

Acapulco

Vaughn Monroe

If you're romantic chum,
Pack up your duds and come,
To Acapulco.

You put your cares in hock,
And throw away the clock,
In Acapulco.

Well, you can be as lazy.
As a daisy drifting in a blue lagoon.
You're wide awake at night,
Because you do your dreaming,
In the afternoon.

You get a Latin glow,
Way down in Mexico below the Border.
And in a spot like this,
If you refuse a kiss,

You're out of order.
And when the moon is new,
It's like a honeydew,
Come on and cut yourself a slice.
And if you can't say Acapulco,
Then you can call it 'Paradise'.

You learn new caraches there,
When the mariaches start to play there.
Then after you decide,
That your crazy heart is gonna stay there.
And if I haven't sold you
With the things I've told you,

That I must repeat it twice,
That if you can't say Acapulco,
That you could call it 'Paradise'.