

# 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