

John Prine, Mexican Home

It got so hot, last night, I swear
You couldn't hardly breathe
Heat lightning burnt the sky like alcohol
I sat on the porch without my shoes
And I watched the cars roll by
As the headlights raced
To the corner of the kitchen wall.

Chorus:

Mama dear
Your boy is here
Far across the sea
Waiting for
That sacred core
That burns inside of me
And I feel a storm
All wet and warm
Not ten miles away
Approaching
My Mexican home.

My God! I cried, it's so hot inside
You could die in the living room
Take the fan from the window
Prop the door back with a broom
The cuckoo clock has died of shock
And the windows feel no pane
The air's as still
As the throttle on a funeral train.

Chorus:

My father died on the porch outside
On an August afternoon
I sipped bourbon and cried
With a friend by the light of the moon
So its hurry! hurry! Step right up
It's a matter of life or death
The sun is going down
And the moon is just holding its breath.

Chorus: