

Mexican Wedding

Cold Chisel

It was never ever easy
Going inside her mind
Going into the Mexican wedding of her fevered brain

It was never ever easy
Looking deep in her eyes
There was no guaranteeing you could shoot your way outta there
again

Gay pistoleros
Drinking and fighting
Playing guitars
And pissing all over the lawn

Lusty senoras
Kicking and biting
Blowing their kisses and tossing their hair in the dawn

It was never ever easy
I used to crawl out of bed
Half insane from the Mexican wedding going on in her head

It was never ever easy
You can take it from me
That the Mexican wedding in her head was a bad place to be

Lonely conchitas
Slamming tequilas
Fat federales smoking and scratching their balls

Black-eyed bandidos
Firing their pistols
Singing yi yi yi yi yi for no reason at all

It was never ever easy
It used to fill me with dread
Going into the Mexican wedding going on in her head