

Hornsby Bruce

"Fire On The Cross"

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(by Bruce R. Hornsby and John Hornsby)

They're looking for some hired guns on the Texas
border
To shoot 'em all down if they try to cross over the
border
And they've got their old white hoods and the same old
orders
To keep the dark sons away from their daughters
The nights they came on horses
Are long gone with the wind
Now they're passing out the torches
And they're coming back again

There's a shotgun blast
There's a secret sign
It's not a candle burning and it's not a Sunday night
There's a fire on the cross
There's a fire on the cross tonight

There wasn't any sound but it felt like sudden thunder
Two boards nailed together and burning bright
He was walking by the window when he saw it
Now he wonders
Just what he's got to do to make him see
He just wants to be brothers
The nights they came on horses
Are long gone with the wind
But they're passing out the torches
And they're coming back again

There's a shotgun blast
There's a secret sign
It's not a candle burning and it's not a Sunday night
There's a fire on the cross
There's a fire on the cross tonight

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