

# Gallo del Cielo (feat. Joe Ely)

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.

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