

Irina

"Mexican Home"

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Well, it got so hot last night I swear you couldn't hardly
breathe
Heat lightning burned the sky like alcohol
I sat on the porch without my shoes
And watched the cars roll by
As the headlights raced to the corner of the kitchen
wall

Mama dear, your girl is here, far across the sea
Searching for that sacred core that burns inside of me
And I feel the storm, all wet and warm, not ten miles
away,
Approaching my Mexican home

'My God', I cried, 'it's so hot inside you could die in the
living room'
Take the fan out of the window, prop the door back with
a broom
The cuckoo clock has died of shock and the windows
feel no pane
And the air's as still as the throttle on a funeral train

Mama dear, your girl is here, far across the sea
Searching for that sacred core that burns inside of me
And I feel the storm, all wet and warm, not ten miles
away,
Approaching my Mexican home

My father died on the porch outside on an August
afternoon
I sipped bourbon and I cried with a friend by the light of
the moon
Now it's "Hurry, hurry! Step right up! It's a matter of life
or death"
The sun is going down and the moon is just holding it's
breath

Mama dear, your girl is here, far across the sea
Waiting for that sacred core that burns inside of me
And I feel a storm, all wet and warm, not ten miles
away,

Approaching my Mexican home

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