

# Mexico

## Hedley

This home, these lights,  
A vision of my destruction.  
This life of mine,  
A prison of my construction. So with my hands in my pockets and a hole in my soul,  
Burn this house to the ground and hit the road  
Say oh Lord, here we go!  
I'm makin' my way down to Mexico. (Oh! Oh! Mexico!) This heart, these lies,  
Decisions of my destruction.  
Across the lines,  
No limit to my corruption. So with my hands in my pockets and a hole in my soul,  
Burn this house to the ground and hit the road  
Say oh Lord, here we go!  
I'm makin' my way down to Mexico. (Oh! Oh! Mexico!)  
(Oh! Oh! Mexico!) Before I die,  
I smile like I'm jokin'.  
But I'm still alive,  
Wide-eyed and chokin'. So with my hands in my pocket and a hole in my soul,  
Burn this house to the ground and hit the road  
Sayin' oh Lord, here we go!  
I'm makin' my way down to Mexico. (Oh! Oh! Mexico!)  
(Oh! Oh! Mexico!)  
(Oh! Oh! Mexico!)  
(Oh! Oh! Mexico!)

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