Merle Haggard, Seashores Of Old Mexico

Title : Seashores Of Old Mexico
Artist : Merle Haggard
Album : N/A

I left, out of Tucson, with no destination in mind.
I was runnin' from trouble and the jail-term the Judge had in mind.
And the border meant freedom, a new life, romance,
And that's why I thought I should go,
And start my life over on the seashores of old Mexico.

My first night in Juarez, lost all the money I had.
One bad senorita made use of one innocent lad.
But I must keep on runnin'; it's too late to turn back:
I'm wanted in Tucson, I'm told.
Yeah, an' things'll blow over on the seashores of old Mexico.

Two Mexican farmers en route to a town I can't say,
Let me ride on the back of a flatbed half-loaded with hay.
Down through Durango, Colima, Almiera,
Then in the Manzanillos,
Where I slept on the seashores of old Mexico.

After one long siesta, I came wide awake in the night.
I was startled by someone who shadowed the pale moonlight.
My new-found companion, one young senorita,
Who offered a broken hello,
To the gringo she found on the seashores of old Mexico.

She spoke of Sonora and swore that she'd never return,
For her Mexican husband, she really had no great concern.
'Cause she loved the gringo, my red hair and lingo:
That's all I needed to know.
Yeah, I found what I needed on the seashores of old Mexico.

Yeah, she loved the gringo, my red hair and lingo:
That's all I needed to know, ha, ha.
Yeah, I found what I needed on the seashores of old Mexico.

Instrumental fade.