

Sonora

The Ozark Mountain Daredevils

I was runnin' through Sonora lookin' for a place to hide
I robbed a bank in Chihuahua they told me that the teller died
Now I'm drinking cheap tequila with a black-jack dealer, a big-eyed chaquita at my side
Lord tell me, how long can a man go wrong when a home is all he's tryin' to find

I was ridin' through the dessert looking for an Indian guide
I was searchin' for peyote and a wise man who never had lied
Then the dirty federales chased me clean to Nogales tell me, where does the secret lie
Lord tell me, how long can a man go wrong when a home is all he's tryin' to find
Lord tell me, how long
Lord tell me, how long
Lord tell me
How long can a man go wrong when a home is all he's tryin' to find

I was hidin' in a station, waitin' on a train to ride
I saw my face on a poster, it said I'm wanted Dead Or Alive
So now I'm back in Sonora with a half-breed whore
And it seems like I'm at the end of the line
Lord tell me, how long can a man go wrong when a home is all he's tryin' to find
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Lord tell me, how long can a man go wrong when a home is all he's tryin' to find