

Panama Red

artist:New Riders of the Purple Sage , writer:Peter Rowan

Panama Red, Panama Red,
He'll steal your woman then he'll rob your head.
Panama Red, Panama Red,
On his white horse Mescalito, he comes breezin' thru town.
Bet your woman is up in bed with ol' Panama Red.

The judge don't know when Red's in town,
He keeps well hidden underground.
Every-body's actin' lazy, fallin' out or hangin' round.
My woman said, Hey Pedro, you're actin' crazy like a clown.
No-body feels like workin' Panama Red is back in town.

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Every-body's lookin' out for him cause they know Red satisfies.
Little girls like to listen to him sing and tell sweet lies. (Oh Red)
But when things get too confusin' honey, you're better off in bed.
I'll be searchin' all the joints in town for Panama Red.

play x3 and fade out on 3rd time

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