

Gilby Clarke

"Tijuana Jail"

Visit "[Tijuana Jail](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Welcome to salvation, my Tequila's my companion for
this
Evening of oblivion Everyone around me, kinda bores
me, it
Makes me lonely with the friends I never had Packing
up my
Mustang cuz' this city has no heart, it sucks you in and
spits
You out Patiently I'm seeking my destination is
unknown, I
Followed the road down to Mexico
Sorry Mr. Officer I think you got it wrong, I'm just a
lonely
Ol' Texas boy and I wanna get on home He smiled and
said
'senor you're not in Texas anymore' Send my love to
my
Home but send my mail to a Tijuana Jail
Staring at the ceiling of my jail cell it's my home, at
least for
Now, it seems like forever Sleeping on the floor with
the
Rats, crawling up my ass, I'm gonna kill that officer
Sorry Mr. Officer but I'm gonna get revenge, on this
side of
The border 20 pesos get you dead
He smiled and said 'senor I think I'll drink to your
threats'
Send my love to my home, but sent my mail to a
Tijuana Jail
In my destitution suicides a solution, but I'm a gambler,
and
I'm not cashed in The sun is going down and my
problems
Will be solved by dawn, but not by justice I smelled
liquor on
His breath, I knew this is my last chance, I begged give
a
Dying man his last drink He handed me a glass with
just the
Worm and he laughed I pulled a switch- blade from my
boot

And shoved it in his throat
Sorry Mr. Officer I think you got it wrong, I'm a lonely ol'
Texas boy and I wanna get on home
He smiled and said 'senor you're not in Texas
anymore'
Send my love to my home but send my mail to a Texas
Jail.

SONG INFO:

Gilby: Guitars, Lead vocals, his 65 stang's radio

Slash: Lead Guitar

Matt Sorum: Drums

Will Effertz: Bass

Eric Skodis: Harmony vocals, Percussion

Visit [Gilby Clarke](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.