

Michael Martin Murphey **"Geronimo's Cadillac"**

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They put Geronimo in jail down south
Where he couldnt look a gift horse in the mouth

Sergeant, Sergeant, don't you feel
There's something wrong with your automobile?
Governor, Governor, now aint it strange
They didn't have no cars on the Indian range?
Warden, Warden, listen to me
Be brave and set Geronimo free

Whoa, boys, take me back
I wanna ride in Geronimos Cadillac

Warden, Warden, don't you know
That prisoners have no place to go?
Took Old Geronimo by storm
Ripped off the feathers from his uniform
Jesus tells me, I believe it's true
The red man is in the sunset too
Took all their land and they wont give it back
Sent Geronimo a Cadillac

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