

# Sonoras Death Row

Capo at 3rd fret

**C**                      **Am**                      **F**                      **C**  
Me and the boy's we cinched up our saddles and rode to sonora last night

**C**                      **Am**                      **F**                      **C**  
Gun's hanging proud, daring out loud for any one looking to fight

**FCF**  
**G**  
Card cheats and rustlers would run for their holes when the boys from the  
old broken O

**C**                      **Am**                      **F**                      **C**  
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

Break:

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  
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