

Faleena (From El Paso)

Marty Robbins

Out in New Mexico, many long years ago,
There in a shack on the desert one night in a storm.
Amid streaks of lightnin' and loud desert thunder,
To a young Mexican couple a baby was born.

Just as the baby cried, thunder and lightnin' died
Moon gave it's light to the world and the stars did the same,
Mother and Father both proud of the daughter
that heaven had sent them Faleena was this baby's name.

When she seventeen, bothered by crazy dreams,
She ran away from the shack and left them to roam.
Father and Mother both ask one another:
"What made her run away, what made Faleena leave home?"

Tired of the desert nights, fatherly grieved to strife
She went her way late one night in the moons golden beam.
She didn't know where she'd go but she'd get there and
She would find happiness if she would follow her dreams.

After she ran away, she went to Sante Fe
And in the year that she stayed there she learned about life.
In just a little while, she learned that with her smile,
She could have pretty clothes, she could be any mans wife.

Rich men romanced her, they dined and they danced her,
She understood men and she treated them all just the same.
A form that was fine and rare, dark shinin' glossy hair,
lovely to look at, Faleena was this woman's name.

Restless in Sante Fe, she had to get away,
To any town that had lights with a much brighter glow.
One cowboy mentioned the town of El Paso,
They never stopped dancin' and money like whiskey did flow.

She bought a one-way, a ticket from Sante Fe
Three days and nights on a stage with a rest now and then.
She didn't mind that she new she would find that her
New life would be more exciting then where she had been.

The stage made it's last stop, up there on the mountain top,
To let her see all of the lights at the foot of the hill.
Her world was brighter, and deep down inside her,
An un-controlled beating, her young heart just wouldn't be still.

She got a hotel, a room at the Lily Belle,
Quickly she changed to a form fitting black satin dress.
Every man stopped to stare, at this form fine and rare,
Even the woman remarked of the charm she possessed.

Dancin' and laughter was what she was after,
And Rosa's Cantina had lights with love in the gleam.
That's what she hunted, and that's what she wanted
Rosa's was one place a nice girl would never be seen.

It was the same way it was back in Sante Fe
Men would make fools of themselves at the thought of romance.
Rosa took heed of the place was in need of
This kind of excitement, so she payed Faleena to dance.

A year passed or maybe more, then through the swingin' doors
Came a young cowboy so tall and so handsomely dressed.
This one was new in town, hadn't been seen around
He was so different he wasn't like all of the rest.

Faleena danced close to him then threw a rose to him
Quickly he walked to her table and there he sat down.
And in a day or so, wherever folk would go
They'd see this young cowboy showin' Faleena the town.

Six weeks he went with her, each minute spent with her
But he was insanely jealous of glances she'd give.
Inside he was hurtin' from all of her flirtin'
That was her nature and that was the way that she lived.

She flirted one night, it started a gun fight
And after the smoke cleared away on the floor lay a man.
Faleena's young lover had shot down another and
He had to leave there so out through the back door he ran.

The next day at five-o'clock, she heard a rifle shot,
Quickly she ran to the door that was facin' the pass.
She saw her cowboy, her wild ridin' cowboy,
Low in the saddle, her cowboy was riding in fast.

She ran to meet him, to kiss and to greet him,

He saw her and motioned her back with a wave of his hand.

Bullets were flyin', Faleena was cryin'

As she saw him fall from the saddle and into the sand.

Faleena knelt near him, to hold and to hear him,

When she felt the warm blood that flowed from the wound in his side.

He raised to kiss her and she heard him whisper:

"Never forget me; Faleena it's over, good-bye."

Quickly she grabbed for the six-gun that he wore

And screamin' in anger and placin' the gun to her breast.

"Bury us both deep, then maybe we'll find peace."

Then pullin' the trigger she fell cross the dead cowboys chest.

Out in El Paso, whenever the wind blows

If you'll listen closely, at night you'll hear in the wind.

A woman is cryin' it's not the wind sighin'

Old timers tell you Faleena is callin' for hime.

You'll hear them talkin', and you'll hear them walkin',

You'll hear them laugh and you'll look but there's no one around.

Don't be alarmed, there is really no harm, there,

It's only the young cowboy, showin' Faleena the town.

Lyrics submitted by Zoe.

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