

Mexican Guitars

The Menzingers

You were an old friend
The kind I could confide in
And drink with on random neighbors' porch steps
Our glossy eyes painted portraits of the streets
You were an old friend
That covered up your innocence
With five tattoos of all the bands you loved in high school
The ones you said that I had to listen to all the time I did what I did to get away from this
Cause everything that's happened has left me a total wreck
And everything that I do now is meaningless
So I'm off to wander around the world for a little bit
Without one hundred channels with nothing on the TV
And the great pessimistic unknown So does anyone know the best way to go?
Which road that I could take to get to Mexico?
Cause I'm so sick of living in this ditch
With only the memory in the back of my head
I'm on cruise control and the radio was on
Yeah, they were playing that song
That we both learned on our Mexican guitars
I'm on cruise control and the radio was on
They were playing that song
That we both learned on our Mexican guitars
You were my old friend

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