New Holes In Old Shoes

Nils Lofgren

A bowie knife, a woolen coat, a grip bag on my arm
It's all somebody needs to make it through the land
Walk the night, travel light, cross the Rio Grandee
Someone strums a mandolin, soft gulf breezes blow
My new life is waiting in old MexicoI was once a married man livin' peacefully
Hard to say exactly when the devil blinded me
But there was some confusion when my sweet wife left this world
Darker times, drunken crimes, a dead young working girl
Left a jailer there in Caroline, watching me from down below
My new life is waiting in old MexicoLivin' in the shadows
Runnin' from my fame
Blowin' where the wind blows
Where no one knows my nameIn the El Vaquero Bar in the town of Eagle Pass
Moments from my freedom warm whiskey in my glass
Some Borracho took me for the man who stole his wife
He went for his forty-four as I reached for my knife
He never fired a second shot, he was just too slow
My new life is waiting in old MexicoI hear of hidden harbors south of Mazatlan
Where cool spring mountain waters meet the warm Pacific sun
I pray the miles I've traveled and all the sins I bear
Burn away like mornin' fog and vanish in the air
Miles beyond the border now, but many miles to go
My new life is waiting in old MexicoA bowie knife, a woolen coat, a grip bag on my arm
It's all somebody needs to make it through the land

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