

# Margarita

Gilby Clarke

I ain't the talking type  
Down at the bar tonight  
Drinking off my former lovers  
In the melancholy darkened room  
I smelled your cheap perfume  
An angel in Latin bartender

Chorus

Margarita - sweeter than all the others  
Margarita - spilled you under the covers  
Margarita - you go down smooth, like a shot of gold Patron

Can't spend the night together  
I fear you'll tell your brother  
What you lost I couldn't borrow  
In all the ecstasy, you grabbed your rosary  
Ask forgiveness tomorrow