

# Guthrie Arlo, South Coast

My name is Juanano de Castro  
My father was a Spanish Grandee  
But I won my wife in a card game  
To hell with those lords o'er the sea

CHORUS:

Well the South Coast is wild coast and lonely  
You might win in a game at Cholon  
But a lion still rules the Barranca  
And a man there is always alone  
I played in a card game at Jolon  
I played there with an outlaw named Juan  
And after I'd taken his money  
I staked all against his daughter Dawn  
I picked up the ace...I had won her  
My heart it was down at my feet  
Jumped up to my throat in a hurry  
Like a young summer's day she was sweet  
He opened the door to the kitchen  
And he called the girl out with a curse  
Saying "Take her, Goddamn her, you've won her  
She's yours now for better or worse"  
Her arms had to tighten around me  
As we rode down the hills to the south  
Not a word did I hear from her that day  
Nor a kiss from her pretty young mouth  
But that was a gay happy winter  
We carved on a cradle of pine  
By the fire in that neat little cabin  
And I sang with that gay wife of mine

CHORUS

That night I got hurt in a landslide  
Crushed hip and twice broken bone  
She saddled her pony like lightning  
And rode off for the doctor in Cholon  
The lion screamed in the Barranca  
Buck, he bolted and he fell on his side  
My young wife lay dead in the moonlight  
My heart died that night with my bride

CHORUS