

Wylie And Wild West "The Sky Above, The Mud Below"

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Two men rode in from the south, a rainy autumn night
The Sky above and the mud below
They walked into the Deacon's bar, they were Mexican
by sight
The sky above and the mud below
They threw a horsehair bridle down, we trade this for
whiskey rounds
The Deacon slams a bottle down, the two men start to
drinkin'

Their hair was long and black, tied up behind their ears
Their faces were identical, like one man beside a
mirror
Then someone whispered that beats all, their wanted
posters on the wall
Twin brothers name of Sandoval, horse thieves from
Boquillas

Now the bridle and the belts they wore were braided
gray and black
The color of a roan horse once belonged to Deacon
Black
The fastest horse for miles around, he'd been stolen
from the old fairground
A month ago outside of town we tracked and never
found him

Now the Deacon was a preacher who had fallen hard
from grace
He owned the bar and a string of quarter horses that
he'd race
Yea, Deacon he could drink and curse, though he still
quoted sacred verse
He was sheriff, judge; he owned the hearse, a man you
did not anger

The sky above, the mud below, the wind and rain, the
sleet and snow
Two horse thieves from Mexico drinkin' hard and

singin'

One brother he spoke English, Deac inquires as to their work

The man says mister we braid horsehair bridles, ropes and quirts

Yea, that fine bridle we did make, a roan horse killed by leg-bone break

He's horsehair rope now; horse-meat steak, we cleaned him to the bone

Well these gentlemen they were ignorant or didn't know just where they were

The Deacon's face grew darker as he measured every word

You horsehair braidin' sons o' witches stole my claim to earthly riches

Someone go and dig a ditch, there may well be a hangin'

One brother reached inside his shirt searching for his gun

Too late, for Deac had whipped around his sawed off Remington

The twins, they raised their hands and sneered, Deac was grinnin' ear to ear

He says court's in session, hear ye hear, yours truly is presidin'

Well the trial commenced and ended quick they didn't have a hope

Deac says we'll cut your hair now boys and you can braid yourselves a rope

The Old Testament, it says somewhere eye for eye and hair for hair

Covet not thy neighbors mare, I believe it's Revelations

Now the fancy horsehair bridle, it hangs on Deacon's wall

Next to that wanted poster of the brothers Sandoval And he twisted rope so shiny black, the artifact that broke their necks

Their craftsmanship he did respect, they shoulda stuck to braidin'

The sky above the mud below, the wind and rain, the sleet and snow

The Deacon's hearse is rollin' slow in the first blue light of mornin'

