

Arlo Guthrie, Manzanillo Bay

Sometimes when the sun goes down
And I'm lost in some other town
My thoughts may drift away
To Manzanillo Bay

And I can see a fisherman
His day's catch lying on the sand
Underneath the palms that sway
Over Manzanillo Bay

Now I'm missing your silver moon
Black sands and your blue lagoon
Some day I would like to be
Back next to your shining sea
Drinking rum from a conch shell
Caught up in your magic spell
Some day I would like to go
Back down to Mexico

I remember your fields of cane
Your warm breezes and jungle rains
And watching the children play
Over Manzanillo Bay

And out in your market square
The women sing out to sell their wares
I've got fresh shrimp today
From Manzanillo Bay

Now I'm missing your silver moon
Black sands and your blue lagoon
Some day I would like to be
Back next to your shining sea
Drinking rum from a conch shell
Caught up in your magic spell
Some day I would like to go
Back down to Mexico

And under the spell of night
The bay reflecting the harbor light
You can hear the guitar play
Over Manzanillo Bay

And if you're thinking about romance
And you're willing to take a chance
Just pick any small cafe
In Manzanillo Bay

Now I'm missing your silver moon
Black sands and your blue lagoon
Some day I would like to be
Back next to your shining sea
Drinking rum from a conch shell
Caught up in your magic spell
Some day I would like to go
Back down to Mexico

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