

# Chambers

## Ben Nichols

Born under a south Kentucky sky  
He'd come west to Mexico to fight 1842 at Mier  
The gutters filled with blood and fear  
Barely made it back to Texas aliveWith Missouri Volunteers when the war began  
In '46 they crossed the Rio Grande  
There he met his dark-eyed loveBut said good bye when the war was done  
He swore that he'd come back for her againOh oh novia  
Oh oh your man is gone  
Maybe he's in Texas  
But we'll take what God has left us  
And we'll leave for California with the dawnWorked his way back to Old Mexico  
To reclaim the love he'd left two years ago  
Back to those same city walls  
Where he'd watched copper cannonballs  
Like wayward suns roll down the cobblestonesThey put him in a prison left alone  
With other yankee fools so far from home  
Parade them through the square in chains  
'Till in rode Captain Glanton's gang  
Apache scalps for bounties paid in goldGlanton's men were killers all by trade  
And through the prison bars a deal was made  
Glanton needed three new men  
Hired the lovelorn veteran  
The killers rode out through the governor's gatesThe Veteran left camp 'fore the rising sun  
No killer he'd left other work undone  
He was not yet two days out  
When Glanton's naked native scouts  
Brought back his empty horse and his brand new gun

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