

San Antonio Rose

John Denver

Deep within my heart lies a melody, a song of old San Antone,
where in dreams I live with a memory beneath the stars all alone.

It was there I found beside the Alamo, enchantment strange as the
blue up above.

A moonlit pass that only she would know still hears my broken
song of love.

Moon in all your splendor, hear only my heart. Call back my Rose,
Rose of San Antone.

Lips so sweet and tender like petals falling apart, speak once
again of my love, my own.

Broken song, empty words I know still live in my heart all alone.

For the moonlit pass by the Alamo and Rose, my Rose of San Antone.

Moon in all your splendor, hear only my heart. Call back my Rose,
Rose of San Antone.

Lips so sweet and tender like petals falling apart, speak once
again of my love, my own.

Broken song, empty words I know still live in my heart all alone.

For the moonlit pass by the Alamo and Rose, my Rose of San Antone.