Mexican Home

John Prine

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 wallWell 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 homeWell 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 trainWell 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 homeMy 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 breathWell 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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