

Dave Stamey - The Bandit Joaquin

Tom: B

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From the broken hills of Mexico
 We took the horses we stole
 To Sonora and the California mines
 Where you gringos dig for gold
 Even north to the Oregon line
 The story is the same
 All your women they tremble in fear
 At the mention of my name

I rob the miner on the Coulterville Road
 I leave his blood on the ground
 Like mist through oak and digger pine
 I move without a sound
 Your finest horses belong to me
 I take them as I please
 I line my pockets with your gold
 And I am gone with the midnight breeze

I am the bandit Joaquin

I live in the wild with the bear and wolverine
 Over hill and valley I fly as in a dream
 I am the ghost I am the fox I am the bandit Joaquin

There is no use to wonder why
 My reasons are my own
 The hatred I feel for the Anglo blood
 Lies deep within my bones
 My segundo is Three Finger Jack

He cuts off the Chinaman's ears
 And wears them like a necklace around his throat
 He's a man who knows no fear

The fools up there who make your laws
 They are lawyers, they are thieves
 They want a devil that they can blame
 And Joaquin is what they need
 So I'm the ghost of El Dorado
 but the blame is on their heads
 At night when hoof beats shake they ground
 They tremble in their beds

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Captain Love and his ranger band
 They said they took my head
 The fools rode into a stranger's camp
 And they left the wrong man dead

Others say I never was
 I am a dream of what could be
 But even if I had never lived
 You would have invented me

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Acordes

