**El Bandito**
*lyrics  McCallion,  music  McCallion/Schramm*

In this world you can find a philosophy
For anything you might do in your life
And me I found my philosophy
Was to not be a husband to a wife
Though her wits were like a knife
I was not one to fall
As I promised her my life
There came to me this song

No quiero, no quiero, don’t want to be in love
No quiero, no quiero, your moon and stars above
The moon’s almost hidden, the lights dim the stars
The smell of perfume and the smoke from the bars

My memories are graven
Where once they arched and sighed
I no more recall the feel of her
But I recall how I  lied
She was a fool to fall
And I a fool more to doubt
Had I but trusted in passion
As I trusted the curve of a mouth

But how could I trust in passion
When passions they rose with the wind
My desires were many and petty
But great is the sum of my sins
No one will intercede
For death I must wait here alone
Gone is the woman who’d weep for me
El bandito del corazon