

# Dave Alvin, Rio Grande

Dave Alvin/Tom Russell  
(Blue Horn Toad Music, BMI/Frontera Music, ASCAP)

I guess she put her blue dress on  
And walked out late last night  
Left one silk stocking  
Dangling from the bedside light  
I sobered up and called her name  
Just before the dawn  
I saw her footprints in the sand  
And knew that she had gone  
Down the Rio Grande.

I pulled out of Albuquerque  
Prayin' I wasn't late  
I got a couple cups of coffee  
At some joint off the interstate  
Passin' through Las Cruces  
I swear I saw her car  
She always said she'd go someday  
But never said how far  
Down the Rio Grande.

Maybe she's in Brownsville  
She's got some family there  
She was always talkin' bout  
The salty Gulf Coast air  
Where the river ends  
Down the Rio Grande.

I saw an old grey heron  
Flyin' south against the wind  
Storm clouds over Juarez  
Rollin' east to the Big Bend  
I drove down Highway Ninety  
Through a dusty desert wind  
I didn't know where it would lead me  
Or if I'd find her again  
Down the Rio Grande.

I lit my last cigarette  
As the sky began to clear  
Black mountains up ahead  
A red sundown in my mirror  
Lost all the border  
Tween the future and the past  
One fading slowly  
And the other comin' fast  
Down the Rio Grande.

Maybe she's in Brownsville  
She's got some family there  
She was always talkin' bout  
The salty gulf coast air  
Where the river ends  
Down the Rio Grande.

I bought a bottle in Del Rio  
And I parked on the side of the road  
I stayed up all night  
Starin' at the lights of Mexico  
And I walked down to border bridge  
At the break of day

And I threw that empty bottle off  
And I watched it float away  
Down the Rio Grande.

Maybe she's in Brownsville  
She's got some family there  
She was always talkin bout  
The salty gulf coast air  
Where the river ends  
Down the Rio Grande  
Where the river ends.