

## El Paso

Don McLean

Out in the West Texas town of El Paso  
I fell in love with a Mexican girl.  
Night-time would find me in Rosa's cantina;  
Music would play and Felina would whirl.

Blacker than night were the eyes of Felina,  
Wicked and evil while casting a spell.  
My love was deep for this Mexican maiden;  
I was in love but in vain, I could tell.

One night a wild young cowboy came in,  
Wild as the West Texas wind.  
Dashing and daring,  
A drink he was sharing  
With wicked Felina,  
The girl that I loved.

So in anger I

Challenged his right for the love of this maiden.  
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore.  
My challenge was answered in less than a heart-beat;  
The handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor.

Just for a moment I stood there in silence,  
Shocked by the FOUL EVIL deed I had done.  
Many thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there;  
I had but one chance and that was to run.

Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran,  
Out where the horses were tied.  
I caught a good one.  
It looked like it could run.  
Up on its back  
And away I did ride,

Just as fast as I

Could from the West Texas town of El Paso  
Out to the bad-lands of New Mexico.

Back in El Paso my life would be worthless.  
Everything's gone in life; nothing is left.  
It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden  
My love is stronger than my fear of death.

I saddled up and away I did go,  
Riding alone in the dark.  
Maybe tomorrow  
A bullet may find me.  
Tonight nothing's worse than this  
Pain in my heart.

And at last here I

Am on the hill overlooking El Paso;  
I can see Rosa's cantina below.

My love is strong and it pushes me onward.  
Down off the hill to Felina I go.

Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys;  
Off to my left ride a dozen or more.  
Shouting and shooting I can't let them catch me.  
I have to make it to Rosa's back door.

Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel  
A deep burning pain in my side.  
Though I am trying  
To stay in the saddle,  
I'm getting weary,  
Unable to ride.

But my love for

Felina is strong and I rise where I've fallen,  
Though I am weary I can't stop to rest.  
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle.  
I feel the bullet go deep in my chest.

From out of nowhere Felina has found me,  
Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side.  
Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for,  
One little kiss and Felina, good-bye.