

Herb Alpert "Tijuana Taxi"

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Down in old Tijuana town
There's this happy honkin' sound,
Something you just can't put down
It's the world renown Tijuana Taxi cab.
So, you're not impressed you say
With a beat up Chevrolet
But that driver man Jose
Knows his way around Tijuana town.

Hey, ya wanna swing (You just tell Jose)
Have yourself a fling (What-cha wanna play)
Meet some pretty thing? (Any time you say)
Livin' like a king! (Long as you can pay)

Picture post cards 'n' hot tequila
French perfume, man, from Venezuela
When you're on a Tijuana Taxi ride!
Give those bulls a great big hand,
Love that mariachi band,
But the best thing in the land
Is that hand-me-down Tijuana Taxicab

Hey, ya wanna swing (You just tell Jose)
Have yourself a fling (What-cha wanna play)
Meet some pretty thing? (Any time you say)
Livin' like a king! (Long as you can pay)

Picture post cards 'n' hot tequila
French perfume, man, from Venezuela
When you're on a Tijuana Taxi ride!
So you swing and go for broke
Not a penny in your poke
Got no cigarettes to smoke
But ya had your fling, the pretty thing
And every-thing is ring-a-ding. O-le!

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