

Margarita

The Traveling Wilburys

Margarita, ah
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Ooh It was in Pittsburgh late one night
I lost my hat, got into a fight
I rolled and tumbled till I saw the light
Went to the big apple, took a bite Still the sun went down your way
Down from the blue into the gray
Where I stood, I saw you walk away
You danced away I asked her what we're gonna do tonight
She said, "Cahuenga Langa-Langa-shoe box soup"
We better keep tryin' till we get it right
Tala mala sheela jaipur dhoop She wrote a long letter on short piece of paper
Oh Margarita, don't stay away too long
Come on home
Oh Margarita, don't say you will when you won't
Margarita

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