

Wylie & The Wild West

"The Sky Above, The Mud Below"

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Two men rode in from the south, a rainy autumn night

The Sky above and the mud below

They walked into the Deacon's bar, they were Mexican
by sight

The sky above and the mud below

They threw a horsehair bridle down, we trade this for
whiskey rounds

The Deacon slams a bottle down, the two men start to
drinkin'

Their hair was long and black, tied up behind their ears

Their faces were identical, like one man beside a
mirror

Then someone whispered that beats all, their wanted
posters on the wall

Twin brothers name of Sandoval, horse thieves from
Boquillas

Now the bridle and the belts they wore were braided
gray and black

The color of a roan horse once belonged to Deacon
Black

The fastest horse for miles around,
he'd been stolen from the old fairground

A month ago outside of town we tracked and never
found him

Now the Deacon was a preacher who had fallen hard
from grace

He owned the bar and a string of quarter horses that
he'd race

Yea, Deacon he could drink and curse, though he still
quoted sacred verse

He was sheriff, judge; he owned the hearse, a man you
did not anger

The sky above, the mud below, the wind and rain, the
sleet and snow

Two horse thieves from Mexico drinkin' hard and
singin'

One brother he spoke English, Deac inquires as to their
work

The man says mister we braid horsehair bridles, ropes
and quirts

Yea, that fine bridle we did make, a roan horse killed
by leg-bone break

He's horsehair rope now; horse-meat steak, we
cleaned him to the bone

Well these gentlemen they were ignorant or didn't
know just where they were

The Deacon's face grew darker as he measured every
word

You horsehair braidin' sons o'Ä, 'witches stole my claim
to earthly riches

Someone go and dig a ditch, there may well be a
hangin'

One brother reached inside his shirt searching for his
gun

Too late, for Deac had whipped around his sawed off
Remington

The twins, they raised their hands and sneered,
Deac was grinnin' ear to ear

He says court's in session, hear ye hear, yours truly is
presidin'

Well the trial commenced and ended quick they didn't
have a hope

Deac says we'll cut your hair now boys and you can
braid yourselves a rope

The Old Testament, it says somewhere eye for eye and
hair for hair

Covet not thy neighbors mare, I believe it's
Revelations

Now the fancy horsehair bridle, it hangs on Deacon's
wall

Next to that wanted poster of the brothers Sandoval

And he twisted rope so shiny black, the artifact that
broke their necks

Their craftsmanship he did respect, they shoulda stuck
to braidin'

The sky above the mud below, the wind and rain, the
sleet and snow

The Deacon's hearse is rollin' slow in the first blue light
of mornin'

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