Los Lobos, Route 90

(B. Galow/Leon Rene)

Won't you come along with me
To a land I know
Just take Route 90
Down to Mexico

Fly over California
This land we love
Everything looks tiny
From so high above

Into Arizona
We'll float along
We'll cross the desert
To old Tucson

Then over the state line
To New Mexico
On our wooly bully
Yippee ay ay yo

We'll ride into Texas
The biggest state I know
See the cattle lolling
On the range below

To the gulf of Mexico
We're gonna go
Where the little shrimp boats
Look like toys below

Where the Rio Grande flows
To where I was born
Down below the border
One Christmas morn

Aren't you glad you came with me
So here we go
Flying over the border
To old Mexico