

GRINGO HONEYMOON

WE WERE STANDIN' ON A MOUNTAIN TOP WHERE THE CACTUS FLOWERS GROW
I WAS WISHIN' THAT THE WORLD WOULD STOP WHEN YOU SAID WE'D BETTER GO
WE TOOK A ROW BOAT ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE; CAPTAIN PABLO WAS OUR GUIDE
FOR TWO DOLLARS IN A WEATHERED HAND HE ROWED US TO THE OTHER SIDE

WE WERE DREAMING LIKE IT WAS NOT IN SIGHT; THERE WE DREAMED ALL
AFTERNOON

WE ASKED THE WORLD TO WAIT SO WE COULD CELEBRATE A GRINGO
HONEYMOON

WE STEPPED OUT ON TO THE GOLDEN SIDE; THE SUN WAS HIGH AND BURNING DOWN
RENTED DONKEYS FROM AN OLD BLIND MAN; SADDLED UP AND RODE TO TOWN
TIED OUR DONKEYS TO AN OLIVE TREE BY THE STREAM WHERE CHILDREN PLAY
WE WALKED INTO THE FIRST PLACE WE COULD SEE SERVING COLD BEER IN THE
SHADE

WE WERE DRINKING LIKE IT WAS NOT IN SIGHT; AND WE DRANK ALL AFTERNOON

WE ASKED THE WORLD TO WAIT SO WE COULD CELEBRATE A GRINGO HONEYMOON
MET A COWBOY WHO SAID THAT HE WAS RUNNIN' FROM THE DEA
HE LEFT A HOME, A WIFE, AND FAMILY; 'TIL HE MADE HIS GETAWAY
WE FOLLOWED HIM ON DOWN THE STREET AT DUSK
TO HIS RUN-DOWN ONE-ROOM SHACK

HE BLEW A SMOKE RING AND HE SMILED AT US "I AIN'T NEVER GOIN' BACK"

WE WERE FLYIN' LIKE IT WAS NOT IN SIGHT; AND WE SOARED THAT AFTERNOON

WE ASKED THE WORLD TO WAIT SO WE COULD CELEBRATE A GRINGO HONEYMOON
HE SAID THERE'S ONE LAST PLACE THAT YOU SHOULD GO
HE TOOK US TO THE TOWN'S BEST BAR

HE KNEW A TRUSTY CABALLERO WHO PLAYED AN OLD GUT-STRING GUITAR
AND HE SANG LIKE MARTY ROBBINS WOULD; PLAYED LIKE NO-ONE I SAW
FOR AWHILE WE KNEW THAT LIFE WAS GOOD; IT WAS OURS TO TAKE BACK HOME

WE WERE SINGING LIKE IT WAS NOT IN SIGHT AND WE SANG ALL AFTERNOON

WE ASKED THE WORLD TO WAIT SO WE COULD CELEBRATE A GRINGO HONEYMOON
(repeat first two lines)

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**SHALOM, from
SPIKE and JAMIE**