk, the old ways, and the dealin' of our game
But Spanish Johnny never spoke, but sing a song of Spain
And his talk with men was vicious talk
When he was drunk on gin
Ah, but those were golden things he said to his mandolin
We had to stand, we tried to judge, we had to stop him
then
For the hand so gentle to a child had killed so many men
He died a hard death long ago before the road come in
And the night before he swung he sung to his mandolin

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