

Ely Joe

"Gallo Del Cielo"

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Carlos Saragosa left his home in Casas Grandes when
the moon was full
He had no money in his pocket, just a locket of his
sister framed in Gold
He headed for el Sueco, stole a rooster named Gallo
Del Cielo
Then he crossed the Rio Grande with that roosted
nestled deep within his arm

Gallo del Cielo was a warrior born in heaven so the
legends say
His wings they had been broken, he had one eye rollin
crazy in his head
He'd fought a hundred fights and the legends say that
one night near El Sueco
He fought Cielo seven times, seven times he left brave
roosters dead

Hola my Teresa I'm thinkin of you now in San Antonio
I have 27 dollars and the good luck of your good luck
of your picture framed in gold
Tonight I'll put it all on the fighting spurs of Gallo Del
Cielo
Then I'll return to buy the land Pancho Villa stole from
father long ago

Outside of San Diego in the Onion fields of Paco Monte
Verde
The Pride of San Diego lay sleeping on a fancy bed of
silk
Adn they laughed when Saragosa pulled the one-eyed
Del Cielo from beneath his shirt
But they cried when Saragosa waked away with a
thousand dollar bill

Hola my Teresa I'm thinkin of you now in Santa Barbara
I have 27 dollars and the good luck of your good luck
of your picture framed in gold
Tonight I'll put it all on the fighting spurs of Gallo Del
Cielo
Then I'll return to buy the land Pancho Villa stole from
father long ago

Now the moon has gone to hiding and the lantern light
spills shadows on the fighting sand
A wicked black named Zorro faces Del Cielo in the sand
And Carlos Saragosa fears the tiny crack that runs
across his roosters beak
And he fears that he has lost the 50,000 dollars riding
on the fight

Hola my Teresa I'm thinkin of you now in Santa Clara
The money's on the table, I'm holding now your good
luck framed in gold

Everything we dream of is riding on the spurs of Del
Cielo
Then I'll return to buy the land Pancho Villa stole from
father long ago

The signal it was given and the roosters rose together
far above the sand
Gallo Del Cielo sunk a gaff into Zorro's shiny breast
They were separated quickly but they rose and fought
each other time and time again
And the legends all agreed that Gallo Del Cielo fought
the best

But then the screams of Saragosa filled the night
outside the town of Santa Clara
As the beak of Del Cielo lay broken like a shell within his
hand
And they say that Saragosa screamed a curse upon the
bones of Pancho Villa
As Zorro rose up one more time and drove Del Cielo in
the sand

Hola my Teresa I'm thinkin of you now in San Francisco
I have no money in my pocket I no longer have your
good luck framed in gold
I buried it last evening with the bones of my beloved
Del Cielo
I will not return to buy the land that Villa stole long ago

Do the rivers still run muddy outside of my beloved
Casas Grandes?
Does the scar upon my brother's face turn red when he
hears mention of my name?
And do the people of El Sueco still curse the theft of
Gallo Del Cielo?
Tell my family not to worry, I will not return to cause
them shame.

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