

## Pedro Comes Back

Buddy Brown

I found him outside on a long dusty highway  
Just south of old San Antone  
His left foot was limpin', his clothes were all ragged  
Was down to a fifth of Patron  
I rolled up right behind him in my beat-up Chevy  
And 'bout scared ol' Pedro to death  
When he saw it was me, he said, "Thank the Lord"  
Dropped his bag and ol' boy hugged my neck

'Cause my charter plane dropped him just over the border  
My pilot told him to go north  
He'd been walking two days with a bag on his shoulder  
Still holding that old .44  
All the locals in Texas, they call him a hero  
Cause he got us out of a trap  
At a nearby saloon, we all gather up and celebrate  
The day that Pedro came back

We set him up as a huntin' guide outside Laredo  
And I let him work on my ranch  
Each day we would take out a couple of hunters  
Those whitetail would n'er stand a chance  
Many years would go by and we almost forgot  
They still had a price on our heads  
But on this side of the border, there's plenty protection  
And they ain't found ol' Pedro yet

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