

Dave Stamey - The Bandit Joaquin

Tom: B

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From the broken hills of Mexico

We took the horses we stole

To Sonora and the California mines

Where you gringos dig for gold

Even north to the Oregon line

The story is the same

All your women they tremble in fear

At the mention of my name

I rob the miner on the Coulterville Road

I leave his blood on the ground

Like mist through oak and digger pine

I move without a sound

Your finest horses belong to me

I take them as I please

I line my pockets with your gold

And I am gone with the midnight breeze

I am the bandit Joaquin

I live in the wild with the bear and wolverine

Over hill and valley I fly as in a dream

I am the ghost I am the fox I am the bandit Joaquin

There is no use to wonder why

My reasons are my own

The hatred I feel for the Anglo blood

Lies deep within my bones

My segundo is Three Finger Jack

He cuts off the Chinaman's ears

And wears them like a necklace around his throat

He's a man who knows no fear

The fools up there who make your laws

They are lawyers, they are thieves

They want a devil that they can blame

And Joaquin is what they need

So I'm the ghost of El Dorado

but the blame is on their heads

At night when hoof beats shake they ground

They tremble in their beds

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Captain Love and his ranger band

They said they took my head

The fools rode into a stranger's camp

And they left the wrong man dead

Others say I never was

I am a dream of what could be

But even if I had never lived

You would have invented me

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Acordes

