

Day of the Dead

Wade Bowen

It's a hundred and ten here in Lajitas
Piñatas on the promenade
Sunday best, painted faces
Lining up for the Parade

Oh the river is down here in Lajitas
Steering down the banks of Mexico
Wondering if they'd even notice
If I slipped across and just kept drifting on

It's the Day of the Dead here in Lajitas
Dirt still fresh under the stone
Now our love's gone home to Jesus
You're wearing white in San Antone

Met an old Vaquero from Nogales
Said he once wore my shoes
I finally left him in some alley in Juárez
Oh and he had nothing left to lose

It's the Day of the Dead here in Lajitas
Dirt still fresh under the stone
Now our love's gone home to Jesus
You're wearing white in San Antone

Dreamed I heard the Mariachis singing
You and I were dancing toe to toe
Barefoot on the pale Saltillo
I woke up clinging to a ghost

It's the Day of the Dead here in Lajitas
Dirt still fresh under the stone
Now our love's gone home to Jesus
You're wearing white in San Antone

Yeah now our love's gone home to Jesus
You're wearing white
You're wearing white in San Antone