

# The Gringo's Tale

Steve Earle

Beggin' your pardon there stranger  
You look like you're new to this town  
We're a long way away from the beach here  
You won't see many gringos around  
Well I come from West Colorado  
And I've wandered this world far and wide  
I've lived for some years in the shadows  
And my eyes are unused to this light  
If you buy me a strong drink of whiskey  
I will tell you the tale of my life  
It's long and it's sad but it fits me  
And it may bring a tear to your eye

All the men of my family were solidiers  
The hard fightin' straight talkin' kind  
When my turn came all that was over  
But I'd already made up my mind  
I was there when we blew though Grenada  
And I still have to ask myself why  
Then we took down that fool Noriega  
That's where I caught the good colonel's eye  
Well he asked me if I loved my country  
And before I had time to reply  
He regaled me with tales of past glories  
I believed every one of his lies

So I left my old life behind me  
Turned my back on my family and friends  
And I did everything that they asked me  
And I lost some sleep now and again  
And I lived like a thief and assassin  
I smuggled their poisons sometimes  
Until I asked the wrong question in passin'

And the colonel himself dropped the dime  
So if you're ever in west Colorado  
Tell the folks in Durango goodbye  
There's a price on my head and I can't go  
So I'll just wait around here 'til I die