

Speedy Gonzales

Pat Boone

It was a moonlit night in old Mexico
I walked alone between some old adobe haciendas.
Suddenly, I heard the plaintive cry of a young Mexican girl

You better come home, Speedy Gonzales
Away from tannery row
Stop alla your a-drinkin'
With that floozie named Flo

Come on home to your adobe
And slap some mud on the wall
The roof is leakin' like a strainer
There's loadsa roaches in the hall

Speedy Gonzales
Why don'tcha come home?
Speedy Gonzales
How come ya leave me all alone?

Hey, Rosita-I hafta go shopping downtown for my mudder
She needs some tortillas and chili peppers

Your doggy's gonna have a puppy
And we're runnin' outta coke
No enchiladas in the icebox
And the television's broke

I saw some lipstick on your sweatshirt
I smelled some perfume in your ear
Well, if you're gonna keep on messin'
Don't bring your business back a-here

Speedy Gonzales
Why don'tcha come home?
Speedy Gonzales
How come ya leave me all alone?

Hey, Rosita-come quick, down at the canteena
They giving green stamps with tequila