

# Gallo Del Cielo

Joe Ely

Carlos Saragosa left his home in Casas Grandes when the moon was full  
He had no money in his pocket, just a locket of his sister framed in Gold  
He headed for el Sueco, stole a rooster named Gallo Del Cielo  
Then he crossed the Rio Grande with that rooster nestled deep within his arm

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  
He'd fought a hundred fights and the legends say that one night near El Sueco  
He fought Cielo seven times, seven times he left brave roosters dead

Hola myTeresa I'm thinkin of you now inSan Antonio  
I have 27 dollars and the good luck of your good luck of your picture framed  
in gold  
Tonight I'll put it all on the fighting spurs of Gallo Del Cielo  
Then I'll return to buy the land Pancho Villa stole from father long ago

Outside of San Diego in the Onion fields of Paco Monte Verde  
The Pride of San Diego lay sleeping on a fancy bed of silk  
Adn they laughed when Saragosa pulled the one-  
eyed Del Cielo from beneath his shirt  
But they cried when Saragosa waked away with a thousand dollar bill

Hola myTeresa I'm thinkin of you now in Santa Barbara  
I have 27 dollars and the good luck of your good luck of your picture framed  
in gold  
Tonight I'll put it all on the fighting spurs of Gallo Del Cielo  
Then I'll return to buy the land Pancho Villa stole from father long ago

Now the moon has gone to hiding and the lantern light spills shadows on the  
fighting sand  
A wicked black named Zorro faces Del Cielo in the sand  
And Carlos Saragosa fears the tiny crack that runs across his roosters beak  
And he fears that he has lost the 50,000 dollars riding on the fight

Hola myTeresa I'm thinkin of you now in Santa Clara  
The money's on the table, I'm holding now your good luck framed in gold  
Everything we dream of is riding on the spurs of Del Cielo  
Then I'll return to buy the land Pancho Villa stole from father long ago

The signal it was given and the roosters rose together far above the sand  
Gallo Del Cielo sunk a gaff into Zorro's shiny breast  
They were separated quickly but they rose and fought each other time and time  
again  
And the legends all agreed that Gallo Del Cielo fought the best

But then the screams of Saragosa 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 Saragosa screamed a curse upon the bones of Pancho Villa  
As Zorro rose up one more time and drove Del Cielo in the sand

Hola myTeresa I'm thinkin of you now in San Francisco  
I have no money in my pocket I no longer have your good luck framed in gold  
I buried it last evening with the bones of my beloved Del Cielo  
I will not return to buy the land that Villa stole 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?  
And do the people of El Sueco still curse the theft of Gallo Del Cielo?  
Tell my family not to worry, I will not return to cause them shame.