

Run to Mexico

The Babys

Come on, baby, don't you wanna go
I could take you there
You could get what you want in the south
You could let down your hair I said do you, don't you, will you won't you?
Baby, won't you please let me know
I ain't talkin' 'bout Chicago
I'm talkin' about Mexico Na na na na na
Na na na na na
Makin' a run for Mexico
Makin' a run for Mexico
Could you Come on, baby, 'cause I got to know
The law is after me
I killed a man in a bar last night
There was no other way it could be While the air in this joint could be cut with a knife
As the jukebox got rotten selections
Bring a compass and some money for gas
'Cause I ain't gonna stop for directions Not to Mexico
Na na na na na
Makin' a run to Mexico
Na na na na na
Makin' a run to Mexico
Could you, oh oh Come on, baby, don't you wanna go
I gotta get away
And every time the phone rings
It scares me to death Saw my face in the paper today
I don't wanna hear the stories
About your mama and papa
No, I don't wanna hear you cry For me there's no second chance right now
It's the F. B. fucking Na na na na na
Na na na na na
Makin' a run to Mexico
Na na na na na
Ooh yeah Makin' a run to Mexico
Na na na na na
Makin' a run to Mexico
Na na na na na
My life goes on in Mexico
Mexico In Mexico
In Mexico

In Mexico
In Mexico
In MexicoMexico
Yeah
In Mexico
In MexicoMexico
In Mexico
In Mexico
In Mexico

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