

# Arlo Guthrie, 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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