

Mexican Radio

Wall of Voodoo

I feel a hot wind on my shoulder
And the touch of a world that is older
I turn the switch and check the number
I leave it on when in bed I slumber

I hear the rhythms of the music
I buy the product and never use it
I hear the talking of the DJ
(Can't understand, just what does he say?)

I'm on a Mexican radio
I'm on a Mexican woh-oh radio

I dial it in and tune the station
They talk about the U.S. inflation
I understand just a little
No comprende, it's a riddle

I'm on a Mexican radio
I'm on a Mexican whoa-oh radio

I wish I was in Tijuana
Eating barbecued iguana
I'd take requests on the telephone
I'm on a wavelength far from my home

I feel a hot wind on my shoulder
I dial it in from south of the border
I hear the talking of the DJ
(Can't understand, just what does he say?)

I'm on a Mexican radio
I'm on a Mexican woh-oh radio
I'm on a Mexican radio
I'm on a Mexican woh-oh radio

Radio
Radio
Radio
Radio
Radio
Radio
Radio
Radio
Radio

I'm on a Mexican radio
I'm on a Mexican woh-oh radio
I'm on a Mexican radio
I'm on a Mexican woh-oh radio

Radio
Radio
(What does he say?)
Radio
Radio
Radio
Radio

Polyo
Radio
Radio
Radio
Radio
Radio
Radio
Radio