



# WADE BOWEN DAY OF THE DEAD

It's a hundred and ten here in Lajitas  
Piñatas on the promenade  
Sunday best, painted faces  
Lining up for the Parade

Oh the river is down here in Lajitas  
Steering down the banks of Mexico  
Wondering if they'd even notice  
If I slipped across and just kept drifting on

It's the Day of the Dead here in Lajitas  
Dirt still fresh under the stone  
Now our love's gone home to Jesus  
You're wearing white in San Antone

Met an old Vaquero from Nogales  
Said he once wore my shoes  
I finally left him in some alley in Juárez  
Oh and he had nothing left to lose

It's the Day of the Dead here in Lajitas  
Dirt still fresh under the stone  
Now our love's gone home to Jesus  
You're wearing white in San Antone

Dreamed I heard the Mariachis singing  
You and I were dancing toe to toe  
Barefoot on the [?]  
I woke up clinging to a ghost

It's the Day of the Dead here in Lajitas  
Dirt still fresh under the stone  
Now our love's gone home to Jesus  
You're wearing white in San Antone

Yeah now our love's gone home to Jesus  
You're wearing white  
You're wearing white in San Antone