Nada

The Refreshments

I see the lightning from the storm down in Mexico
And I see my speedometer doesn't work
I cross the desert and disappear into the tumbleweeds
I tip the bottle and bite the limeI hear the thunder from the storm down in Mexico
And I leave the border far behind
I feel the dust coat my teeth and turn my sweat to mud
I tip the bottle and bite the limeThere ain't no moral to this story at all
Anything I tell you very well could be a lie
I've been away from the living, I don't need to be forgiven
I'm just waiting for that cold black soul of mineTo come alive
I feel the wind blow from the storm down in Mexico
Gasoline for another hundred miles
I cross the river and leave my shoes up on the other sideI tip the bottle and bite the lime
There ain't no moral to this story at all
Anything I tell you very well could be a lie
Been away from the living, I don't need to be forgivenI'm just waiting for that cold black sun-cracked soul of mine
To come alive
Come alive, yeah
Well, I feel the rain drops from the storm down in MexicoTruck will go no further, out of gas
I walk through the desert past the lizard and rattlesnake
I tip the bottle and bite the lime
There ain't no moral to this story at allAnything I tell you very well could be a lie
There ain't no morals to these stories at all
And everything I tell you, you can bet will be a lie
I been away from the living, I don't need to be forgivenI'm just waiting for that cold black sun-cracked numb-inside soul of mine
To come alive
Come alive, come alive
Come alive.

Songwriters
BLUSH, BRIAN DAVID/CLYNE, ROGER MEADE/EDWARDS, ARTHUR BUDDY/NAFFAH, PAUL H.Published by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/