

# Run To Mexico

## The Babys

Come on, baby, don't you wanna go  
I could take you there  
You could get what you want in the south  
You could let down your hair I said do you, don't you, will you won't you?  
Baby, won't you please let me know  
I ain't talkin' 'bout Chicago  
I'm talkin' about Mexico Na na na na na  
Na na na na na  
Makin' a run for Mexico  
Makin' a run for Mexico  
Could you Come on, baby, 'cause I got to know  
The law is after me  
I killed a man in a bar last night  
There was no other way it could be While the air in this joint could be cut with a knife  
As the jukebox got rotten selections  
Bring a compass and some money for gas  
'Cause I ain't gonna stop for directions Not to Mexico  
Na na na na na  
Makin' a run to Mexico  
Na na na na na  
Makin' a run to Mexico  
Could you, oh oh Come on, baby, don't you wanna go  
I gotta get away  
And every time the phone rings  
It scares me to death Saw my face in the paper today  
I don't wanna hear the stories  
About your mama and papa  
No, I don't wanna hear you cry For me there's no second chance right now  
It's the F. B. fucking Na na na na na  
Na na na na na  
Makin' a run to Mexico  
Na na na na na  
Ooh yeah Makin' a run to Mexico  
Na na na na na  
Makin' a run to Mexico  
Na na na na na  
My life goes on in Mexico  
Mexico In Mexico  
In Mexico

In Mexico  
In Mexico  
In MexicoMexico  
Yeah  
In Mexico  
In MexicoMexico  
In Mexico  
In Mexico  
In Mexico

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