

Evangelina

Hoyt Axton

And I dream in the morning
That she brings me water.
And I dream in the evening
That she brings me wine.
Just a poor man's daughter
From Puerta Pinasco.
Evangelina in old Mexico.

There's a great hot desert
Down in Mexicali.
And if you don't have water
Boy, you'd better not go.
Tequila won't get you
Across that desert.
To Evangelina, in old Mexico

[Chorus:]
And the fire I feel for the woman I love
Is drivin' me insane.
Knowin' she's waitin',
And I can't get there.
God only knows that I wracked my brain
To try and find a way
To reach that woman
In old Mexico.

And I met a kind man
He guarded the border
He said, "You don't need papers,
I'll let you go,
I can tell that you love her
By the look in your eyes, now".
She's the rose of the desert
In old Mexico

[Chorus]

And I dream in the morning
That she brings me water
And I dream in the evening
That she brings me wine.
Just a poor man's daughter
From Puerta Pinasco.
South of the border
In old Mexico
Evangelina, I miss you so.
I miss you so.