

# Mexican Home

[Omar Torrez](#)

Well it got so hot, last night I swear, you couldn't hardly breathe  
Heat a lightning burnt the sky like alcohol  
I sat on the porch without my shoes and I watched the cars roll by  
As the headlights raced to the corner of the kitchen wall  
Well mama dear your boy is here, far across the sea  
Waiting for that sacred core that burns inside of me  
And I feel a storm all wet and warm not ten miles away  
Approaching my Mexican home  
Well my God I cried, it's so hot inside, you could die in the living room  
Take the fan from the window, prop the door back with a broom  
Well the cuckoo clock has died of shock and the windows feel no pane  
The air's as still as the throttle on a funeral train  
Well mama dear your boy is here, far across the sea  
Waiting for that sacred core that burns inside of me  
And I feel a storm all wet and warm not ten miles away  
Approaching my Mexican home  
My father died on the porch outside on an August afternoon  
I sipped bourbon and cried with a friend by the light of the moon  
So it's hurry, hurry, step right up, it's a matter of a life or death  
Well the sun is going down and the moon is just holding its breath  
Well mama dear your boy is here, far across the sea  
Waiting for that sacred core, that burns inside of me  
And I feel a storm all wet and warm not ten miles away  
Approaching my Mexican home, all approaching my Mexican home  
All approaching my Mexican home

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