

Apache Tears

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x4

Hoof prints and foot prints,
deep ruts the wagons made
The victor and the loser came by here
No head stones but these bones
Bring Mescalero death moans
See the smooth black nuggets
By the thousands laying here
Petrified but justified are
these Apache tears

Dead grass, dry roots,
hunger crying in the night
Ghost of broken hearts and laws are here
And who saw the young squaw
they judged by their whiskey law
Tortured till she died of pain and fear
Where the soldiers lay her back
are the black Apache tears

The young men, the old men,
the guilty and the innocent
Bled red blood and chilled alike with fear
The red men, the white men,
no fight ever took this land
So don't raise the dust when you pass here
They're sleeping and in my keeping
are these Apache tears