(Listen... shh... listen! There, it's playing again... Gringo's guitar playing songs of desire are sung by the haunted wind!)

Down in Nualo, Laredo, on the border of ol' Mexico there's a legend they tell of a cowboy, a tall Texas drover named "Joe" but the braseros just call him "Gringo", the gringo who played the guitar to the Mexican girl that he loved so, 'neath the misty Mexico star

(Listen... shh... listen! There, it's playing again... Gringo's guitar playing songs of desire are sung by the haunted wind!)

He sang of the day when they'd marry, when the round-up was over an' through and great were the plans for their wedding, and for dreams they dreamed would come true But he never came back from the round-up, a stampeding herd ran him down but, sometimes, strange and beautiful music of a guitar is heard through the town

(Listen... shh... listen! There, it's playing again... Gringo's guitar playing songs of desire are sung by the haunted wind!)