

Spanish Johnny

Waylon Jennings

Those other years the dusty years
We drove the big herds through
I tried to forget the miles we rode
And Spanish Johnny too.

He'd sit beside a water ditch
When all his herd was in
And he'd never harm a child
But sing to his mandolin.

The old talk, the old ways
And the dealing of our game
Spanish Johnny never spoke
But sang a song of Spain.

And his talk with men was vicious
Talk when he was drunk on gin
Ah, but those were golden things
He said to his mandolin.

We had to stand, we tried to judge
We had to stop him then
For the hand so gentle to a child
Had killed so many men.

He died a hard death long ago
Before the road come in
And the night before he swung
He sung to his mandolin.

Well, we carried him out in the morning sun
A man that done no good
And we lowered him down in the cold clay
Stuck in a cross of wood.

And the letter we wrote to his kinfolk
To tell them where he'd been
And we shipped it out to Mexico
Along with his mandolin...