Mexico

Chely Wright

I wait on tables here
Ain't quite how I planned it
Pay's not that great, but I do alright in tips

I took the job to get me by
When my husband left me stranded
I still don't know just where the hell he is

After dark, six nights a week
I pull this apron snug
Glance up at a dusty TV blaring local news

Then I'm everybody's best friend
Dealing coffee like a drug
The whole place smells like fries and diesel fuel

Every shift is different
And every shift's the same
Someone's driving to the Promised Land
Or they're running from the pain
It's mostly long-haul truckers, runaways and thieves
Everybody's got somewhere to go
They all stop here on their way to Mexico

I still think about that gal
Who came from Tucumcari
Off to find her sister that she just found out she had

And those young lovers on the run
She wasn't old enough to marry
Then the cops showed up with one really pissed off dad

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With each passing of a season
I wonder if I'm stuck
Or maybe I'm waitin' for a reason
Or a helping of good luck

It's mostly long-haul truckers, runaways and me
Maybe I'll head south again, who knows
We all stop here on our way to Mexico

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