Mexico

Vicci Martinez

One more promise soaked in rye whiskey
One more word that bites the dust on some bar room floor
I'm the man who travels 'round doing...
Hey, we don't talk about that
I'll get the favor done for you
No one will ever know
Then I'll run to mexico
Cold as stone my eyes fall on another
Just another name that's runnin' through my mind
At your request I'll do whatever you require
You give me the light, I supply the fire
Then I'll burn for mexico
Pretty senorita, she lies to me

Smiles sweetly in the morning when I wake up cold sweating
'cause some day I'll be in the sights
One more call when someone finds a target
Only guarded whispers never mentions names
Money on the line will be just fine...
You'll never be involved
And even if a clue shows you'll never know
'cause I'll be in mexico
(written by nazareth)
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