

## This Is My Year For Mexico

Crystal Gayle

You no longer notice if I'm wearin' perfume  
I seldom hear a lovin' word from you  
Your attention's wrapped up in the mornin' paper  
And I feel a restless yearning' for somethin' new.

We used to whisper love across the nighttime  
Now we never whisper nor recall  
Our love is left upon the shelf of winter  
Where the sunlight never touches it at all.

It's a habit for us to be together  
We sit and watch the deadly shadows grow  
Every day last year I left for California  
This is my year for Mexico.

Your back is turned to me while you are reading  
I close my eyes while I pretend to doze  
From the road I hear the sound of passing traffic  
Some of them are bound for Mexico.

It's a habit for us to be together  
We sit and watch the deadly shadows grow  
Every day last year I left for California  
This is my year for Mexico.