

Margarita

Traveling Wilburys

Margarita, ah
Margarita, ah It was in Pittsburgh late one night
I lost my hat, got into a fight
I rolled and tumbled till I saw the light
Went to the big apple, took a bite Still, the sun went down your way
Down from the blue into the gray
Where I stood, I saw you walk away
You danced away I asked her what we're gonna do tonight
She said, "Cahuenga langa-lang-a-shoe box soup"
We better keep tryin' till we get it right
Tala mala sheela jaipur dhoop

Songwriters

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