

## **Jr. Robert Earl Keen**

### **"Sonora's Death Row"**

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K. Farrell

Me and the boy's we cinched up our saddles and rode  
to sonora last night  
Gun's hanging proud, daring out loud for any one  
looking to fight  
Card cheats and rustlers would run for their holes when  
the boys from the old broken O  
Rode up and reined on the street that they named  
Sonora's death row

Mescal is free at Amanda's saloon for the boy's from  
the old broken O  
Saturday nights in the town of Sonora are the best in all  
Mexico  
They've got guitars and trumpets and sweet señoritas  
who won't want to let you go  
You'd never believe such a gay happy time on the  
street called Sonora's death row

Inside Amanda's we was a dancin' with all of Amanda's  
gals  
I won some silver at seven card stud so I was out doin'  
my pals  
But the whiskey and mescal, peso cigars drove me  
outside for some air  
Somebody whispered "Your life or your money", I  
reached but my gun wasn't there

I woke up face down in Amanda's back alley aware of  
the fool I had been  
Rushed to my pony, grabbed my Winchester and  
entered Amanda's again  
Where I saw my partners twirling my pistols and  
throwing my money around  
Blinded by anger, I jacked the lever and one of them  
fell to the ground  
Amanda's got silent like night in the desert, my friends  
stared in pure disbelief

Amanda was kneeling beside the dead cowboy plainly

expressing her grief  
And as I bowed my head a trembled shot through me  
my six-gun was still at my side  
I felt my pockets, there was my money, I fell to my  
knees and I cried  
A nightmare of mescal is all that it was for no one had  
robbed me at all  
I wish I was dreaming the sound of the gallows they're  
testing just outside  
The wall

The mescal's still free at Amanda's saloon for the boy's  
from the old Broken O  
I'd give a ransom to drink there today and be free of  
Sonora's death row  
I'd give a ransom to drink there today and be free of  
Sonora's death row

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