

## 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.