He looked down into her brown eyes, 
She reached down and picked the gun up, 
Said That lay 

say a prayer for me 
She threw her arms around him 
Whis-pered 

"God will keep us free 
They could hear the riders comin' 
He said, He and she 

"This is my last fight, 
if they take me back to Texas. 
They won't 

They And could she 
Fath-er forgive me, I can't 

Whis-pered 

Downdown in and picked her the 
Dbrowngun eyes, up, 
Said That lay 

A"Godmakewillitkeepwithusout 
Dmyfreeman." They And could she 

A This knew isthatmyshelastcouldn't 
Gfight, win if Her they 

Seven Spanish Angels 
Willie Nelson
Atakeri meflesbackfired again. 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 Chorus.