

# Tijuana Moon

**Tim Buckley**

The padre told me all the hymns were born  
Out of the saxophone  
And I went down to face them all  
Beneath the Tijuana moon I saw [Incomprehensible]  
Two broken lovers strong and strewn  
I drank myself into a dream  
About the Tijuana moon Tijuana moon, my daddy, Tijuana moon  
Oh my darlin', Tijuana moon  
Lord, my daddy, Tijuana moon Tijuana  
Tijuana  
Tijuana You can keep the Texas blues  
Tequila and the burning stone  
But my amigo had nothing good  
Against the Tijuana moon Tijuana moon, talk about, daddy  
Tijuana moon, talk about lovin'  
Tijuana moon, talk about, daddy  
Tijuana moon Tijuana moon  
Tijuana moon  
Tijuana moon  
Tijuana moon  
Tijuana moon

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