

Seven Spanish Angels

G

D7

He looked down into her brown eyes and said say a prayer for me.

G

She threw her arms around him; whispered God will keep us free.

G7 C

They could hear the riders coming, he said this is my last fight

G

D7

G

If they take me back to Texas, they won't take be back alive.

CHORUS

G

D7

There were seven Spanish angels, at the altar of the sun

G

They were praying for the lovers in the Valley of the Guns.

G7

C

When the battle stopped and the smoke cleared, there was thunder from the throne

G

D7

G

And seven Spanish angels took a-nother angel home.

G

D7

She reached down and picked the gun up that lay smoking in his hand;

G

She said, "Father please forgive me, I can't make it without my man.

G7 C

And she knew the gun was empty and she knew she couldn't win,

G

D7

G

But her final prayer was answered, when the rifle fired a-gain.