Durango

He lived in fear of his life Each deathly silent night His back against the wall He suspected them all

The gun from San Antone
Was the fastest man has known
And if his name you called
Better be prepared to draw
On DURANGO

My brother practiced hard Behind our father's barn I watched his lightening speed Become the fastest that I'd seen

And on a golden morn in May My brother rode away To town to match his skill To draw against and kill DURANGO

In the saloon, he sat tall His back against the wall His piercing eyes starred At all who entered there

Seeking the next man
To challenge his hand
Waiting for the day
Someone faster would replace

DURANGO

Into town my brother came
To claim Durango's fame
To match his lightening guns
Against a man who'd always won

Durango sat in fear
He sensed the time was near
In the saloon my brother came
And called out the name
DURANGO

Even to this day
The town people say
In the places that they've been
And the gunfights that they've seen

They have never seen two draws
As fast as those they saw
On that golden morn in May
When my lifeless brother lay
At the feet of DURANGO

The people didn't care
That the gun fight was fair
All the town folk said
They wished Durango dead

And swore it was a fact
That a bullet in the back
Would soon put an end
To the devil's closest friend

DURANGO

So late that moon lit night

In fear of his life

His guns still hanging low

Away Durango rode

Into the desert night
He rode to save his life
To find a safer home
For the gun from San Antone

DURANGO

Under a desert tree I waited patiently

With my dead brother's gun

I waited for him to come

To fill full of lead

He who shot my brother dead

To wait 'til he rode past And shoot in the back

DURANGO

Soon I heard him come

And readied my brother's guns

As he was riding past

I took aim at his back

Durango sensed my thoughts And turned as I shot.

My bullet pierced his chest And I saw fall dead the best.

DURANGO

I took him dead to town

The people gathered round They thought from what they saw

That I had beat the draw

Of DURANGO

Now in the saloon I sit tall

My back's against the wall Knowing that the first man

Who challenges my hand

Will lay me in the grave And inheret the fame

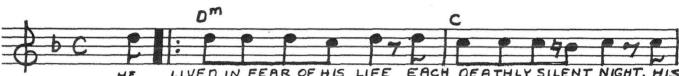
Of the man with better skill

Than the one that shot and killed

DURANGO

DURANGO

by Bob Marks



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