

Goin' Down To Mexico

ZZ Top

I was on my way down to Mexico
There was trouble on the rise
It was nothing more than I'd left behind
Which was much to my surprise I turned around and lit a cigarette
Wiped the dust off of my boots
When up ahead I saw the crowd
I knew it was no use
It's been the same way for, oh so long
It looks like I'm singing the same old song A fine and fancy man was he
Doing good things for the poor
Givin' rides in his rockin' eighty-eight for free
They could not hope for more When it came my turn he said to me
"Have I seen your face before?"
I said, "Oh no, you must be wrong
I'm from a distant shore"
So if you don't mind, I'll just move along
But it looks like I'm singin' the same old song A nineteen forty movie star
With a long forgotten name
She was a sexy mess in her pleated dress
Still hangin' on to fame With forgotten lines she missed her cue
And left a glass of wine at home
She was singin' the same song that I was
Could we both be wrong?
So hand in hand, we walked along
Each of us singin' the same old song

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