

## Goin' Down to Mexico

ZZ Top

I was on my way down to Mexico,  
There was trouble on the rise.  
It was nothing more than I'd left behind,  
Which was much to my surprise.  
I turned around and lit a cigarette  
Wiped the dust off of my boots.  
When up ahead I saw the crowd,  
I knew it was no use.

It's been the same way for Oh so long,  
It looks like I'm singing the same old song.

A fine and fancy man was he,  
Doing good things for the poor.  
Giving rides in his rocking Eighty-eight for free.  
They could not hope for more.  
When it came my turn he said to me,  
"Have I seen your face before?"  
I said, "Oh no, you must be wrong,  
I'm from a distant shore.

So if you don't mind, I'll just move along  
But it looks like I'm singing the same old song."

A Nineteen Forty movie star  
With a long forgotten name.  
She was a sexy mess in her pleated dress,  
Still hanging on to fame.  
With forgotten lines she missed her cue  
And left a glass of wine at home.  
She was singing the same song that I was.  
Could we both be wrong?

So hand in hand we walked along,  
Each of us singing the same old song.