

Gilby Clarke, Tijuana Jail

Welcome to salvation, my Tequila's my companion for this evening of oblivion Everyone around me, kinda bores me, it makes me lonely with the friends I never had Packing up my Mustang cuz' this city has no heart, it sucks you in and spits you out Patiently I'm seeking my destination is unknown, I followed the road down to Mexico

Sorry Mr. Officer I think you got it wrong, I'm just a lonely ol' Texas boy and I wanna get on home He smiled and said 'senor you're not in Texas anymore' Send my love to my home but send my mail to a Tijuana Jail

Staring at the ceiling of my jail cell it's my home, at least for now, it seems like forever Sleeping on the floor with the rats, crawling up my ass, I'm gonna kill that officer

Sorry Mr. Officer but I'm gonna get revenge, on this side of the border 20 pesos get you dead

He smiled and said 'senor I think I'll drink to your threats' Send my love to my home, but sent my mail to a Tijuana Jail

In my destitution suicides a solution, but I'm a gambler, and I'm not cashed in The sun is going down and my problems will be solved by dawn, but not by justice I smelled liquor on his breath, I knew this is my last chance, I begged give a dying man his last drink He handed me a glass with just the worm and he laughed I pulled a switch- blade from my boot and shoved it in his throat

Sorry Mr. Officer I think you got it wrong, I'm a lonely ol' Texas boy and I wanna get on home

He smiled and said 'senor you're not in Texas anymore' Send my love to my home but send my mail to a Texas Jail.