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 moonI saw [Incomprehensible]
Two broken lovers strong and strewn
I drank myself into a dream
About the Tijuana moonTijuana moon, my daddy, Tijuana moon
Oh my darlin', Tijuana moon
Lord, my daddy, Tijuana moonTijuana
Tijuana
TijuanaYou can keep the Texas blues
Tequila and the burning stone
But my amigo had nothing good
Against the Tijuana moonTijuana moon, talk about, daddy
Tijuana moon, talk about lovin'
Tijuana moon, talk about, daddy
Tijuana moonTijuana moon
Tijuana moon
Tijuana moon
Tijuana moon
Tijuana moon

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