

Joe Ely, Dame Tu Mano

Dame tu mano
Dame tu mano
The night is cheap like a velvet painting
The streets are wet but it ain't been raining
Dame tu mano
Dame tu mano
A mile of stars fell in the streets and shattered
While the guitars played strung with six daggers

Give me your hand, my little Juarez Mary
Where the mean streets meet the monastery
Your ruby lips wet with Tequila
Theres a neon frame around Pancho Villa

Dame tu mano
Dame tu mano
The switchblade streets in need of sweeping
The Taxi waits the driver's sleeping
Dame tu mano
Dame tu mano
I'll turn you loose but never let you go
When the summer's gone and the cold winds blow

Give me your hand, my little Juarez Mary
Where the mean streets meet the monastery
Your ruby lips wet with Tequila
Theres a neon frame around Pancho Villa

Dame tu mano
Dame tu mano
Five hundred miles I gotta go tomorrow
And leave you here with your sweet sorrow
Dame tu mano
Dame tu mano
Their talk will sting in the morning light
They're stringing me up this very night!