**The Powers Brothers**
*Nancy McCallion*I am not a Powers of the whiskey although I been partial to Jack
My homeland would be Arizona, a miner I’d be for a fact
I spent long years in prison never afraid to confess
‘Twas me that did gun down the sheriff and it’s fifty years I guess

chorus
And there’s gold in a hole on a hill in the Galleros  Mountains
My story’s told, but there’s no one will e’r see the gold

We had a dispensation, mine minerals for the war
The sheriff and his posse came knocking at the door
They had no dispe    nsation for doing what they done
They shot down my old father and we killed them everyone

That sheriff out of Wilcox heard rumors of the gold
He shot down my old father before his tale was told
I said to Tom, my brother, we’ll dynamite the shaft
And we blew our precious gold mine all the way to hell and back

No more I’ll hold a Winchester, no more I’ll hue a rock
I never knew a woman before I knew a lock
I go from here an old man, young once just like you
But I have myself a story be it lies or be it true

From “Dancing Days”, 2016 and “Only a Story” 2000