

Mexican Home

John Prine

It got so hot, last night, I swear
You couldn't hardly breathe
Heat lightning burnt the sky like alcohol
I sat on the porch without my shoes
And I watched the cars roll by
As the headlights raced
To the corner of the kitchen wall.

Mama dear
Your boy is here
Far across the sea
Waiting for
That sacred core
That burns inside of me
And I feel a 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 from the window
Prop the door back with a broom
The cuckoo clock has died of shock
And the windows feel no pane
The air's as still
As the throttle on a funeral train.

Mama dear
Your boy is here
Far across the sea
Waiting for
That sacred core
That burns inside of me
And I feel a storm
All wet and warm
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My father died on the porch outside
On an August afternoon
I sipped bourbon and cried
With a friend by the light of the moon
So its hurry! hurry! Step right up
It's a matter of life or death
The sun is going down
And the moon is just holding its breath.

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Far across the sea
Waiting for
That sacred core
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