

Let me tell you about  
Faces  
I see

The stately, the rugged  
Over and over  
Under dirt  
And sun umbrellas  
Their eyes on the gun

Some puppy eyes  
Some fierce lady eyes  
Some warm gentleman eyes  
But some eyes  
That can't look into mine  
Look into mine

"Bandido"  
They call me  
No one knows the story  
I hate an imperious glance  
In the gold country

I'm writing her a love song  
How we fall into a dream in the rocks -  
Our rocks  
But they found me there, chased after me  
I crawled away quickly  
Wasn't sure if I was lost or if I was running away again

Up what you now call the 14  
I was a runner up the 14  
Their mouths move  
To say  
They wanna be the good guys -  
They wanna be  
Triumphant

They put me to sleep on diagonal rocks  
So no one tells the story  
Of Bandido  
In the gold country

They call me  
I hate an imperious glance  
In the gold country  
"Bandido"  
No one knows the story  
In the gold country  
In the gold country