

Rose Of Old Monterey (With Anita Carter)

Hank Snow

I met her in old Monterey on a night that was filled with romance
We listened to violins play sweet music that held us entranced
I knew you were mine from the start your eyes were mischievous and gay
As I kissed my Rose of the border that night down in old Monterey
There's no manana one night with a lifetime to live
Sweet primadonna my heart wanted only to give
I won't forget you your though duty forbids me to stay
I'll be at your call when the first petals fall
For my Rose down in old Monterey
[guitar]
There's no manana one night...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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