

BALLAD OF OLD SANTA FE
(Let the Whiskey Flow)
(Keith Abler / Mike Dellger)

I said goodbye to New Mexico sunsets
Sequin stars covering the sky
Riding alone through the dust of old ages
Wind in my throat hot and dry
A town in the valley is where I am bound
To meet an old rival tonight
For honor and pride I'll duel to the death
Underneath the cold touch of moonlight

But for now lift the glasses let the whiskey flow wild
I was hungry for your dream, but you were only a child
Now my journey has set me on this cliff
With my hand on my holster , and your memory so sweet

Cantina gamblers throw change on the table
Spanish girl floats on the stage
Dancing alone to the tambourine's rhythm
I'd like to take her from this cage
When she's done dancing to thunderous applause
She sits by my side with a drink
When in walks the man I have come here to fight
With a look that could kill you might think

But for now lift the glasses. . . .

He spots our dark corner and screams like a madman
Bar flies leap out of the way
Fires his gun but strikes Rosalita
His daughter of old Santa Fe
As he stands shocked by his horrible act
I draw my pistols from their belt
Both barrels blazing now I'm the wanted man
Playing the hand that I was cruelly dealt
But for now lift the glasses. . . .