

# Mexican Radio

## Wall of Voodoo

I feel a hot wind on my shoulder  
And the touch of a world that is older  
I turn the switch and check the number  
I leave it on when in bed I slumber  
I hear the rhythms of the music  
I buy the product and never use it  
I hear the talking of the DJ

Can't understand just what does he say?I'm on a mexican radio. I'm on a Mexican - whoah - radioI dial it in and  
tune the station

They talk about the U.S. inflation  
I understand just a little

No comprende, it's a riddleI'm on a mexican radio. I'm on a Mexican, whoa-Oh, radio  
I'm on a mexican radio. I'm on a Mexican, whoa-Oh, radioI wish I was in Tijuana

Eating barbequed iguana  
I'd take requests on the telephone  
I'm on a wavelength far from home  
I feel a hot wind on my shoulder  
I dial it in from south of the border  
I hear the talking of the DJ

Can't understand just what does he say?I'm on a mexican radio. I'm on a Mexican, whoa-Oh, radio  
I'm on a mexican radio. I'm on a Mexican, whoa-Oh, radioRadio radio... Radio radio... Radio radio...

I'm on a mexican radio. I'm on a Mexican, whoa-Oh, radio  
I'm on a mexican radio. I'm on a Mexican, whoa-Oh, radio  
Radio radio... What does he say ?

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