**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