

## Robert Deeble

### "New Life In Old Mexico"

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I crossed the Mississippi,  
Turned south at San Antone  
A bowie knife, a woolen coat,  
A grip bag on my arm  
It's all somebody needs to make it through the land  
Walk the night, travel light, cross the Rio Grande  
Someone strums a mandolin, soft gulf breezes blow  
My new life is waiting in old Mexico

I was once a married man livin' peacefully  
Hard to say exactly when the devil blinded me  
But there was some confusion when my sweet  
Wife left this world  
Darker times, drunken crimes,  
A dead young working girl  
Left a jailer there in Caroline,  
Watching me from down below  
My new life is waiting in old Mexico

Livin' in the shadows  
Runnin' from my fame  
Blowin' where the wind blows  
Where no one knows my name

In the El Vaquero Bar in the town of Eagle Pass  
Moments from my freedom warm whiskey in my glass  
Some boracho took me for the man who stole his wife  
He went for his forty-four as I reached for my knife  
He never fired a second shot he was just too slow  
My new life is waiting in old Mexico

I hear of hidden harbors south of Mazatlan  
Where cool spring mountain waters  
Meet the warm Pacific sun  
I pray the miles I've traveled and all the sins I bear  
Burn away like mornin' fog and vanish in the air  
Miles beyond the border now, but many miles to go  
My new life is waiting in old Mexico

