

## John Prine "Mexican Home"

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It got so hot, last night, I swear  
You couldn't hardly breathe  
Heat lightning burnt the sky like alcohol  
I sat on the porch without my shoes  
And I watched the cars roll by  
As the headlights raced  
To the corner of the kitchen wall.

Chorus:  
Mama dear  
Your boy 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.

My god! I cried, it's so hot inside  
You could die in the living room  
Take the fan from the window  
Prop the door back with a broom  
The cuckoo clock has died of shock  
And the windows feel no pane  
The air's as still  
As the throttle on a funeral train.

Chorus:

My father died on the porch outside  
On an august afternoon  
I sipped bourbon and cried  
With a friend by the light of the moon  
So 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.

Chorus:

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