

# Deacon Blue, Mexico Rain

I have come five thousand miles and tried to find the ways to be happy  
Travelled through the setting sun I hear those blue lights come I come gladly  
Jesus weeps does no-one sleep here anymore?

Just a dime and a half and I'm in oblivion  
(oh I'll be sure)  
Get it together in a room with a T.V. on  
(the world gets better)  
I'm on a terrace with a bet on the obvious  
(it's gonna shine some more)  
Then the thunder struck and the lightning flashed  
(oh well that Mexico rain)

Jenny's in the jail for telling tales for gold and silver pieces  
And the whole world's reading braille like slow snails till the story turns stale and ceases  
I'm not coming back down here anymore

Just a dime and a half and I'm in oblivion  
(oh I'll be sure)  
Get it together in a room with a T.V. on  
(the world gets better)  
I'm on a terrace with a bet on the obvious  
(the sun is gonna shine)  
Then the thunder struck and the lightning flashed  
he put it all on a certain return  
then lost a dollar fifty on Mexico rain