

# Johnny Lobo

Kris Kristofferson

Once upon a dusty reservation  
Somewhere in the land of Sitting Bull  
Johnny Lobo played with fire and dreamed of open spaces  
Locked inside a heaven gone to hell  
All the dreams were gone but not forgotten  
Murdered like the holy buffalo  
But Johnny Lobo knew the rules and grew into a warrior  
Fighting for his people and his soul

Oh..... Johnny Lobo  
Oh..... Johnny Lobo

Loaded down with lessons that he carried  
Home from Viet Nam to Wounded Knee  
Johnny Lobo burned a flag he knew had been dishonored  
Paid the price for thinking he was free  
Someone set his house on fire, burned it to the ground  
With his wife and children locked inside  
Later when the bitter tears were falling to the ashes  
Something good in Johnny Lobo died

Oh..... Johnny Lobo  
Oh..... Johnny Lobo

In a darkened corner of a tavern  
Burning down old memories again  
Johnny Lobo stares into the smoke and dream of clouds  
Running like wild horses with the wind  
Holy Phoenix rising from the ashes  
Into the circle of the sun  
Johnny Lobo's warrior heart was burnished in the embers  
And the battle's just begun

Oh..... Johnny Lobo  
Oh..... Johnny Lobo