

Raggio Di Luna, Comanchero

Comanchero
comanchero
comanchero
comanchero.
Comanchero
comanchero
comanchero
comanchero.
Comanchero
comanchero
comanchero
comanchero. . . .

Oh
can you see he is the one

Day after day he is riding in the sun

He's travelling through deserts all alone.
I will bring the comanchero his tomahawk

His lonesome walk
his lonesome walk.
Who's in mind of comanchero
a man of law

A pretty squaw
a pretty squaw.
Comanchero
comanchero
comanchero
comanchero. . . .
Where he goes
no one can tell.
Will he be running along any longer

Or will he ever stop somewhere?
I will bring the comanchero
his tomahawk

. . .
I will bring the comanchero
his tomahawk

. . .
Who will join the comanchero
Where eagles fly

Where horses ride

Where horses ride?
Will the road take
Comanchero to his tee-pee

Or to the sea
or to the sea?
Comanchero
comanchero

comanchero
comanchero. . . .
Comanchero
comanchero

comanchero
comanchero. . . .