

## Spanish Johnny

Emmylou Harris

Those other years, the dusty years  
We drove the big hers through  
I tried to forget the miles we rode  
And spanish johnny too  
He'd sit beside a water ditch when all this herd was in  
And he'd never harm a child but sing to his mandolin

The old talk, the old ways, and the dealin' of our game  
But spanish johnny never spoke, but sing a song of spain  
And his talk with men was vicious talk  
When he was drunk on gin  
Ah, but those were golden things he said to his mandolin

We had to stand, we tried to judge, we had to stop him then  
For the hand so gentle to a child had killed so many men  
He died a hard death long ago before the road come in  
And the night before he swung he sung to his mandolin

Well, we carried him out in the mornin' sun  
A man that done no good  
And we lowered him down in the cold clay  
Stuck in a cross of wood  
And a letter we wrote to his kinfolk  
To tell them where he'd been  
And we shipped it out to mexico, along with his mandolin