

Sweet Lola

Dean Brody

I was walking in a midnight market
Through the shanties outside Juarez
She had a flower in her hair and the band filled the air
As we danced on the day of the dead

She said boy don't you know I am Lola
And I belong to the local cartel
A tear filled her eye as she kissed me goodbye
And two federales they tossed me in jail

Tonight I'm in a Mexican prison
My cell mate is making a knife
Oh but all I can think of is her crying eyes
And how to make sweet Lola mine
Oh how to make sweet Lola mine

I had come there a backpack traveler
With two crazy Canadian friends
Billy and Jack, yeah we go way back
But they laughed and they waved as my paddy wagon left

I thought well damn ya boys, I'll dream of Lola
And her big auburn innocent eyes
They can break all my fingers till none of them lingers
But I'll still make sweet Lola mine

Tonight I'm in a Mexican prison
My cell mate is making a knife
Oh but all I can think of is her crying eyes
And how to make sweet Lola mine
Oh how to make sweet Lola mine

My cell mate he drew a finger across his throat
I thought well this is the end
Aw but Billy and jack they'd bought a burly little ass
And that donkey broke the bars from that cement
And on that donkey the three of us we fled

Tonight I'm breaking out of a prison
Yeah we're making a run for our lives
Oh but all I can think of is her crying eyes
And how to make sweet Lola mine
Oh tonight I make sweet Lola mine
If we can get out of Juarez alive