

# 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