

## 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...