

Babys, The, Run To Mexico

Babys, The
Head First
Run To Mexico
Come on baby don't you wanna go
I could take you there
You could get what you want in the south
You could let down your hair
I said do you don't you will you won't you
Baby won't you please let me know
I ain't talkin' 'bout chicago
I'm talkin' about mexico
Na na na na na
Na na na na na
Makin' a run for mexico
Makin' a run for mexico
Could you
Come on baby cause i got to know
The law is after me
I killed a man in a bar last night
There was no other way it could be
While the air in this joint could be cut with a knife
As the jukebox got rotten selections
Bring a compass and some money for gas
Cause i ain't gonna stop for directions
Not to mexico
Na na na na na
Makin' a run to mexico
Na na na na na
Makin' a run to mexico
Could you
Oh oh
Come on baby don't you wanna go
I gotta get away
And everytime the phone rings
It scares me to death
Saw my face in the paper today
I don't wanna hear the stories
About your mama and papa
No i don't wanna hear you cry
For me there's no second chance right now
It's the f. b. fucking i!
Na na na na na
Na na na na na
Makin' a run to mexico
Na na na na na
Ooh yeah
Makin' a run to mexico
Na na na na na
Makin' a run to mexico
Na na na na na
My life goes on in mexico
Mexico
In mexico
In mexico
In mexico
In mexico
In mexico
Mexico
Yeah
In mexico
In mexico
Mexico
In mexico
In mexico

In mexico