

## Seven Spanish Angels

Stoney LaRue

He looked down into her brown eyes  
And said, "Say a prayer for me."  
She threw her arms around him,  
Whispered, "God will keep us free."

And they could hear the riders comin',  
He said, "This is my last fight.  
If they take me back to Texas,  
They won't take me back alive."

There were seven Spanish angels at the altar of the sun.  
They were prayin' for the lovers in the valley of the gun.  
When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared,  
There was thunder from the throne,  
And seven Spanish angels took another angel home.

She reached down and picked the gun up  
That lay smoking in his hand.  
She said, "Father, please forgive me;  
I can't make it without my man."

And she knew the gun was empty,  
And she knew she couldn't win,  
But her final prayer was answered  
As the rifles fired again.

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