

Gordon Goodwin's Big Phat Band

"Miguel"

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Never had much to say
He traveled alone with no friends
Like a shadowy ghost
At dawn he came and he went
Through the woodland swiftly gliding
To the young maid he came riding
Where she'd run to meet him
By the garden wall
Oh my sweet Miguel
I will never tell
No one will ever know
What I know too well
And he'd smile and lay his head on her breast
And he'd say I have no fear
They're waiting for me to cross the border, to swim the
river
'Cause I've done that before
To see my true love's smiling face
A hundred times or more
Oh my sweet Miguel she cried
I'll love you till I die

He was born to the south
In Mexico they say
The child of a man
Who had soon gone away
But his mother loved him dearly
And she would take him yearly
To the great cathedral in St. Augustine
Oh my young Miguel
Listen to the bell
Of my poverty
You must never tell
And he cried himself to sleep in the night
And he vowed to make things right
So he took the gun down from the wall and he paid a
call
He knew she'd understand
A lawman came to capture him
The gun jumped in his hand
Oh Miguel the mother cried

You must run, son, or you'll die

So the story is told
Of his true love 'cross the line
As strong as the oak
And as sweet as the vine
And the child she bore him
Came on that fateful mornin'
When they sent him to his final rest
Oh my sweet Miguel
Listen to the bell
No one will ever know
What I know too well
And she'd smile and lay the child on her breast
And she'd say I have no fear
I'm waiting for you to cross the border, to swim the
river
'Cause you've done that before
To see your true love's smiling face
A hundred times or more
Oh my sweet Miguel she cried
I'll love you till I die

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