

Seashores of Old Mexico

Written by: Merle Haggard



C
I left, out of Tucson, with no
G7
destination in mind.
Dm G7
I was runnin' from trouble and
Dm G7
the jail-term the Judge had in
C
mind.
C
And the border meant freedom, a
new life, romance,
C7
And that's why I thought I should
F
go,
Dm G7
And start my life over on the
Dm G7 C
seashores of old Mexico.

My first night in Juarez, lost all
the money I had.
One bad senorita made use of
one innocent lad.
But I must keep on runnin'; it's
too late to turn back:
I'm wanted in Tucson, I'm told.
Yeah, an' things'll blow over on
the seashores of old Mexico.

Two Mexican farmers en route to
a town I can't say,
Let me ride on the back of a
flatbed half-loaded with hay.
Down through Durango, Colima,
Almiera,
Then into Manzanillo,
Where I slept in the sunshine on
the seashores of old Mexico.

After one long siesta, I came wide
awake in the night.
I was startled by someone who
shadowed the pale moonlight.
My new-found companion, one
young senorita,
Who offered a broken hello,
To the gringo she found on the
seashores of old Mexico.

She spoke of Sonora and swore
that she'd never return,
For her Mexican husband, she
really had no great concern.
Cause she loved the gringo, my
long hair and lingo:
That's all I needed to know.
Yeah, I found what I needed on
the seashores of old Mexico.

Yeah, she loved the gringo, my
long hair and lingo:
That's all I needed to know,
Yeah, I found what I needed on
the seashores of old Mexico.