

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, Felena was this baby's name.

When she was seventeen, bothered by crazy dreams  
She ran away from the shack and left them to roam  
Father and Mother, both asked one another  
What made her run away, what made Felena leave home;  
Tired of the desert nights, fartherly grieved to strife  
She ran away late one night in the moon's 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 dream.

After she ran away, she went to Santa 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 man's 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 shining glossy hair  
Lovely to look at, Felena was this woman's name.

Restless in Santa Fe, she had to get away  
To any town where the lights had a much brighter glow  
One cowboy mentioned the town of El Paso  
They never stopped dancin' and money like whiskey would flow;  
She bought a one-way, a ticket from Santa Fe  
Three days and nights on a stage with a rest now and then  
She didn't mind that, she knew she would find that  
Her new life would be more exciting than where she had been

The stage made it's last stop, up there on the mountain top  
To let her see all the lights at the foot of the hill  
Her world was brighter and deep down inside her  
An uncontrolled 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 women 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 Santa 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 paid Felena to dance.

A year passed or maybe more and 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;  
Felena 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 folks would go  
They'd see this young cowboy, showin' Felena 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 a-hurtin', from all of her flirtin'  
But 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  
Felena'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 ridin' 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', Felena was cryin'  
As she saw him fall from the saddle and into the sand.

Felena knelt near him, to hold and to hear him  
As 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 - Felena it's over, goodbye."  
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 and maybe we'll find peace  
And pullin' the trigger, she fell 'cross the dead cowboy's chest.

Out in El Paso, whenever the wind blows  
If you listen closely at night, you'll hear in the wind  
A woman is cryin', it's not the wind sighin'  
Old timer's tell you, Felena is callin' for him;  
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' Felena the town.