

South of the Border (Down Mexico Way)

Chris Isaak

South of the border, down Mexico way.
That's where I fell in love where stars above, came out to play
. . .
And now as I wonder, my thoughts ever stray.
South of the border, down Mexico way.

She was a picture, in old spanish ways.
Just for a tender while I kissed the smile, upon her face.
For it was fiesta, and love had it's day.
South of the border, down Mexico way.

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay (Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay)
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay (Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay)

Then she sighed as she whispered manyana, never dreaming that we were parting.
And I lied as I whispered manyana, for our tomorrow never came.

South of the border, I rode back one day.
There in a veil of white by candlelight, she kneeled to pray.
The mission bells told me, that I shouldn't stay.
South of the border, down Mexico way.

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay (Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay)
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay (Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay)
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay (Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay)
Good bye good bye.