

Sonora's Death Row

Robert Earl Keen

Me and the boys we cinched up our saddles and rode to sonora la
st night
Gun's hanging proud, daring out loud for any one looking to fig
ht
Card cheats and rustlers would run for their holes when the boy
s from the old broken O
Rode up and reined on the street that they named Sonora's death
row

Mescal is free at Amanda's saloon for the boys from the old bro
ken O
Saturday nights in the town of Sonora are the best in all Mexic
o
They've got guitars and trumpets and sweet señoritas who won't
want to let you go
You'd never believe such a gay happy time on the street called
Sonora's death row

Inside Amanda's we was a dancin' with all of Amanda's gals
I won some silver at seven card stud so I was out doin' my pals

But the whiskey and mescal, peso cigars drove me outside for so
me air
Somebody whispered "Your life or your money", I reached but my
gun wasn't there

I woke up face down in Amanda's back alley aware of the fool I
had been
Rushed to my pony, grabbed my Winchester and entered Amanda's a
gain
Where I saw my partners twirling my pistols and throwing my mon
ey around
Blinded by anger, I jacked the lever and one of them fell to th
e ground
Amanda's got silent like night in the desert, my friends stared
in pure disbelief

Amanda was kneeling beside the dead cowboy plainly expressing h
er grief
And as I bowed my head a trembled shot through me my six-
gun was still at my side
I felt my pockets, there was my money, I fell to my knees and I
cried
A nightmare of mescal is all that it was for no one had robbed
me at all
I wish I was dreaming the sound of the gallows they're testing
just outside
The wall

The mescal's still free at Amanda's saloon for the boys from the
old Broken O

I'd give a ransom to drink there today and be free of Sonora's
death row

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