

## **Babys**

# **"Run To Mexico"**

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Come on baby don't you wanna go  
I could take you there  
You could get what you want in the south  
You could let down your hair  
I said do you don't you will you won't you  
Baby won't you please let me know  
I ain't talkin' 'bout Chicago  
I'm talkin' about Mexico  
Na na na na na  
Na na na na na  
Makin' a run for Mexico  
Makin' a run for Mexico  
Could you  
Come on baby cause I got to know  
The law is after me  
I killed a man in a bar last night  
There was no other way it could be  
While the air in this joint could be cut with a knife  
As the jukebox got rotten selections  
Bring a compass and some money for gas  
Cause I ain't gonna stop for directions  
Not to Mexico  
Na na na na na  
Makin' a run to Mexico  
Na na na na na

Makin' a run to Mexico  
Could you  
Oh oh  
Come on baby don't you wanna go  
I gotta get away  
And everytime the phone rings  
It scares me to death  
Saw my face in the paper today  
I don't wanna hear the stories  
About your mama and papa  
No I don't wanna hear you cry  
For me there's no second chance right now  
It's the F. B. fucking I!  
Na na na na na  
Na na na na na  
Makin' a run to Mexico

Na na na na na  
Ooh yeah  
Makin' a run to Mexico  
Na na na na na  
Makin' a run to Mexico  
Na na na na na  
My life goes on in Mexico  
Mexico  
In Mexico  
In Mexico  
In Mexico  
In Mexico  
In Mexico  
Mexico  
Yeah  
In Mexico  
In Mexico  
Mexico  
In Mexico  
In Mexico  
In Mexico

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