

Blaine Larsen, I Don't Know What She Said

"No ablo Espannol"
Was all I knew of the local lingo.
That old pocket guide to Mexico,
Wasn't much help to this out of place Gringo.
When I checked into my motel room,
Was helped by a brown-eyed senorita:
She said: "Buen venidos, Senor: blah, blah, blah, blah, blah.
"Como esta. Buenos dias."
I don't know what she said,
But I sure liked the way that she said it.
A little voice in my head said:
"Boy you won't ever forget it."
They that Spanish is the language of love,
Well, I love that it rolled off her tongue.
I don't know what she said,
But I sure liked the way that she said it.

As I followed her down the hallway,
I was tryin' my best not to stare.
The angel before me was a rare beauty indeed,
Jay-Lo had nothin' on her.
She winked an' she smiled at me sweetly.
Said: "Senor, a qui esta sou mas vez.
"Muy bappo," an' somethin' 'bout "ho ho's."
An' I thought: "Oh, baby, whatever you say."

I don't know what she said,
But I sure liked the way that she said it.
A little voice in my head said:
"Boy you won't ever forget it."
They that Spanish is the language of love,
Well, I love that it rolled off her tongue.
I don't know what she said,
But I sure liked the way that she said it.

Later that evenin' in a local cantina,
A Mariachi band was playin'.
She held me close so her body would know,
That my body knew what she was sayin'.

I don't know what she said,
But I sure liked the way that she said it.
A little voice in my head said:
"Boy you won't ever forget it."
They that Spanish is the language of love,
Well, I love that it rolled off her tongue.
I don't know what she said,
But I sure liked the way that she said it.
No, I don't know what she said,
But I sure liked the way that she said it.