

Pat Boone, Speedy Gonzalez

It was a moonlit night in old Mexico.
I walked alone between some old adobe haciendas.
Suddenly, I heard the plaintive cry of a young Mexican girl.
You better come home, Speedy Gonzales
Away from tannery row
Stop alla your a-drinkin'
With that floozie named Flo
Come on home to your adobe
And slap some mud on the wall
The roof is leakin' like a strainer
There's loadsa roaches in the hall
Speedy Gonzales, why dont you come home?
Speedy Gonzales, how come ya leave me all alone?
"Hey, Rosita-I hafta go shopping downtown
for my mudder-she needs some tortillas and chili peppers."
Your doggy's gonna have a puppy
And we're runnin' outta coke
No enchiladas in the icebox
And the television's broke
I saw some lipstick on your sweatshirt
I smelled some perfume in your ear
Well if you're gonna keep on messin'
Don't bring your business back a-here
Mmm, Speedy Gonzales, why dont you come home?
Speedy Gonzales, how come ya leave me all alone?
"Hey, Rosita-come queek-down at the cantina
they giving green stamps with tequila!!"