

Comancheros

Claude King

Comancheros are takin' this land
The Comancheros are takin' this land.

Paul Regret from New Orleans
A fast man with a gun
He didn't want to go he had to run
When he shot down the judge's son
Yes, he shot judge (*Cobain's) son.

With the dark of night he left that town
Never to return again
With a one-way ticket at the end of the line
He was told by a stranger man
The Comancheros are takin' this land.

Then the Comancheros came a-ridin' through the night
Stealin' and a-killin' takin' ever'thing in sight
Nothin' left behind but the blood and the sand
The Comancheros are takin' this land
The Comancheros are takin' this land.

I'll cover every inch of the ground where I stand
I'd die before I'd run
I'm not afraid of any living man
And here I'll make my stand
With a gun I'll make my stand.

He rode into the Comanchero town
Like a wild man on the run
Before he'd leave they'd all be dead
They'd die by his blazin' gun
They died by his blazin' gun.