

Marty Robbins

"Bound For Old Mexico"

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True, I wasn't born anywhere south of the border
And I'm not a native to old Mexico
But there's someone there fits my heart as though
made to order
And it's fittingly proper through these eyes that love
her so

If I could just write it off as just mere fascination
Then the problems we face would die where they are
and not grow
But my will's not contained in the thoughts little minds
now are thinking
Oh, I'm on my way to old Mexico

There are those who will shame us by openly showing
rejection
But the game must be played in accordance to how the
cards fall
And my life's not dependant on their kind of narrow
affection
For the choice between them would be no choice at all

So the sound of the rails to my ears will be sweet,
sweet music
The longer I hear it, the shorter the time we're apart
Soon I will see the span of the Old Rio Grande lay
before me
And the land that gave birth to the girl who now holds
my heart

I'll be ridin' these same rails in the not too distant
future
Life will be so complete for in this very seat soon I know
There'll be two and not one, for love's will shall be
done, good Lord willin'
Oh, I'm on my way to old Mexico
To old Mexico
To old Mexico

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