

The Rosarita Beach Café

Warren Zevon

With Tennessee sour mash whiskey on my breath
Rosalie, Suzy, and Lucy on my mind
I drove my old car down
Dusty streets of this old border town
I never thought I'd get stuck here such a long long time

I've got a million-dollar bill and they can't change it
They won't let me leave until my tab is paid
So I might as well settle down here
And buy the house another round
Send my mail to the Rosarita Beach Cafe

It was one of those hot dry dime-a-dozen Mexicana days
When I fell through the door of the Rosarita Beach Cafe
And I got myself a table with a view of the breakers and the bay
And another cold Dos Equis on the way

I've got a million-dollar bill and they can't change it
They won't let me leave until my tab is paid
So I might as well settle down, yes
And buy the house another round
Send my mail to the Rosarita Beach Cafe

Well I soon fell in with thugs and thieves
And gamblers from the beach
And the devil himself suggested an all-night game
But the night winds came along
Like some dark-eyed senorita's song
And blew my straight flush out across the waves

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