

# Hank Snow, Rose Of Old Monterey

I met her in old Monterey on a night that was filled with romance  
We listened to violins play sweet music that have us in trance  
I knew you were mine from the start your eyes were mischeated and gay  
As I kissed my Rose of the border that night down in old Monterey

Let's go manana one night with a lifetime to live  
Sweet primadona my heart wanted only to give  
I won't forget you your though duty forbids me to stay  
I'll be that you call when the first petals fall  
On my Rose down in old Monterey  
[ guitar ]  
Let's go manana one night...