

# Gene Clark & Carla Olson - Del Gato

Tom: G

Intro: A D A D A

My name is Del Gato, born close to the border  
Of white blood and red blood I came

I travel the saddle, I follow the cattle  
Down on the range where they graze

And I just ride in from a hard southwestern drive  
My lips parched and bloody, my face torn by sand storms and pride

Royalties riches and inter-bred bitches  
Was the brew that I drank as a child  
So rebellious a lover, Don Juan as my cover  
They die-cast my type, called me wild

And I just ride in from a hard southwestern drive  
The hanging tree is waiting for me to arrive

( A D A D A )

Structured political our children they ridicule  
They teach them of sins and to lie  
Their schools built by fools, but by breaking their rules  
Like a fox I am forced now to hide

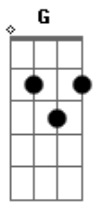
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The peppertree spreads, taking many men's heads  
But the one they would want most is mine  
To the mission I go, in San Juan I kneel  
And I pray for the love of my life

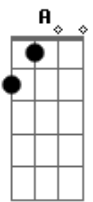
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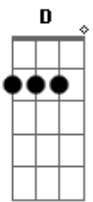
## Acordes



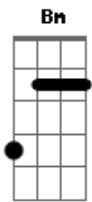
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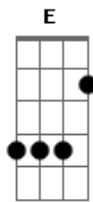
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