

Sonora's Death Row

Leo Kottke

Me and the boy's we cinched up our saddles
And rode to Sonora last night
Gun's hanging proud, daring out loud
For anyone looking to fight
Card cheats and rustlers would run for their holes
When the boys from the old broken O
Rode up and reined on the street that they named
Sonora's death row
Mescal is free at Amanda's saloon
For the boy's from the old broken O
Saturday nights in the town of Sonora
Are the best in all Mexico
They've got guitars and trumpets and sweet señoritas
Who won't want to let you go
You'd never believe such a gay happy time
On the street called Sonora's death row
Inside Amanda's we was a dancin'
With all of Amanda's gals
I won some silver at seven card stud
So I was out doin' my pals
But the whiskey and mescal, peso cigars
Drove me outside for some air
Somebody whispered, "Your life or your money
I reached, but my gun wasn't there"
I woke up face down in Amanda's back alley
Aware of the fool I had been
Rushed to my pony, grabbed my Winchester
And entered Amanda's again
Where I saw my partners twirling my pistols
And throwing my money around
Blinded by anger, I jacked the lever
And one of them fell to the ground
Amanda's got silent like night in the desert
My friends stared in pure disbelief
Amanda was kneeling beside the dead cowboy
Plainly expressing her grief
And as I bowed my head a trembled shot through me
My six-gun was still at my side
I felt my pockets, there was my money
I fell to my knees and I cried
A nightmare of mescal is all that it was
For no one had robbed me at all
I wish I was dreaming the sound of the gallows
They're testing just outside the wall
And the mescal's still free at Amanda's saloon
For the boy's from the old broken O
I'd give a ransom to drink there today
Be free of Sonora's death row
Yes I'd give a ransom to drink there today
Be free of Sonora's death row

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