Wolfgang Petry "Weiber"

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Met her in a border town We proceeded to get down She turned me on I dropped the telephone

Moonlight hits the Rio Grande And the touch of her hand It makes me high Like the Fourth of July

The bad bandito came into town
But man I'm gonna hunt that gringo down
But these words keep ringin' in my ear

A little bit is better than nada Sometime you want the whole enchilada A little bit is better than nada A little bit or nothing at all

Said Cancun was not her style
Turistas there they drove her wild
The border's the place
Put on a brand new face

Me and the boys are just in town Shake 'em up and roll 'em down I guess it was fate I hope I wasn't too late

Bad bad boys was on our trail Federales threw us all in jail But these words keep ringin' in my ear

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