The old West, the old time,

the old wind singing through the red, red grass a thousand miles and Spanish Johnny.

you!

He'd sit beside the water ditch

when all his herd was in and never mind a child, but sing to his mandolin.
The big stars, the blue night, the moon-en-chanted lane; the olive man who never spoke but sang the songs of Spain.

His speech with men was wicked talk, to hear it was a sin, but those were golden things he said, those things to his mandolin.
Spanish Johnny

had killed so many men.

holding back

the world so golden then; and the hand so tender to a child,

The gold songs, the gold stars,

had killed so many men.

He
died a hard death long ago before the Road came in the night before he swung.

he sang to his mandolin.

West, the old time, the old wind singing through the red, red grass a thousand miles.

and Spanish Johnny you! Spanish Johnny you!

circa 3' 25"