

Marty Stuart "Maria"

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From the Fairbanks of Alaska

Through the Rockies I did run

Down the trail from Appalachia

Hiding from a long-armed lawman's gun

Stowed away in San Francisco

Down to Baja with the wind

Ah Maria, love to see you again

Ensenada was my harbor

And through the low life I did roam

There my sweet Maria found me

Took my hand and took me home

There she healed me in the waters

Of her love and tenderness

Ah Maria, love to see you again

Ah Maria, love to see you again

Sergeant Lopez can't be trusted

Though my Maria pays him well

For his silence is my freedom

And what he knows he mustn't tell

Wanted posted from Alaska, murder in the first degree

They say that gringo in that picture, looks a lot like me

See the walls of steel and concrete

Staring at me in the cold

Soon the chaplain will be callin'

Oh God, have mercy on my soul

And when the faceless man he asks me

What might last request might be

Ah Maria, love to see you again

Ah Maria, love to see you again

Ah Maria

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