

Behind The Bamboo Shade

Joe Ely

In a border town when the lights go down
And the Ranchero Radio plays
You wont find me around in the lights of the town
I'll be out where the day meets the shade

I only came for a holiday to sit in the Mexican wind
I only came for the whiskey, but suddenly she walked in
She wore a dress made of lace,
And the light on her face
I felt the room start to shake
It shook a Black Spanish Love Seat Behind the Bamboo Shade...

I only came for the sun but I wound up with the moon and the stars
When her eyes met mine, the room filled with Spanish guitars
The kerosene in my blood
Came on like a flood
As I stood to take her away
To a Black Spanish Love Seat Behind the Bamboo Shade...

On a Black Spanish Love Seat Behind the Bamboo Shade
With the skeletons dancing on the eve of the Day of the Dead
I reached out in the dark,
Put my hand on her heart,
While the bows of the palm trees swayed
On a Black Spanish Love Seat Behind the Bamboo Shade

I woke up in a sweat, my legs feeling too weak to stand
There's a pain in my back and not a bit of grip in my hands
A flash of steel in the night
Left me no time to write
An epitaph to leave on my grave
The church bells rang on a Love Seat Behind the Bamboo Shade

On a Black Spanish Love Seat Behind the Bamboo Shade
With the skeletons dancing on the eve of the Day of the Dead
If you see Juan
Tell him I can't come
I've got a previous engagement I've made.
I'm On a Black Spanish Love Seat Behind the Bamboo Shade...