

Mexico

Sammy Hagar

I wanna, I wanna (oh oh)
Go to Mexico

A dusty road made of cobblestone
The sun goes down, you're here alone
The day is hot, the night gets hotter
Don't you quench your thirst on the local water, oh no

Yeah, the music suite like a cool [Santana]
You wring your sweat from your red bandana
Like a flash from the past to the pale green coast
This ain't Hollywood, this is Mexico

I think I'm going down

I wanna, I wanna (oh oh)
Go to Mexico
There's a time to stay, there's a time to go home
I wanna, I wanna (oh oh)
Go to Mexico
You cross the borderline with your best fandango

(Oh.....I wanna, oh oh go away oh, Mexico)
I really wanna go now
(Oh.....I wanna, oh oh go away oh, Mexico)

I wanna, I wanna, go to Mexico
I wanna, I wanna, go to Mexico
I wanna, I wanna, go to Mexico
I wanna, I wanna, go to Mexico

(Oh.....I wanna, oh oh go away oh, Mexico)
I really wanna go now

A smokey room señorita
Spinning around on straight tequila
It's all too fast when you're moving slow
This ain't Hollywood, this is Mexico

And my head is spinning 'round

I wanna, I wanna (oh oh)
Go to Mexico
There's a time to stay, there's a time to go home
I wanna, I wanna (oh oh)
Go to Mexico
You cross the borderline with your best fandango

I wanna, I wanna (oh oh)
Go to Mexico
I wanna, I wanna (oh oh)
Go to Mexico
I wanna, I wanna (oh oh)
Go to Mexico

I wanna, I wanna (oh oh)
Go to Mexico

I really wanna go now
I wanna, I wanna (oh oh)
Go to Mexico
Cross the borderline