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Blondie

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Here's an idea that I have been brewing.

We all feel like ruins, so whatta ya say?

I've got these four wheels and who could want for more wheels?

lust throw in a suitcase.

We're off and away.

Let's drive south, way past the border, raise our passports high there.

Mexico will light our load.

Our spirits, they will fly there.

Don't say "oh haha" 'til you feel the baja.

The people are kind there, I know you will agree.

Frida carlo and katie gerado are two of my favorites.

They always have been.

Come with me to guadalejara.

Stop off at chiuaua.

Tiny dogs will greet us there.

We'll sit and yap for hours.

I'm just a vulture for old mayan culture, or reefs you can snorkle.

No bullfights for me.

Late in the morning, we'll catch a fiesta in time for siesta again.

Vera cruz will ease our blues then off up to durango.

I'm really partial to shellfish and mangoes and fresh cut celantro.

I know that you can go!

We'll try the flamenco.

Hey senor, don't be a bore.

This sadness you're bearing, it's wearing you down.

When you unravel, there's nothing like travel so pick up the pieces.

Take it from me.

All at once, your life is over for your very eyes.

So whatta ya say?

I say ole.

Ole.

Que padre?

Ole! I say ole ole ole ole ole ole ole. I say ole.

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