

Horace Heidt

"My Margarita"

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My Margarita, I'm so romantic,
But Margarita, you drive me frantic,
My Margarita, you could be tender,
But seniorita, you won't surrender.

On my guitar, oh so lightly, I play nightly,
When the moon begins to shine,
Though every star above you knows I love you
I can never make you mine.

Oh, Margarita, when stars are fading,
Beneath your window I'm serenading
My Margarita, life could be sweeter
If I could read in your glances
Where romance is when it dances,
But whenever we're together,
You're as fickle as the weather
When you kissed and run away

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