

Jim Reeves, Padre of Old San Antone

I strolled to an old mission garden and as I was kneeling alone
An arm gently fell on my shoulder it was the padre of old San Antone
We went for a walk in the garden and as we were talking alone
He told why he came to the mission to the mission in old San Antone
Then the chapel bells they rang and an angel chorus sang
"Mi amor mi amigo" from the sky
Then he kneeled down to pray in the garden and whispered Mi amore mi Corazonne
Then I knew that his love was an angel the padre of old San Antone