

Mexico

12 Rods

The cutest thing I've found
Lies beneath my arms
Lies beneath my toes
It lies
But now it's good to know
She speaks in Mexico
Maybe behind her voice
She'll follow

I know she loves to see
Her being filled with me
In every way
But I'm not there

But now that I am told
That deep in Mexico
There's a voice
That's all her own

Stolen goods to find
From deep inside my mind invited
Breeding ground of shame

Never go to Mexico

I laugh because I cry

Now she's good to go
To lie in Mexico
It's her need
That made me sick

She's never coming back to me