

Arlo Guthrie "South Coast"

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by Lillian Bos Ross, Sam Eskin, Richard Dehr & Frank Miller

(Arlo's version is from the singing of Ramblin' Jack Elliott)

My name is Juanano 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

CHORUS:

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

in my youth i had a Monterey homestead
fields,creeks,mountains all mine
and i built me a snug little shanty
and i roofed it and floored it with pine

i had a bronco,buckskin,
like a bird he flew over the trail
when we'd ride out 40 miles every friday
for some grub and to pick up my mail

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

I picked up the ace...I had won her
My heart it was down at my feet
Jumped up to my throat in a hurry
Like a young summer's day she was sweet

He opened the door to the kitchen
And he called the girl in with a curse
Saying "Take her, Goddamn ya, you've won her
She's yours now for better or worse"

Her arms had to tighten around me

As we rode down the hills to the south
Not a word did I hear from her that day
Nor a kiss from her pretty red mouth

well we soon reached the valley of twilight
and the stars twinkled out over the coast
she soon loved the valley and the orchards
but i knew it was me she loved the most

That was a gay happy winter
We carved on a cradle of pine
By the fire in that neat little cabin
And I sang with that gay wife of mine

CHORUS

That night I got hurt in a landslide
Crushed hip and twice broken bone
She saddled her pony like lightning
And rode off for the doctor in Jolon

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

they buried her out in the orchard
carried me up to Jolon
now i'm left with these memories
i'm an old broken man all alone

the cabin still stands on the hillside
the door open to the rain
and i'm living up here in Jolon
and i never can go back there again

CHORUS

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