

# Miguel

## Franco et le T.P.O.K. Jazz

Never had much to say, he traveled alone with no friends  
Like a shadowy ghost at dawn he came and he went  
Through the woodland swiftly gliding, to the young maid he came gliding  
Where she'd run to meet him, by the garden wall  
Oh my sweet Miguel, I will never tell  
No one will ever know, what I know too well  
And he'd smile and lay his head on her breast and he'd say I have no fear  
They're waiting for me to cross the border, to swim the river  
'Cause I've done that before  
To see my true loves smiling face  
A hundred times or more  
Oh my sweet Miguel she cried  
I'll love you till I die  
He was born to the south in Mexico they say  
The child of a man who had soon gone away  
But his mother loved him dearly and she would take him yearly  
To the great Cathedral in St. Augustine  
Oh my young Miguel, listen to the bell  
Of my poverty you must never tell  
And he cried himself to sleep in the night  
And he vowed to make things right  
So he took the gun down from the wall and he paid a call  
He knew she'd understand  
A lawman came to capture him  
The gun jumped in his hand  
Oh Miguel the mother cried  
You must run son or you'll die  
So the story is told of his true love cross the line  
As strong as the oak and as sweet as the vine  
And the child she bore him, came on the fateful mornin'  
When they sent him to his final rest  
Oh my sweet Miguel listen to the bell  
No one will ever know, of what I know too well  
Then she'd smile and lay the child on her breast  
And she'd say I have no fear  
I'm waiting for you to cross the border, to swim the river  
'Cause you've done that before  
To see your true loves smiling face  
A hundred times or more

Oh my sweet Miguel she cried  
I'll love you till I die

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