

## Route 90

Los Lobos

Won't you come along with me  
To a land I know  
Just take Route 90  
Down to Mexico

Fly over California  
This land we love  
Everything looks tiny  
From so high above

Into Arizona  
We'll float along  
We'll cross the desert  
To old Tucson

Then over the state line  
To New Mexico  
On our wooly bully  
Yippee ay ay yo

We'll ride into Texas  
The biggest state I know  
See the cattle lolling  
On the range below

To the gulf of Mexico  
We're gonna go  
Where the little shrimp boats  
Look like toys below

Where the Rio Grande flows  
To where I was born  
Down below the border  
One Christmas morn

Aren't you glad you came with me  
So here we go  
Flying over the border  
To old Mexico