Spanish Is A Loving Tongue (1)

- Spanish is a loving tongue
- Soft as music, light as spray.
- Nights when she knew where I'd ride,
  She would listen for my spurs;
- Moonlight on the patio,
  Old senor a nodding near;
- But once I had to fly,
  For a foolish gamblin' flight;
- Never seen her since that night,
  I can't cross the line you know.

- 'Twas a girl I learned it from;
  Living down So no ra way.
- Fling the big door open wide,
  Raise them laughing eyes of hers.
- Me and Juana talking low,
  So the madre couldn't hear;
- And we said a swift goodbye,
  On that black unlucky night;
- They want me for a gamblin' fight,
  Like as not it's better so.

- I don't look much like a lover,
  Yet I say her love words over;
- And my heart would nigh stop beating,
  When I heard her tender greeting;
- How the hours would pass her arms from clingin'
  And too soon I'd hear her cryin';
- Yet I've always sort of missed her,
  Since that last wild night I kissed her.

- Of ten when I'm all alone
  Mi amor, mi corazon
- Whispered soft for me alone
  Mi amor, mi corazon
- In her little sorry tone
  Adios mi corazon,
- As I galloped north alone
  Adios mi corazon,
- Broke her heart and lost my own
  Adios mi corazon.