

## 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