In Mexico

Come on baby don't you wanna go I could take you there You could get what you want in the south You could let down your hair I said do you don't you will you won't you Baby won't you please let me know I ain't talkin' 'bout Chicago I'm talkin' about Mexico Na Makin' a run for Mexico Makin' a run for Mexico Could you Come on baby cause I got to know The law is after me I killed a man in a bar last night There was no other way it could be While the air in this joint could be cut with a knife As the jukebox got rotten selections Bring a compass and some money for gas Cause I ain't gonna stop for directions Not to Mexico Na na na na na Makin' a run to Mexico Na na na na na Makin' a run to Mexico Could you Oh oh Come on baby don't you wanna go I gotta get away And everytime the phone rings It scares me to death Saw my face in the paper today I don't wanna hear the stories About your mama and papa No I don't wanna hear you cry For me there's no second chance right now It's the F. B. fucking I! Na Makin' a run to Mexico Na na na na na Ooh yeah Makin' a run to Mexico Na na na na na Makin' a run to Mexico Na na na na na My life goes on in Mexico Mexico In Mexico In Mexico In Mexico In Mexico In Mexico Mexico Yeah

In Mexico Mexico In Mexico In Mexico In Mexico