

Oh, right now times are hard
Stacks of bills and broken cars
And everyone seems to have lost their heads
They say that bad things come in threes
But they're piling over you and me
Come on now, it's time to leave

'Cause everyone's running wild, going for their guns
I don't know how we got here or where we should go
We could run far away and live under the sun
In Mexico, Mexico

It's hard to see the other side
But that don't keep me awake at night
I try to keep an open mind that way
I've seen enough and I'm heading out
I've had my share of this town
Come on now, it's time to leave

'Cause everyone's running wild, going for their guns
I don't know how we got here or where we should go
We could run far away and live under the sun
In Mexico, Mexico, whoa-oh, whoa, whoa

Everyone, running wild, going for their guns
I don't know how we got here or where we should go
We could run far away and live under the sun
In Mexico, Mexico

And everyone's running wild, going for their guns
And I don't know how we got here or where we should go
We could run far away and live under the sun
In Mexico, Mexico, whoa-oh-oh, whoa