

# Lost Paraguayos

Rod Stewart

Darling I hate to tell you but I think I'm catching a cold  
Put another chair on the fire bring the bottle over here  
I feel I'm getting old  
I like your laugh and a hot romance  
And your orn'ry sense of humor  
But if it rains again like it did today  
I'm gonna have to leave a little bit sooner  
Got to get me some South America sun  
Honey don't even ask me if  
you can come along  
Down at the border you need to be older  
And you sure don't look like my daughter  
Your ridiculous age, start a state outrage  
And I'll end up in a Mexican jail  
Darling please don't cry you know I wouldn't tell you no lie  
Look over there  
Oh my God don't look now  
But it appears to be raining again  
Get upstairs pack my book of prayers  
Honey hurry I'm catching pneumonia  
I gotta move while I'm in the mood  
Or I'll disappear into that wall  
Darling please don't curse  
It really couldn't be any worse  
Say I'm a sun fanatic but it's dark in your attic  
And your cat sleeps over my head  
I know I'm not a football star  
But I want to little better than that  
So I'm much obliged for the pure white ride  
And a cup of tea every morning  
I'll say goodbye, look your man in the eye  
You know I wouldn't tell you no lie  
Got to get me some South America sun  
So after all, I'll see you in the fall  
On a brand new day, brand new way  
Goodbye honey, goodbye honey  
Goodbye honey, it ain't funny  
Goodbye honey, I know it ain't funny

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