

Claude King "Comancheros"

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The Comancheros're takin' this land the
Comancheros're takin' this land
Paul Regret of New Orleans a fast man with a gun
Didn't want to go but he had to run when he shot down
the judge's son
Yes he shot Judge Moebeam's son
With the dark of night he left that town never to return
again
With a oneway ticket at the end of the line
He was told by a stranger man the Comancheros're
takin' this land
And then the Comancheros came ridin' through the
night
Stealin' and a killin' takin' everything in sight
Nothin' left behind but the blood in the sand

The Comancheros're takin' this land the
Comancheros're takin' this land
[trumpet]
I'll cover every inch of the ground where I stand I'd die
before I'd run
I'm not afraid of any living man and here I'll make my
stand
With a gun I'll make my stand
He rode into the Comanchero town like a wild man on
the run
Before he'd leave they'd all be dead they'd die by his
blazin' gun
They died by his blazin' gun
And then the Comancheros came ridin'...

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