

Gallo Del Cielo

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Carlos Zaragosa 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 El Gallo Del Cielo,
And he swam the Rio Grande with that fighter nestled deep beneath his arm.

El Gallo Del Cielo was a warrior born in Heaven, so the legends say,
His wings, they had been broken, he had one eye rollin' crazy in his head,
And he fought a hundred fights, but the legends say that one night near El Sueco,
They fought Gallo seven times, and seven times he left brave roosters dead.

Hola, my there'sa, I am thinking of you now in San Antonio.
I have twenty-seven 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 I'll return to buy the land that Pancho 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 Zaragosa pulled the one-eyed Del Cielo from beneath His coat,
But they cried when Zaragosa walked away with a thousand dollar bill.

Hola, my there'sa, 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 I'll return to buy the land that Pancho Villa stole from Father long Ago.

Now the moon has gone to hiding, the lantern light spills shadows on the Fighting sand
Where a wicked black named Zorro faces Gallo Del Cielo in the night.
But Carlos Zaragosa fears the tiny crack that runs across his rooster's Beak,
And he fears that he has lost the fifty-thousand dollars riding on the Fight.

Hola, my there'sa, I am thinking of you now in Santa Clara.
Yes, the money is on the tabel and I'm 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 the roosters rose together high
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 Zaragosa 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 Zaragosa screamed a curse upon the bones of Pancho Villa
When Zorro rose up one last time and drove del Cielo to the sand.

Hola, my there'sa, I am thinking of you now in San Antonio.
I have no money in my pocket, I no longer have your picture 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?
Does the scar upon my brother's face turn red when he hears mention of my
Name?

Do the people of El Sueco curse the death of Gallo Del Cielo?
Well, tell my family not to worry, I will not return to cause them shame.