

Wall Of Voodoo, Mexican Radio

I feel a hot wind on my shoulder
And the touch of a world that is older
I turn the switch and check the number
I leave it on when in bed I slumber
I hear the rhythms of the music
I buy the product and never use it
I hear the talking of the DJ
Can't understand just what does he say?

I'm on a mexican radio
I'm on a mexican radio

I dial it in and tune the station
They talk about the U.S. inflation
I understand just a little
No comprende, it's a riddle

I'm on a mexican radio
I'm on a mexican radio

I wish I was in Tijuana
Eating barbequed iguana
I'd take requests on the telephone
I'm on a wavelength far from home
I feel a hot wind on my shoulder
I dial it in from south of the border
I hear the talking of the DJ
Can't understand just what does he say?

I'm on a mexican radio
I'm on a mexican radio
I'm on a mexican radio
I'm on a mexican radio

Radio radio...
What does he say ?