

Mexican Blackbird

ZZ Top

If you're down in Acuna and you ain't up to being alone
don't spend all your money on just any honey that's grown.
Go find the Mexican blackbird and send all your troubles back home. They all call her puta
'cause no one really knows her name.
She works the cantina, dancin' and a-lovin's her trade.
Her mama was Mez'can and her daddy was the ace of spades. Oh, let's drive that old Chrysler
down to Mexico, boy.
Said, keep your hands on the wheel there.
Oh, it sure is fine, ain't it?
Now, ya got it! Hand me another one of them brews from back there.
Oh, this is gonna be so good. Mm, she's hot as a pepper but smooth as a Mexican brew.
So head for the border and put in an order or two.
The wings of the blackbird will spread like an eagle for you.
Oh, one more time,
can you roll me another Bull Durham, please?
Can't you do it with one hand, boy?

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