

Dead Milkmen, Tacoland

There's a place
In San Anton
Where I can go
And not feel alone!

Tacoland
It's a panacea
Tacoland
They're always glad to see ya

You'll understand
When you go
On
Down to Tacoland

When I feel
My world is lost
I go to Tacoland
And I get really tossed!

I wish my band would always pla-a-ay
Tacoland, I want to sta-a-ay

You'll understand
When you go
On
Down to Tacoland

There's a girl with dirty hair
She's got her dress up in the air
She tells a lot of jokes
Hell, she's got a lot to share

Tacoland
We ate a lot of figs
They passed around a bottle
And we took a lot of swigs

It's nature's plan
To go
On
Down to Tacoland

Tacoland
Just three quarters of a mile past the Rockwood exit in beautiful downtown
San Antonio, Texas