

Silverado

Florence Valentin

As a young man I was raised by men of the cloth
and I was taught to judge men equal and not to find their faults
until one day I witnessed a tragic thing
the men lay on the church steps, slain
and when the smoke cleared a tall man holstered his gun
the bright day ended and a cloud did cover the sun
I found hate in my heart that I'd never known before
I'll see this man hang and if that's the one thing that I know for sure Silverado you'll hang by the hangman's tree
and you'll die in misery His face remained in my eyes as I grew through the years
I practiced shooting every day while trying to hold back the tears
I travelled through Oklahoma and Texas to the Rio Grande
knowing when I met Silverado the Lord would steady my hand Silverado you'll hang by the hangman's tree
and you'll die in misery Then the day came I dreamed of for years
Silverado stood before me and my heart it pounded in fear
as he turned and saw my eyes he knew why I'd come
and without a flick of the eyes he went for his gun
and as I caused a fight tears come to my eyes
when he collapsed before me I dropped my gun and sighed Silverado you'll hang by the hangman's tree
and you'll die in misery

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