La Paloma

Chuck Prophet

Nowhere to run Pick a direction Chinese New Year I spied that Dragon I chased him off In a stolen Lexus Rode across the plains Through the state of Texas Now I'm drinking ice tea Back at the hotel Tarheel Boogie Got a western on the cable "Let's make him talk" I think that's what he said I blinked my eyes And turned around Now that mother's dead

La Paloma, La Paloma Left my burden in California La Paloma, La Paloma Left my burden in California

She's got long brown hair
Tied in a ribbon
When she holds me in her arms
I'm betrayed and forgiven
Sand in my shoes
Salt on my tongue
Gonna lay my burden down
'Neath the Mexican sun
Alright

Smugglers, vets
Cheap housing
Waves breaking
Right and left
Purple mountains
Pack up the kids
Ffill up a sack
Catch ya next Christmas
If I ever get you back
Alright

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