

Rosa's Cantina

Deep Purple

Going to Rosa's Cantina
Going to Rosa's Cantina
Hoping that she's still there
Going to Rosa's Cantina Might have been
the dust in my eyes
the dust in my eyes Could have been the neon cactus
Lighting up the desert sky
Must have been
the dust in my eyes Some would call it suicide
Some would call it suicide
I would call it paradise
Some would call it suicide Dancing on the table
Dancing on the table
Dancing on the table
when she's
drunker than she's able
Dancing on the table Some would call it suicide
I would call it paradise
Some would call it suicide
Hell on earth Is she right is she wrong
Will she sing another song
Wicked as it seems
right now Rosa wants her baby back
Rosa wants her baby back
Since he's gone she's losing track
Rosa wants her baby back
Careful with that cadillac
Careful with that cadillac
Careful with that cadillac

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