

Mark King

"Camerado"

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Camerado

See that cloud across the sun

Ain't too many places left to run

There was a time when we'd go anywhere the wind
would blow

Camerado

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They are fencing off the plane

I hate to hear the whistle of the train

Next thing you know they'll want your pistol and your
tobacco

Camerado

Got a piece of forty-four on fire in my chest

Out here on the mesa I will rest

If you could hand me down that whiskey from my
saddle roll

Camerado

Now the light is dyin' in the sky

That ain't gonna bother you or I

Seen enough a dying to know almost all there is to
know

Camerado

Now you had best light out and ride

There's pretty women on the other side

See ya in Sabinas you'll be free as air in Mexico

Camerado

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