Juanita came to me last night and she cried over and over. Ooh, daddy I love you, you know and I think it's the moonlight.

She looked so fine, well she looked alright and she moaned, ooh daddy, move over. Oh, baby you know what I like and I think it's the moonlight.

Made in Mexico, schooled in France ooh, la lovin' she needed no teachin'. Oh, man I can say international way I believe in.

R:Mexican girl don't leave me alone.
I gotta heart a big as a stone.
And I need you believe me to be here and love me tonight.
Mexican girl I want you to stay.
You know my heart is longing to say.
That as long as I live I will allways remember the one that I called my Mexican girl.

Her skin was soft as the velvet sky and her hair it shone in the moonlight. And as the music did play well the night turned to day and I held her tight.

Then she looked at me with her dark brown eyes and she whispered - Hasta la vista.

Well I don't know what that means,
but it sounded so good so I kissed her.

R: