

## Doc Watson

### "Guitar Polka"

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A cowboy rode one day  
Down to old Monterey  
Across the sleepy Rio Grande  
He met a lovely gal  
A senorita pal  
With eyes that seemed to understand

And as guitars were softly playing  
Across the floor they soon were swaying  
"Me like a you" she kept on saying  
As he would gently squeeze her hand

She say "Me like to talk,  
We take a little walk"  
It was the nearest thing to heaven  
To have and hold her fast

That night of love soon past  
He rode away from old Monterey  
And left her alone to pine

He's going back across the border  
Unto that gal of yesterday  
And they will dance the Guitar Polka  
When he returns to Monterey.

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