

Seashores of Old Mexico

I left out of Tucson with no destination in mind
I was runnin' from trouble and the jail-term
the judge had in mind

And the border meant freedom, a new life, romance
And that's why I thought I should go
And start my life over on the seashores of old Mexico.

My first night in Juarez I lost all the money I had
One bad senorita made use of one innocent lad
But I must keep on runnin', it's too late to turn back
I'm wanted in Tucson I'm told
And things will blow over on the seashores of old Mexico.

Two Mexican farmers enroute to a town I can't say
Let me ride on the back of a flatbed half-loaded with hay
Down through Durango, Palima, Palmira then into Manzanillo
Where I slept in the sunshine on the seashores of old Mexico.

After one long siesta I came wide awake in the night
I was startled by someone who shadowed the pale moonlight
My new-found companion, one young senorita,
who offered a broken hello
To the gringo she found on the seashores of old Mexico.

She spoke of Sonora and swore that she'd never return
For her Mexican husband she really had no great concern
'Cause she loved the gringo, my red hair and lingo
That's all I needed to know
Yeah, I found what I needed on the seashores of old Mexico.

Yeah, she loved the gringo, my red hair and lingo
That's all I needed to know, ha, ha.
Yeah, I found what I needed on the seashores of old Mexico.