

Yellow shirt now stands
guarding bold the boundaries of hell
Fiery winds blow from depths of the south
two Colt 45 in hand

Under a Stetson hat,
watchful eyes are peering at the dawn
Ride the wild steed, Dynamite its name
two that stand as one

Brave man that no one can overcome
Tireless sentinel
Justice walks these lands

And then it takes just the time of a breath
before the guns intonate a song of death
In a blink of an eye every duel ends
A bearer of hope in a lawless far west

Chief of Navajo tribe,
called by them as "eagle of the night"
A dark shadow has settled on your love
A fierce vengeance to consume

Army of four parts
Tiger Jack your brother of blood
Carson the old friend who never let you down
your son Kit, the little hawk

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