

David Rybka "Mexico"

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Mexico

See the girls playing in the fountains, Joyous laughs
and wide smiles,
While all the time you feel you're fading, same old
company you sigh,
Out where they say the great fire bellows,
I'm out here in Mexico.

From our view you see the giant called Popo,
The sleeping lady lying next to him,
The language it seems to flow as beautiful as the
setting sun drawing in,

And I'm out here, in Mexico.

Out through the jungle heat we drove, through the cacti
shrubs and the
Blinding skies above,

And as the night draws to a close,

Mas Cervezas, howling dogs and the glow of darkened
street,

Can I get your soul cleansed? Or some shoe shine for
those feet?
Out here in southern Mexico.

The catholic boys and girls make love in their cars.
Tramps drunk down the street searching for stars, por
la noche so they say.

A sudden sigh and I dream you are near, a flash of
light and my conscience
Is clear.
I'm out in Mexico.

The rich flaunt their wealth like medals on their chest
and the poor stay
On the floor pleading for little left,

What else could be in store, out here in Mexico.

His mind is no clearer as to what has become of the
purest form of ecstasy
That has ever been known.

My mind it takes a while then sets just like the sun.
Out here in Mexico...

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