

# Tom Russell, South Coast

My name is Juan Hano 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

In my youth I had a Monterey homestead  
Creeks, valleys, mountains all mine  
I built me a snug little cabin  
And I roofed it with Monterey pine

And I had me a bronc, was a buckskin  
Like a hawk he could glide over the trail  
We rode 40 miles every Friday  
To get me some grub and my mail

But the South Coast is a wild coast and lonely  
You may win a card game in Jolon  
But the lion still rules the Barranca  
And a man there is always alone

I sat in a card game at Jolon  
I played there with an hombre named Juan  
And after I'd taken his money  
He set all against my daughter Dawn

I picked up the ace... I had won her  
My heart which was down at my feet  
Jumped up to my throat in a hurry  
Like a warm 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"

Yeah the South Coast is a wild coast and lonely  
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Her arms had to tighten around me  
As we rode up the hill from the south  
Not a word did I hear from her that day  
Or a kiss from her pretty red mouth

We got to the cabin at twilight  
And the stars twinkled over the coast  
She soon loved the orchard, the valley  
But I knew that she loved me the most

Oh that was a gay happy winter  
I carved on a cradle of pine  
By a fire in that snug little shanty  
I sang with that sweet wife of mine

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And then I got hurt in a landslide  
Crushed hip and twice broken bone  
She saddled up Buck just like lightning  
Rode off for a doctor in Jolon

But the lion screamed in the Barranca  
Bucky he bolted and he fell on a slide  
My young wife lay dead in the moonlight  
My heart died that night with my bride

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They buried her out in the orchard  
They carried me down into town  
I lost my Chiquita, me ???  
I'm an old broken man all alone

The cabin still stands on the hillside  
Its doors open wide to the rain  
Both the cradle and my heart are empty  
I never can go there again

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