

A Mexican Night

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I took a trip about a week ago to a place down in Mexico
A little town called Rosario
It was a Mexican night, I was feeling all right
I checked it out after checking in
I found a bar on the corner full of booze and sin
I walked in wearing my gringo grin
It was a Mexican night, I was feeling all right

I was drinking and I ordered more
A man obliged me with a "Si, señor"
I'm feeling no pain, it was half past four
It was a Mexican night, and I was looking tight

I paid my bill and headed for the door
There stood a bale full of trouble, an easy score
She was a poor man's lady, a rich man's whore
It was a Mexican night, and the price was right

We hit the room, and we spoke a while
She had olive eyes and an ivory smile
She really got to me with that Latin style
It was a Mexican night, she was out of sight

She was ready, and so was I
She really hit me like the Fourth of July
Another moment in the life of this guy
It was a Mexican night, and I was feeling all right

Passion flowed, I would say
She was a moment put me away
I think I even may have yelled "Ole"
It was a Mexican night, she was out of sight

Two hours later, I was really spent
My body told me I was late on the rent
So I closed my eyes, and I folded my tent
It was a Mexican night, and I was feeling all right

When she left me, I don't really know
I turned over, I got up to go
My head was heavy, my feet were slow
It was a Mexican night, but I did all right

I looked around, something bothered me
I had a watch on the dresser that I couldn't see
My wallet looked thinner; I was missing three
It was a Mexican night, and I had been rolled all right

I told a captain 'bout her olive eyes
He had to know her in a town that size
But all he did was simply swat the flies
It was a Mexican night that got me uptight

The policia didn't help me much
He rolled his mustache, I sensed a touch
I said two words, and they weren't in Dutch
It was a Mexican fight, and the bail wasn't right

The morning came, and I opened my eyes
When someone woke me with a stick in my thighs
I got up, nodding to the other guys
It was a Mexican night, and the jail was tight

And down a hall to the room on the right
In I walked to a welcome sight
And there she stood, my little bandit of the night
It was a Mexican night that did it all right

I looked at him, then I looked at her
And then he told me, "She's my sister, sir"
"And now, what charges do you prefer?"
It was a Mexican night that got me up tight, yeah

I shook my head, and then I turned to go
Then he gave me my watch, but she kept my dough
Oh, what the hell, when in Mexico
It's a Mexican night, it's a Mexican night