

# I Don't Know What She Said

Blaine Larsen

No hablo español  
Was all I knew of the local lingo  
That old pocket guide to Mexico  
Wasn't much help to this out of place Gringo  
When I checked into my motel room  
Was helped by a brown-eyed senorita  
She said, Buen venidos, Señor  
Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah  
Como estas, Buenos días

I don't know what she said  
But I sure liked the way that she said it  
A little voice in my head said  
Boy, you won't ever forget it  
They say that Spanish is the language of love  
Well, I love the way that it rolled off her tongue  
I don't know what she said  
But I sure liked the way that she said it

As I followed her down the hallway  
I was trying my best not to stare  
The angel before me was a rare beauty indeed  
Jay-Lo had nothing on her  
She winked and she smiled at me sweetly  
Said, Señor, aquí esta su mas vez  
Muy guapo, and something bout ho ho's  
And I thought, oh, baby, whatever you say

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Later that evening in a local cantina  
A Mariachi band was playing  
She held me close so her body would know  
That my body knew what she was saying

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No, I don't know what she said  
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