Durango

He lived in fear of his life
Each deathly silent night
His back against the wall
He suspected them all
  The gun from San Antone
  Was the fastest man has known
  And if his name you called
  Better be prepared to draw
  On DURANGO
My brother practiced hard
Behind our father’s barn
I watched his lightening speed
Become the fastest that I’d seen
  And on a golden morn in May
  My brother rode away
  To town to match his skill
  To draw against and kill
  DURANGO
In the saloon, he sat tall
His back against the wall
His piercing eyes starred
At all who entered there
  Seeking the next man
  To challenge his hand
  Waiting for the day
  Someone faster would replace
  DURANGO
Into town my brother came
To claim Durango’s fame
To match his lightening guns
Against a man who’d always won
  Durango sat in fear
  He sensed the time was near
  In the saloon my brother came
  And called out the name
  DURANGO
Even to this day
The town people say
In the places that they’ve been
And the gunfights that they’ve seen
  They have never seen two draws
  As fast as those they saw
  On that golden morn in May
  When my lifeless brother lay
  At the feet of DURANGO
The people didn't care
That the gun fight was fair
All the town folk said
They wished Durango dead
 And swore it was a fact
That a bullet in the back
Would soon put an end
To the devil's closest friend
  DURANGO
So late that moon lit night
In fear of his life
His guns still hanging low
Away Durango rode
  Into the desert night
  He rode to save his life
  To find a safer home
  For the gun from San Antone
  DURANGO
Under a desert tree
I waited patiently
With my dead brother's gun
I waited for him to come
  To fill full of lead
  He who shot my brother dead
  To wait 'til he rode past
  And shoot in the back
  DURANGO
Soon I heard him come
And readied my brother's guns
As he was riding past
I took aim at his back
  Durango sensed my thoughts
  And turned as I shot,
  My bullet pierced his chest
  And I saw fall dead the best.
  DURANGO
I took him dead to town
The people gathered round
They thought from what they saw
That I had beat the draw
  Of DURANGO
Now in the saloon I sit tall
My back's against the wall
Knowing that the first man
Who challenges my hand
  Will lay me in the grave
  And inherit the fame
  Of the man with better skill
  Than the one that shot and killed
  DURANGO

Opus 85 (1983)
DURANGO
by Bob Marks

\[ Dm \]
HE LIVED IN FEAR OF HIS LIFE EACH DEATHLY SILENT NIGHT. HIS
MY BROTHER PRACTICED HARD BEHIND OUR FATHER'S BARN. I
IN THE SALOON HE SAT TALL, HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL. HIS
INTO TOWN MY BROTHER CAME TO CLAIM DURANGO'S FAME. TO

\[ Dm \]
BACK AGAINST THE WALL HE SUSPECTED THEM ALL, THE
WATCHED HIS LIGHTNING SPEED BECOME THE FASTEST THAT I'D SEEN, AND ON A
PIERCING EYES STARED AT ALL WHO ENTERED THERE —
MATCH HIS LIGHTNING GUNS AGAINST A MAN WHO'D ALWAYS WON. DU-

\[ Bb \]
GUN FROM SAN ANTONIO WAS THE FASTEST MAN HAS KNOWN
GOLDEN MORN IN MAY MY BROTHER RODE AWAY
SEEKING THE NEXT MAN TO CHALLENGE HIS HAND
RANGO SAT IN FEAR HE SENSED THE TIME WAS NEAR, IN THE

\[ Bb \]
IF HIS NAME YOU CALLED, BEST BE PREPARED TO DRAW ON
TO TOWN TO MATCH HIS SKILL TO DRAW AGAINST AND KILL
WAITING FOR THE DAY SOMEONE FASTER WOULD REPLACE
SALOON MY BROTHER CAME AND CALLED OUT THE NAME

\[ Dm \]
Repeat thricethriceDm

\[ C \]
(Rsoken)
-EVEN TO THIS DAY, THE PEOPLE THERE SAY, IN THE
NEVER SEEN ORCWS AS FAST AS THOSE THEY SAW ON THAT

GOLDEN MORN IN MAY, WHEN MY LIFELESS BROTHER LAY AT THE FEET OF

DURANGO

GUN FIGHT WAS FAIR FEAR OF HIS LIFE, HIS WAITED PATIENTLY WITH MY DEAD BROTHER'S GUNS, I WAIT-

WISHED DURANGO DEAD - WAY DURANGO RODE FOR HIM TO COME AND SPORE IT WAS A FACT THAT A IN - TO THE DESERT NIGHT HE TO FILL FULL OF LEAD HE WHO
Bullet in the back would soon put an end to the rode to save his life to find a safer home for the shot my brother dead, to wait 'til he rode past, and

Devil's closest friend gun from San Antone { Durango
Shoot in the back

(s spoken) Soon I heard him come, and readied my brother's guns and as

He was riding past I took aim at his back Durango sensed my thoughts, I

Turned as I shot, my bullet pierced his chest and I

Saw fall dead the best: Durango
(Slow) I took him dead to town the people gathered round, they thought from what they saw I had beat the draw of Durango.

(faster) Now in the saloon I sit tall, my back's against the wall, knowing that the first man who challenges my hand will lay me in the grave and inherit the fame of a gun with better skill than the man who shot and killed Durango.