

South Coast

Arlo Guthrie

by Lillian Bos Ross, Sam Eskin, Richard Dehr & Frank Miller

(Arlo's version is from the singing of Ramblin' Jack Elliott) My name is Juanano de Castro

My father was a Spanish Grandee

But I won my wife in a card game

To hell with those lords o'er the sea CHORUS:

Well the South Coast is wild coast and lonely

You might win in a game at Jolon

But a lion still rules the Barranca

And a man there is always alone in my youth i had a Monterey homestead

fields, creeks, mountains all mine

and i built me a snug little shanty

and i roofed it and floored it with pine i had a bronco, buckskin,

like a bird he flew over the trail

when we'd ride out 40 miles every friday

for some grub and to pick up my mail I sat in a card game at Jolon

I played there with an outlaw named Juan

And after I'd taken his money

I staked all against his daughter Dawn I picked up the ace... I had won her

My heart it was down at my feet

Jumped up to my throat in a hurry

Like a young summer's day she was sweet He opened the door to the kitchen

And he called the girl in with a curse

Saying "Take her, Goddamn ya, you've won her

She's yours now for better or worse" Her arms had to tighten around me

As we rode down the hills to the south

Not a word did I hear from her that day

Nor a kiss from her pretty red mouth well we soon reached the valley of twilight

and the stars twinkled out over the coast

she soon loved the valley and the orchards

but i knew it was me she loved the most That was a gay happy winter

We carved on a cradle of pine

By the fire in that neat little cabin

And I sang with that gay wife of mine CHORUS That night I got hurt in a landslide

Crushed hip and twice broken bone

She saddled her pony like lightning

And rode off for the doctor in Jolon The lion screamed in the Barranca

Buck, he bolted and he fell on the slide

My young wife lay dead in the moonlight

My heart died that night with my bride they buried her out in the orchard

carried me up to Jolon
now i'm left with these memories
i'm an old broken man all alonethe cabin still stands on the hillside
the door open to the rain
and i'm living up here in Jolon
and i never can go back there againCHORUS

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