

The music is playing, the women are costly and loud.
White liquor is flowing, I know I'll start trouble somehow.
But all I desire is a place by the fire
And some friends who look up to me now--
To stop all my running and just to be one of the crowd.

The pale senorita whose beauty is legend arrives.
The mob parts before her, they shrink from the light of her eyes.
A savage young man drops the glass from his hand
And it shatters to no one's surprise.
I stand here amazed by the souls that her gaze crucifies.

The band reconvenes, all the noise and the madness return.
Wild laughter and violent words rule the night unconcerned.
The room starts to spin and the dancers begin
To reveal secret movements they've learned.
She whispers she knows that she's left me with nowhere to turn.

When morning is broken a few of the faithful remain
To stand up the tables and chairs and to cover the stains.
I have lost all this time but my heart is still mine
I have nothing resembling pain.
Despite all I've done it feels good to be running again.