

Banks of the Guadalupe

[Jimmie Dale Gilmore](#)

Down by the banks of the Guadalupe
On a summer's evening and a haloed moon
Wide-eyed as night owls, naked as a dream
We washed our love in the rippling waters of a rambling stream. We slept like time itself under diamond skies
Far from the bright lights and the city's lies
Our love arose like a morning dream
And it was washed in the rippling waters of a rambling stream. Well the mountain dreams of a blanket of snow
And the wild wind dreams of directions it might blow
But the river's dream is a dream of love
And a dream of sweet reflections from above. Down by the banks of the river of change
We watched the river running from the wishes of the mountain range
And the stars and the wild wood played the season's theme
And it was washed in the rippling waters of a rambling stream.

Songwriters

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