

# 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  
And maybe when midnight is here  
    Baby, when midnight is here  
    You'll kiss me like you did last yea

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