

Zebrahead, Livin' libido loco

Enrique played in a band.
Down at the sand.
He hustled women and worked on his tan.
Drove an IROQ camero quadrophonic 8 track stereo.
He was a sharp dressin' suave.
Cultured and smooth ladies man.
Maria stared in the show.
It's all that she knows.
She loved Enrique and bilar and snow.
She knew her lover had others, but her heart was
a desparate young soul.
She sold a night to a stranger while searching
for her pot of gold.

::Chorus::

We can dance to the rhythm, we can dace to the
mornin' light.

On a sultury summer night.

The time is right for love.

Livin' libido loco days. {x2}

Arturo led a small gang.

A downtown thang.

He loved Maria the young bird who sang.

He bought her heart for a night, with some lines
at the local disco.

She wore his love on her face, in the back of
Arturo's limo.

Enrique was quite aware, of Maria's affair.

He vowed 'vengence Arturo I swear.'

He brought his blade to the fight, but they both
suffered their final blow.

Now Maria's in mourning, as she's left to live
life alone.

::Chorus::

It's been twenty years past, since Maria's been
last.

To the disco where she lost her soul.

She wipes a tear from her eye, and she still
fights memories of ago.

As her new limo ride let's her in and asks 'how
much, let's go.'