

Grateful Dead, Mexicali Blues

Laid back in an old saloon with a peso in my hand,
Just watchin' flies and children on the street.
I catch a glimpse of black-eyed girls who giggle when I smile.
There's a little boy who wants to shine my feet.

And It's three days ride from Bakersfield,
And I don't know why I came.
I guess I came to keep from payin' dues.
So, instead, I've got a bottle and a girl who's just fourteen,
And a damned good case of the Mexicali Blues. Yeh!

Is there anything a man don't stand to lose
When the Devil wants to take it all away?
Cherish well your thoughts and keep a tight grip on your booze
Cause thinkin' and drinkin' are all I have today.

She said her name was Billy Jean and she was fresh in town.
I didn't know a stage-line ran from Hell.
She had raven hair, a ruffled dress, a necklace made of gold,
And all the french perfume you'd care to smell.

She took me up into her room and whispered in my ear,
Go on, my friend, do anything you choose..."
Now I'm payin' for those happy hours I spent there in her arms
With a life-time's worth of Mexicali Blues.

Is there anything a man don't stand to lose
When the Devil wants to take it all away?
Cherish well your thoughts and keep a tight grip on your booze
Cause thinkin' and drinkin' are all I have today.

Then a man rode into town some thought he was the law.
But Billy Jean was waitin' when he came.
She told me he would take her if I didn't use my gun
And I'd have no one but myself to blame.

I went down to those dusty streets--blood was on my mind.
I guess that stranger hadn't heard the news.
Cause I shot first and killed him. Lord, he didn't even draw.
And he made me trade the gallows for the Mexicali Blues.

Is there anything a man don't stand to lose
When he lets a woman hold him in her hand?
You just might find yourself out there on horseback in the dark
Just ridin' and runnin' across those desert sands.