Desperado, why don't you come to your senses? You been out ridin' fences for
so long now. Oh, you're a hard one, I know that

you got your reasons, these things that are pleasin' you can

hurt you some-how. Don't you draw the queen of diamonds, boy, she'll

beat you if she's able, you know the queen of hearts is always your best bet.
Now it seems to me some fine things have been laid upon your table, but you only want the ones that you can't get.

Desperado, oh, you ain't gettin' no younger, your pain and your hunger, they're
driv-in' you home. And free-dom, oh, free-dom, well, that's just

some peo-ple talk - in', your pris-on is walk - in' through this

world all a - lone. Don't your feet get cold in the win-ter time? The

sky won't snow and the sun won't shine, it's hard to tell the night-time from the
day.
You're los' in' all your highs and lows. Ain't it

fun-ny how the feel-in' goes a-way?

Des-per-a-do, why don't you

come to your sens-es? Come down from your fenc-es.