

# Speedy Gonzales

Pat Boone

It was a moonlit night in old Mexico  
I walked alone between some old adobe haciendas.  
Suddenly, I heard the plaintive cry of a young Mexican girl

You better come home, Speedy Gonzales  
Away from tannery row  
Stop alla your a-drinkin'  
With that floozie named Flo

Come on home to your adobe  
And slap some mud on the wall  
The roof is leakin' like a strainer  
There's loadsa roaches in the hall

Speedy Gonzales  
Why don'tcha come home?  
Speedy Gonzales  
How come ya leave me all alone?

Hey, Rosita-I hafta go shopping downtown for my mudder  
She needs some tortillas and chili peppers

Your doggy's gonna have a puppy  
And we're runnin' outta coke  
No enchiladas in the icebox  
And the television's broke

I saw some lipstick on your sweatshirt  
I smelled some perfume in your ear  
Well, if you're gonna keep on messin'  
Don't bring your business back a-here

Speedy Gonzales  
Why don'tcha come home?  
Speedy Gonzales  
How come ya leave me all alone?

Hey, Rosita-come quick, down at the canteena  
They giving green stamps with tequila