

She lives in a bungalow
She kills me with rose garden thorns
She waits for me
My love is unusual
it's painted with roses and thorns
with her I'm complete

R: She lives by the wall
And waits by the door
She walks in the sun
To me
She lives by the wall
And waits by the door
She walks in the sun
To me

Visions of Mexico seduce me
it goes to my head so carefully
Memories of candles and incense
and all of these things...
remember these?

R:

She comforts me when
the candles blow out
The cake has grown mold
but the memories are sweet
The laughter's all gone
but the memories are mine
The Mexican princess is
out of my life