

## Jill Sobule "Mexican Pharmacy"

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Right across the border  
You can almost hear the trumpets playing  
Maybe it's the workers  
Who are building up the wall

So take my hand and come with me  
Past the guards and tower  
No one will ask for your ID  
Not with those big blue eyes

La la, la la, la la, la la, la  
At the Mexican pharmacy  
La, la la, la  
At the Mexican pharmacy

A girl is selling Chiclets  
Yellow, pink, and green  
We buy some and her brother  
Leads us to the pharmacy

Past stolen book blankets  
Cheap silver and leather  
The pocketbook  
Made from an armadillo

It's nothing you need  
Just take us, please  
To the Mexican pharmacy

You can dance all night or sleep all day  
Forget about the girl and your back pain  
Rise to the occasion or fade to black  
When the bottle's empty, you can always go back

Student needs to stay up  
The wife's doctor cuts her off  
A man must please his mistress  
And I just need to calm down

Tequila is swell, the Corona is cheap  
Nothing compares to the pharmacy  
A rancher is flying from an old Jeep

And this is so much like love

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La, la la, la  
At the Mexican pharmacy

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