

Mexico

James Taylor

Way down here, you need a reason to move. Feel a fool running your stateside games.

Lose your load, leave your mind behind, Baby James.

Woh, Mexico, it sounds so simple, I just got to go.

The sun's so hot I forgot to go home, guess I'll have to go now.

"Americano" got the sleepy eye but his body's still shaking like a live wire.

Sleepy senorita with the eyes on fire.

Woh, Mexico. It sounds so sweet with the sun sinking low.

Moon's so bright, like to light up the night, make everything all right.

Baby's hungry and the money's all gone.

The folks back home don't want to talk on the phone.

She gets a long letter, sends back a postcard, times are hard.

Woh, down in Mexico, I never really been so I don't really know.

And oh, Mexico, I guess I'll have to go.

Woh, Mexico, I never really been so I don't really know.

And oh, Mexico, I guess I'll have to go now.

Talking bout Mexico. Big ol' honkey-tonk down in Mexico.

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