

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.

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