

## Spanish Johnny

Waylon Jennings

Those other years the dusty years  
We drove the big herds through  
I tried to forget the miles we rode  
And Spanish Johnny too.

He'd sit beside a water ditch  
When all his herd was in  
And he'd never harm a child  
But sing to his mandolin.

The old talk, the old ways  
And the dealing of our game  
Spanish Johnny never spoke  
But sang a song of Spain.

And his talk with men was vicious  
Talk when he was drunk on gin  
Ah, but those were golden things  
He said to his mandolin.

We had to stand, we tried to judge  
We had to stop him then  
For the hand so gentle to a child  
Had killed so many men.

He died a hard death long ago  
Before the road come in  
And the night before he swung  
He sung to his mandolin.

Well, we carried him out in the morning sun  
A man that done no good  
And we lowered him down in the cold clay  
Stuck in a cross of wood.

And the letter we wrote to his kinfolk  
To tell them where he'd been  
And we shipped it out to Mexico  
Along with his mandolin...