

## Unknown Artist "Acapulco Gold"

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Me and Martha took a honeymoon,  
Below the border 'neath the silvery moon,  
She was eighteen and I was twenty two,  
Now we're just a-doin' what the old folks do

We're goin' south, south, to get that  
Acapulco Gold  
Ain't nothin' it can't fix,  
Old dogs can learn new tricks,  
When the streets are lined with bricks  
Of Acapulco Gold

We 'bout decided against the whole thing  
But then we thought we really ought to swing  
Heard that the south land held the key,  
To cure them cotton pickin' sniffles and sneeze

refrain

Zig zag, white or wheat any'll do  
Hey diddle diddle twenty three skidoo  
Me and Martha sure had fun  
Now there's Acapulco Gold for everyone

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