

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 Mexico I 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 Mexico Livin' in the shadows

Runnin' from my fame

Blowin' where the wind blows

Where no one knows my name In 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 Mexico I 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 Mexico A bowie knife, a woolen coat, a grip bag on my arm

It's all somebody needs to make it through the land

Songwriters

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