

Kingston Trio, The

"South Coast"

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South Coast, the wild coast, is lonely. You may win at
the game at Jolon
But the lion still rules the barranca, and a man there is
always alone

My name is Juan Hano de Castro. My father was a
Spanish grandee
But I won my wife in a card game, when a man lost his
daughter to me
I picked up the ace. I had won her! My heart, which was
down at my feet
Jumped up to my throat in a hurry- Like a warm
summers' day, she was sweet

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the game at Jolon
But the lion still rules the barranca, and a man there is
always alone

Her arms had to tighten around me as we rode up the
hills from the South
Not a word did I hear from her that day- or a kiss
from her pretty red mouth
We came to my cabin at twilight. The stars twinkled out
on the coast
She soon loved the valley- the orchard- but I knew
that she loved me the most

South Coast, the wild coast, is lonely. You may win at
the game at Jolon
But the lion still rules the barranca, and a man there is
always alone

Then I got hurt in a landslide with crushed hip and
twice-broken bone
She saddled our pony like lightning- rode off in the
night, all alone
The lion screamed in the barranca the pony fell back on
the slide
My young wife lay dead in the moonlight. My heart died
that night with my

Bride

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