

Waylon Jennings

"Spanish Johnny"

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(Paul Siebel)
Waylon Jennings & Emmylou Harris

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.

--- Instrumental ---

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...

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