

George Strait "Seashores Of Old Mexico"

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

My first night in Juarez I 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
And things will blow over on the seashores of old
Mexico

Two Mexican farmers enroute to a town I can't say
Let me ride on the back of a flatbed half loaded with
hay
Down through Durango, Palima, Palmira then into
Manzanio
Where I slept in the sunshine 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
Yeah, I found what I needed on the seashores of old
Mexico

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