

Tijuana Jail

The Kingston Trio

Welcome to salvation,
My tequila's my companion for this evening of oblivion
Everyone around me, kinda bores me,
It makes me lonely with the friends I never had
Packing up my Mustang 'cause this city has no heart,
It sucks you in and spits you out
Patiently I'm seeking my destination is unknown,
I followed the road down to Mexico

Sorry Mr. Officer I think you got it wrong,
I'm just a lonely ol' Texas boy and I wanna get on home
He smiled and said "Senor you're not in Texas anymore"
Send my love to my home but send my mail to a Tijuana Jail

Staring at the ceiling of my jail cell it's my home,
At least for now, it seems like forever
Sleeping on the floor with the rats, crawling up my ass,
I'm gonna kill that officer

Sorry Mr. Officer but I'm gonna get revenge,
On this side of the border twenty pesos gets you dead

He smiled and said "Senor I think I'll drink to your threats"
Send my love to my home, but sent my mail to a Tijuana Jail

In my destitution suicides a solution,
But I'm a gambler, and I'm not cashed in
The sun is going down and my problems will be solved by dawn, but not by justice
I smelled liquor on his breath, I knew this is my last chance,
I begged give a dying man his last drink
He handed me a glass with just the worm and he laughed
I pulled a switchblade from my boot and shoved it in his throat

Sorry Mr. Officer I think you got it wrong,
I'm a lonely ol' Texas boy and I wanna get on home

He smiled and said "Senor you're not in Texas anymore"
Send my love to my home but send my mail to a Texas Jail.

written by Clarke, Gilby
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