

Whitehorse

"Mexico Texaco"

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Sometimes I just, I can't help but think
There's a particular way for an angel to sleep
With her head just so, turned up unaware
That you're standing there watching her dream
something
frightfully beautiful

And why can't I take this car and drive it to Mexico
And we'll rob a Texaco in Santa Fe where we'll run out
of gas

I wonder why, it scares me to death
You tell me everything you ever thought about love was
a lie
And I should be struck dumb... happily insane
But the man in my head recommends against paving
my history

So why can't I take this car and drive it to Mexico
We'll rob a Texaco in Santa Fe where we'll run out of
gas
Why can't I take this bird and fly her to Jupiter
Pitstop in Venus, stare back at the Earth while she
catches her sweet soft breath

Why can't I take this car
Why can't I take this bird

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