Strange Day In Mexico

The Clintons

Last we left our hero he was standing all alone
At an ATM machine
They were both very out of order
Quite predictably that picture that had been painted of the morning
It had begun to crack and peel
A photo finish of surrealIs it true that we are nothing more than boxes sitting in the basement?
And the more that we keep looking
The harder we are to find
But the record keeps on spinning while the volume's way down
The needle takes its time
Falling in and out of lineIt's been a
A strange day in Mexico
A strange day in MexicoWell it's been a
A strange day in Mexico
A strange dayAre we that dull
That all the things that we used to do
Is never what we wanted to but ces la vie
And so it all goes until we think something is missing again
Our hero looks out of the bubble
And he pours himself another
And the wonder starts to fade away
From the outside looking in
From the outside lookin'We have a tendency to hide behind obscurity
But everyone's so beautiful
Why do we hide at all?
When you get to where you need to be
Won't you drop me a line
If the music's out of tune
At least I hope you like the viewIt's been a
A strange day in Mexico
A strange day in MexicoWell it's been a
A strange day in Mexico
A strange day in MexicoWell it's been a
A strange day in Mexico
Why is this stuff always happenin' to me?Well it's been a
A strange day in MexicoSuch a strange ol' day
Such a strange dayEverybody, everybody
Celebrate the good times
Champagne for everyone, but I'm not buying.Well it's been a

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Such a strange ol' day

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