

Hank Snow, Spanish Fireball

I met a girl in Laredo down in Mexico
While I was makin' the rounds
Down in a dim cafe she does the swing and sway
That's the talk of the town
I never learned her name but she's called the Spanish Fireball

While she kept rhythm with her hips from her ruby lips
Came a love song so sweet
And as she rhumbaed by the fire in her eyes
Looked like flames in the night
T'was then I understood why she's called the Spanish Fireball

I finally asked her for a dance and I got the chance
Holding her closely to me
As we were cheek to cheek I grew too weak to speak
And it was plain to see
That I had fallen in love with this cute little Spanish Fireball
(guitar)
She wore a ruby bracet and a blue white diamond
Upon her little brown hand
She made a perfect date and in her Cadillac eight
She made me understand
I played the part and gave my heart to the Spanish Fireball

We wandered out beneath the stars while the old guitars
Strummed a Mexican tune
And as I stole a kiss I knew too well that this
Would all end too soon
Cause I must go away and leave my Spanish Fireball

As that old moon was sinking low I heard the whistle blow
My train was pulling in sight
And so we kissed goodbye the tears were in her eyes
As I left in the night
But someday I'll return back and claim my Spanish Fireball