

# 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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