

Mexican Home

Iris DeMent

Well, it got so hot last night I swear you couldn't hardly breathe
Heat lightning burned the sky like alcohol
I sat on the porch without my shoes
And watched the cars roll by
As the headlights raced to the corner of the kitchen wall

Mama dear, your girl is here, far across the sea
Searching for that sacred core that burns inside of me
And I feel the storm, all wet and warm, not ten miles away,
Approaching my Mexican home

'My God', I cried, 'it's so hot inside you could die in the living room'
Take the fan out of the window, prop the door back with a broom
The cuckoo clock has died of shock and the windows feel no pane
And the air's as still as the throttle on a funeral train

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My father died on the porch outside on an August afternoon
I sipped bourbon and I cried with a friend by the light of the moon
Now it's "Hurry, hurry! Step right up! It's a matter of life or death"
The sun is going down and the moon is just holding it's breath

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Waiting for that sacred core that burns inside of me
And I feel a storm, all wet and warm, not ten miles away,
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