

Jann Browne

"Mexican Wind"

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This is my third night
Under bright shooting stars
I have crossed into Mexico
Maybe that's where you are
You told me you'd come here
If our love should end
Eighty miles past the border
On the Mexican wind.

So I followed the dusty roads
Into Flores Magon
And they said you had left there
For Aquiles Serdan
You told me you'd come here
If our love should end
Eighty miles past the border
On the Mexican wind.

There's a place in the desert
Where we let it begin
We would dance close together
As the candles would dim
In a quiet cantina
With sweet mandolins

As they'd serenade softly
On the Mexican wind.

--- Instrumental ---

My life seems to slow down
The further I go
Into the bare heart
Of old Mexico
Still I keep searching for someone
Who once let me in
But somehow I lost him
To the Mexican wind.

There's a place in the desert
Where we let it begin
We would dance close together

As the candles would dim
In a quiet cantina
With sweet mandolins
As they'd serenade softly
On the Mexican wind.

Eighty miles past the border
On the Mexican wind...

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