

Mexico

Jimmy Buffett

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 Oh, Mexico
It sounds so simple, I just got to go
The sun's so hot, I forgot to go home
I guess I'll have to go now Americano's got the sleepy eyes
But his body's still shakin' like a live wire
Senorita with her eyes on fire
Don't you know Oh, Mexico
It sounds so sweet with the sun sinkin' low
The moon so bright likes to light up the night
Make everything alright 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 and sends back a postcard
Times are hard Oh, down in Mexico
I've never really been, so I don't really know
Oh, Mexico
I guess I'll have to go now Oh, Mexico
I've never really been but I'd sure like to go
Oh Mexico
I guess I'll have to go now Talkin' 'bout Mexico
Little honkey tonk out in Mexico
South of Margaritaville, I've been told Andale, Andale, vamonos
Oh, yeah, let's load this cast of characters
On that boat and head south
Oh, yeah we got a wind at our back
Smooth sailin' all the way
We got old Nordstrom, he's our chef
He's down in that galley cookin' up a Barometer Soup for us We gotta stop at our offshore Bank of Bad Habits
And make a deposit or a withdrawal
I don't know which one, y'know
We're goin' down to the land of the Mayans
Yeah, they were here long before the cavemen were
Cavemen in blue jeans oh, excuse me, that's not Politically Correct
That's cave persons in blue jeans
Skip, Wiley and Skink, we may run into them
Up to no good down there Watch out for those barefoot children
Stompin' around in those puddles

Oh, yeah, and that remittance man
He's just goin' round and round
He may run into 'ol Frank Bama
Cruisin' around in the Hemisphere Dancer
I don't know, I might have my Long Board down there

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