

# Old Mexico

Steve Sloan

Girl, I don't have a lot of money you see  
Sure I play a little guitar, but I barely sing  
The one thing I wish this Christmas Eve  
Is you'd fall in love with me  
Girl, I'm no coffee shop poet at all  
I wrote you that note on a napkin, you still haven't call  
So pack up your bags and I'll grab the keys  
Come run away with me  
Drive out to Old Mexico  
Leave the new world and love like we're dying  
If you want snow, I'll make snow  
Block the sun stop, stop the desert from drying  
I'll never stop trying and maybe when midnight is here  
You'll kiss me like you did last year  
Boy, I don't need a lot of money you see

You know your old beat up guitar is my favorite thing about you  
I want you, all your terrible things  
I want you this Christmas Eve  
Drive out to Old Mexico  
Leave the new world and love like we're dying  
If you want snow, I'll make snow  
Block the sun stop, stop the desert from drying  
I'll never stop trying and maybe when midnight is here  
You'll kiss me like you did last year  
La La La La La La La  
La La La La La La La La  
La La La La La La La  
La La La La La La La La  
And maybe when midnight is here  
Baby, when midnight is here  
You'll kiss me like you did last yea

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