

## Banks Of The Guadalupe

Jimmie Dale Gilmore

Down by the banks of the Guadalupe  
On a summer's evening and a haloed moon  
Wide-eyed as nightowls, naked as a dream  
We washed our love in the rippling waters of a rambling stream.

We slept like time itself under diamond skies  
Far from the bright lights and the city's lies  
Our love arose like a morning dream  
And it was washed in the rippling waters of a rambling stream.

Well the mountain dreams of a blanket of snow  
And the wild wind dreams of directions it might blow  
But the river's dream is a dream of love  
And a dream of sweet reflections from above.

Down by the banks of the river of change  
We watched the river running from the wishes of the mountain range  
And the stars and the wildwood played the season's theme  
And it was washed in the rippling waters of a rambling stream.

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