

Buckley Tim

"Tijuana Moon"

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They told me all the hymns were born
Out of the saxophone,
And I went down to test them all
Beneath the Tijuana moon,
I saw violence in the moon
Two broken lovers strong and strewn,
I drank myself into a dream:

Tiajuana moon,
My daddy Tiajuana moon,
Oh my darlin',
Tiajuana moon Lord my daddy
Tiajuana moon

You can keep the Texas blues,
Tequila and the bruning stone,
But my amigo
Nothin's good against the Tijuana moon

Talk about daddy Tiajuana moon
Talk about lovin' Tiajuana moon
Talk about daddy Tiujuana moon

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