

Dans: Angelina Dance
Artist: Dan Roberts
Song: Angelina's Dance

When the cowboys would come to dance, she'd always lead 'em on
They all thought that they had a chance to take Angelina home
Why else would a beautiful woman hang out in a border bar
Dancin' for tips swaying her hips to the sad guitar.

With her right hand above her head, her left hand fans her skirt
The sorrow in her eyes mistaken as a way to flirt
Her little girl smile wasn't for them; but the money they'd spend
Dancing away she'd always pray for each night to end

She'd change her dollars into pesos across the bridge at dawn
Her two young sons and her mother waiting for her at home
El lobo esta en la puerta since her man's been gone
She's their only chance, Angelina Dance

Cantina closes at 4:00 am and Sundays are the worst
She hurries clutching her rosary, takes her boys to church
When her man died everyone cried, but if they only knew
What she has to face soap can't erase
En fru ow azul

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