

Jill Sobule, Mexican Pharmacy

Right across the border
You can almost hear the trumpets playing
Maybe it's the workers who are building up the wall
So take my hand and come with me
Past the guards and tower
No one will ask for your ID
Not with those big blue eyes

La la la la
La la la
La la la
At the Mexican pharmacy
La
La la la
At the Mexican pharmacy

A girl is selling Chiclets
Yellow, pink, and green
We buy some and her brother leads us to the pharmacy
Past stolen book blankets, cheap silver and leather
The pocketbook made from an armadillo
It's nothing you need
Just take us, please
To the Mexican pharmacy

You can dance all night
Or sleep all day
Forget about the girl and your back pain
Rise to the occasion or fade to black
When the bottle's empty, you can always go back

Student needs to stay up
The wife's doctor cuts her off
A man must please his mistress
And I just need to calm down
Tequila is swell, the Corona is cheap
Nothing compares to the pharmacy
A rancher is flying from an old Jeep
And this is so much like love

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