

# Mexican Home

John Prine

It got so hot, last night, I swear  
You couldn't hardly breathe  
Heat lightning burnt the sky like alcohol  
I sat on the porch without my shoes  
And I watched the cars roll by  
As the headlights raced  
To the corner of the kitchen wall.

Mama dear  
Your boy is here  
Far across the sea  
Waiting for  
That sacred core  
That burns inside of me  
And I feel a storm  
All wet and warm  
Not ten miles away  
Approaching  
My Mexican home.

My God! I cried, it's so hot inside  
You could die in the living room  
Take the fan from the window  
Prop the door back with a broom  
The cuckoo clock has died of shock  
And the windows feel no pane  
The air's as still  
As the throttle on a funeral train.

Mama dear  
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Far across the sea  
Waiting for  
That sacred core  
That burns inside of me  
And I feel a storm  
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My father died on the porch outside  
On an August afternoon  
I sipped bourbon and cried  
With a friend by the light of the moon  
So its hurry! hurry! Step right up  
It's a matter of life or death  
The sun is going down  
And the moon is just holding its breath.

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Waiting for  
That sacred core  
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All wet and warm  
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