

She Never Spoke Spanish To Me

Joe Ely

Met her in old Mexico
She was laughing sad and young
In a smokey room no-one could see

Her favorite poets all agreed
Spanish is a loving tongue
But she never spoke Spanish to me

She was born in Monterey
And all the Christmas songs were sung
The padre knew what she'd grow up to be

Saints and sinners all agree
Spanish is a loving tongue
But she never spoke Spanish to me

Like a lion screamin' in the jungleo
She never could in what she couldn't see
She spoke to all the shadows in her bungalow
But she never spoke Spanish to me

She said, "If you're from Texas, son
Then where's your boots and where's your gun?"
I smiled and said, "I got guns, no-one can see"

We laughed at that, we both agreed
Spanish is a loving tongue
But she never spoke Spanish to me

I left her in old Mexico
She was laughing sad and young
In a smokey room and no-one could see

Her favorite poets all agreed
Spanish is a loving tongue
But she never spoke Spanish to me
She never spoke Spanish to me