

Mexican Blackbird

ZZ Top

If you're down in Acuna
And you ain't up to being alone
Don't spend all your money
On just any honey that's grown
Go find the Mexican blackbird
And send all your troubles back home They all call her her, "Putita"
'Cause no one really knows her name
She works the cantina
Dancin' and a-lovin' her trade
Her mama was Mez'can
And her daddy was the ace of spades Oh, let's drive that old Chrysler down to Mexico, boy
Said, keep your hands on the wheel there
Oh, it sure is fine, ain't it?
Now, ya got it
Hand me another one of them brews from back there
Oh, this is gonna be so good She's hot as a pepper
But smooth as a Mexican brew
So head for the border
And put in an order or two
The wings of the blackbird
Will spread like an eagle for you Oh, one more time
Can you roll me another Bull Durham, please?
Can't you do it with one hand, boy?

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