Mexican Radio

Stan Ridgway

I feel a hot wind on my shoulder
And the touch of a world that is older
Turn the switch and check the number
Leave it on when in bed I slumber
I hear the rhythms of the music
I buy the product and never use it
I hear the talking of the DJ
Can't understand just what does he say?

[Chorus: x2]
I'm on a Mexican radio
I'm on a Mexican radio
I dial it and tune the station
They talk about the U.S. inflation
I understand just a little
No comprende-it's a riddle

I wish I was in Tijuana
Eating barbecued iguana
I'd take requests on the telephone
I'm on a wavelength far from home
I feel a hot wind on my shoulder
I dial it in from south of the border
I hear the talking of the DJ
Can't understand just what does he say?

[Chorus]

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