

Stan Ridgway, 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 deejay
Can't understand just what does he say?

Chorus:
I'm on a mexican radio
I'm on a mexican, woah-ho, radio

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

Chorus repeat x2

I wish I was in Tijuana
Eating barbecued 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 deejay
Can't understand just what does he say?

Chorus repeat x4

Radio... radio...
Radio... radio.
Radio... radio...
Radio... radio.

Chorus repeat x4

Radio... radio...
Radio... radio.
(WHAT DOES HE SAY!)
Radio... radio. repeat until fade