

Just when I say  
"Boy we can't miss  
You are golden"  
Then you do this  
You say this guy is so cool  
snapping his fingers like a fool  
One more expensive kiss-off  
Who do you think I am?  
Lord I know you're a special friend  
But you don't seem to understand  
We got heavy rollers  
I think you should know  
Try again tomorrow

Can't you see they're laughing at me  
Get rid off him  
I don't care what you do at home  
Would you care to explain

Who is the gaucha amigo  
Why is he standing  
In your spangled leather poncho  
And your alligator shoes  
Bodacious cowboys  
Such as your friend  
Will never be welcome here  
High in the Custerdome

What I tell you  
Back down the line  
I'll scratch your back  
You can scratch mine  
No he can't sleep on the floor  
What do you think I'm yelling for  
I'll drop him near the freeway  
Doesn't he have a home

Lord I know you're a special friend  
But you refuse to understand  
You're a nasty schoolboy  
With no place to go  
Try again tomorrow

Don't tell me he'll wait in the car  
Look at you  
Holding hands with the man from Rio  
Would you care to explain

Who is the gaucha amigo  
Why is he standing  
In your spangled leather poncho  
With the studs that match your eyes  
Bodacious cowboys  
Such as your friend  
Will never be welcome here  
High in the Custerdome