

La Paloma

Chuck Prophet

Nowhere to run
Pick a direction
Chinese New Year
I spied that Dragon
I chased him off
In a stolen Lexus
Rode across the plains
Through the state of Texas
Now I'm drinking ice tea
Back at the hotel
Tarheel Boogie
Got a western on the cable
"Let's make him talk"
I think that's what he said
I blinked my eyes
And turned around
Now that mother's dead

La Paloma, La Paloma
Left my burden in California
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She's got long brown hair
Tied in a ribbon
When she holds me in her arms
I'm betrayed and forgiven
Sand in my shoes
Salt on my tongue
Gonna lay my burden down
'Neath the Mexican sun
Alright

Smugglers, vets
Cheap housing
Waves breaking
Right and left
Purple mountains
Pack up the kids
Ffill up a sack
Catch ya next Christmas
If I ever get you back
Alright

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