

## Krig

### "Gallo Del Cielo"

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Carlos Zaragosa left his home in Casas Grandes when  
the moon was full,  
No money in his pocket, just a locket of his sister  
framed in gold.  
He rode into El Sueco, stole a rooster called El Gallo  
Del Cielo,  
And he swam the Rio Grande with that fighter nestled  
deep beneath his arm.

El Gallo Del Cielo was a warrior born in Heaven, so the  
legends say,  
His wings, they had been broken, he had one eye rollin'  
crazy in his head,  
And he fought a hundred fights, but the legends say  
that one night near El  
Sueco,  
They fought Gallo seven times, and seven times he left  
brave roosters dead.

Hola, my there'sa, I am thinking of you now in San  
Antonio.  
I have twenty-seven dollars and the good luck of your  
picture framed in  
Gold.  
Tonight I'll put it all on the fighting spurs of Gallo Del  
Cielo,  
And I'll return to buy the land that Pancho Villa stole  
from Father long  
Ago.

Outside of San Diego in the onion fields of Paco  
Monteverde,  
The pride of San Diego lay sleeping on a fancy bed of  
silk,  
And they laughed when Zaragosa pulled the one-eyed  
Del Cielo from beneath  
His coat,  
But they cried when Zaragosa walked away with a  
thousand dollar bill.

Hola, my there'sa, I am thinking of you now in Santa

Barbara.  
I have fifteen-hundred dollars and the good luck of  
your picture framed in  
Gold.  
Tonight I'll put it all on the fighting spurs of Gallo Del  
Cielo,  
And I'll return to buy the land that Pancho Villa stole  
from Father long  
Ago.

Now the moon has gone to hiding, the lantern light  
spills shadows on the  
Fighting sand  
Where a wicked black named Zorro faces Gallo Del  
Cielo in the night.  
But Carlos Zaragosa fears the tiny crack that runs  
across his rooster's  
Beak,  
And he fears that he has lost the fifty-thousand dollars  
riding on the  
Fight.

Hola, my there'sa, I am thinking of you now in Santa  
Clara.  
Yes, the money is on the tabel and I'm holding to your  
good luck framed in  
Gold,  
And everything we've dreamed of is riding on the  
spurs of Del Cielo.  
I pray that I'll return to buy the land Villa stole from  
Father long ago.

Then the signal, it was given, and the the roosters rose  
together high  
Above the sand.  
El Gallo Del Cielo sunk a gaff into Zorro's shiny breast.  
They were separated quickly, but they rose and fought  
each other  
Thirty-seven times,  
And the legends say that everyone agreed that Del  
Cielo fought the best.

Then the screams of Zaragosa filled the night outside  
the town of Santa  
Clara  
As the beak of Del Cielo lay broken like a shell within his  
hand,  
And they say that Zaragosa screamed a curse upon the  
bones of Pancho Villa  
When Zorro rose up one last time and drove del Cielo  
to the sand.

Hola, my there'sa, I am thinking of you now in San Antonio.  
I have no money in my pocket, I no longer have your picture framed in gold.  
I buried it last evening with the bones of my beloved Del Cielo,  
And I'll not return to buy the land Villa stole from Father long ago.

Do the rivers still run muddy outside of my beloved Casas Grandes?  
Does the scar upon my brother's face turn red when he hears mention of my Name?  
Do the people of El Sueco curse the death of Gallo Del Cielo?  
Well, tell my family not to worry, I will not return to cause them shame.

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