

Rose Of Old Monterey

Hank Snow

I met her in old Monterey on a night that was filled with romance
We listened to violins play sweet music that have us in trance
I knew you were mine from the start your eyes were mischeated and gay
As I kissed my Rose of the border that night down in old Monterey

Let's go manana one night with a lifetime to live
Sweet primadona my heart wanted only to give
I won't forget you your though duty forbids me to stay
I'll be that you call when the first petals fall
On my Rose down in old Monterey
Let's go manana one night...