Going to Rosa's Cantina Going to Rosa's Cantina Hoping that she's still there Going to Rosa's Cantina

Might have been the dust in my eyes the dust in my eyes

Could have been the neon cactus Lighting up the desert sky Must have been the dust in my eyes

Some would call it suicide Some would call it suicide I would call it paradise Some would call it suicide

Dancing on the table
Dancing on the table
Dancing on the table
when she's
drunker than she's able
Dancing on the table

Some would call it suicide I would call it paradise Some would call it suicide Hell on earth

Is she right is she wrong Will she sing another song Wicked as it seems right now

Rosa wants her baby back
Rosa wants her baby back
Since he's gone she's losing track
Rosa wants her baby back
Careful with that cadillac
Careful with that cadillac
Careful with that cadillac