

I Don't Know What She Said

Blaine Larsen

No hablo español
Was all I knew of the local lingo
That old pocket guide to Mexico
Wasn't much help to this out of place Gringo
When I checked into my motel room
Was helped by a brown-eyed senorita
She said, Buen venidos, Senor
Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah
Como estas, Buenos días

I don't know what she said
But I sure liked the way that she said it
A little voice in my head said
Boy, you won't ever forget it
They say that Spanish is the language of love
Well, I love the way that it rolled off her tongue
I don't know what she said
But I sure liked the way that she said it

As I followed her down the hallway
I was trying my best not to stare
The angel before me was a rare beauty indeed
Jay-Lo had nothing on her
She winked and she smiled at me sweetly
Said, Senor, aquí esta su mas vez
Muy guapo, and something bout ho ho's
And I thought, oh, baby, whatever you say

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Later that evening in a local cantina
A Mariachi band was playing
She held me close so her body would know
That my body knew what she was saying

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