

# SEVEN SPANISH ANGELS

## Intro: 4 measures of guitar picking

He looked down into her brown eyes, and said "Say a prayer for me"  
She threw her arms around him, whispered "God will keep us free"  
They could hear the riders coming; he said "This is my last fight  
If they take me back to Texas, they won't take me back alive"

There were seven Spanish angels, at the altar of the sun  
They were praying 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, took another angel home

She reached down and picked the gun up, that lay smoking in his hand  
She said, "Father please forgive me, I can't make it without my man"  
And she knew the gun was empty, and she knew she couldn't win  
But her final prayer was answered when the rifles fired again

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## Modulate up

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