

# Mexico

## Chely Wright

Hmmm  
I wait on tables here  
Ain't quite how I planned it  
Pay's not that great  
But I do alright in tips I took the job to get me by  
When my husband left me stranded  
I still don't know just  
Where the hell he is After dark  
Six nights a week  
I pull this apron snug  
Glanced up at a dusty TV  
Blaring local news  
Then I'm everybody's best friend  
Dealing coffee like a drug  
The whole place smells  
Like fries and diesel fuel Every shift is different  
And every shift's the same  
Someone's driving to the Promised Land  
Or they're running from the pain It's mostly long-haul truckers,  
Runaways and thieves  
Everybody's got somewhere to go  
They all stop here  
On the way to Mexico I still think about that gal  
Who came from Tucumcari  
Off to find her sister  
That she just found out she has  
And those young lovers  
On the run  
She wasn't old enough to marry  
Then the cop showed up  
With one really pissed off dad Every shift is different  
And every shift's the same  
Someone's driving to the Promised Land  
Or they're running from the pain It's mostly long-haul truckers,  
Runaways and thieves  
Everybody's got somewhere to go  
They all stop here  
On the way to Mexico With each passing of a season  
I wonder if I'm stuck

Or maybe I'm waiting for a reason  
Or a helping of good luck It's mostly long-haul truckers,  
Runaways and me  
Maybe I'll head south again  
Who knows  
We all stop here  
On our way to Mexico  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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