

Guthrie Arlo, Evangelina

I dream in the morning
That she brings me water
And I dream in evening
That she brings me wine
Just a poor man's daughter
From Puerto Penasco
Evangelina in old Mexico
There's a great hot desert
South of Mexicali
And if you don't have water
Then you better not go
Tequila won't get you
Across the desert
To Evangelina in old Mexico
And the fire I feel for the
Woman I love
Is driving me insane
Knowing she's waiting
And I just can't get there
Lord only knows that I've
Racked my brain
To try and find a way
To see that woman in old Mexico
I met a kind man
Who guarded the border
He said you don't have papers
But I'll let you go
I can tell that you love her
By the look in your eyes now
She's the rose of the desert
In old Mexico
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