

Incubus, Mexico

You could see me reaching
So why couldn't you have met me half way?
You could see me bleeding
And you would not put pressure on the wound.
You only think about yourself...
You only think about yourself...
You better bend before I go
on the first train to Mexico.
You could see me breathing
And you still kept your hand over my mouth.
You could feel me seething
But you just turned your nose up in the air.
You only think about yourself...
You only think about yourself...
You better bend before I go
on the first train to Mexico.