

Marty Robbins, Bound for Old Mexico (Columbia)

True I wasn't born anywhere south of the border and I'm not a native to old Mexico
But there's someone there makes my heart as though may to order
And it's fittingly proper through these eyes that lovers show
If I could just write it off as mere fascination
Then the problems we face would die where they are and not grow
But my will's not contained in the thoughts little minds now are thinking
Oh I'm on my way to old Mexico
There are those who will shame us by opening showing rejection
But the game must be played in accordance to how the cards fall
And my life's not dependant on their kind of narrow affection
For the choice between them would be no choice at all
So the sound of the rails to my ears will be sweet sweet music
The longer I hear it the shorter the time we're apart
Soon I will see the span of the old Rio Grande lay before me
And the land that gave birth to the girl who now holds my heart
I'll be ridin' these same rails in the not too distant future
Life will be so complete for in this very seat soon I know
There'll be two and not one for love's will shall be done good Lord willin'
Oh I'm on my way to old Mexico to old Mexico to old Mexico