

Gringo en Mexico

Maria Muldaur

I was raised in the heart of the city,
Raised up and put down and told what to do.
Now looking back it just seems like a pity;
I think that I must have been some kind of fool.

Ay, for the things I could show you,
Ay, for the things you would see,
Ay, digo venga, amigo,
Ay, to my fair country.

But now you will find me out here every morning,
Out on the beach or else down in the square,
Drinking tequila and wearing huarches,
Smelling the pool blossom scent in the air.

Ay, for the things I could show you,
Ay, for the things you would see,
Ay, digo venga, amigo,
Ay, to my fair country.

Bananas and coconuts, fish from the ocean,
Sun in the morning and music at night;
Everyone seems to pass by in slow motion;
Pregunta, Amigo? What more could be right?

Ay, for the things I could show you,
Ay, for the things you would see,
Ay, digo venga, amigo,
Ay, to my fair country.

Gringo en Mexico, surrenda y gano.
Gringo en Mexico, mi pais hermosa.
Ah, yes, mi pais hermosa.
Ah, yes, mi pais hermosa.
Ah, yes, a grande mariposa.
Ah, yes, mi pais hermosa.
Hermosa, hermosa...