

Johnny Cash

"Apache Tears"

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Hoof prints and foot prints, deep ruts the wagons
made
The victor and the loser came by here
No head stones, but these bones bring the mascalero
death moans
See the smooth black nuggets by the thousands lying
here
Petrified, but justified are these apache tears

Dead grass, dry roots, hunger crying in the night
Ghost of broken hearts and laws are here
And who saw the young squaw, they judged by their
whiskey law
Tortured till she died of pain and fear
Where the soldiers lay her back, are the black apache
tears

The young men, the old men, the guilty and the
innocent
Bled red blood and chilled alike with fears
The red men, the white men, no fight ever took this
land
So don't raise the dust when you pass here
They're sleeping and in my keeping are these apache
tears

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