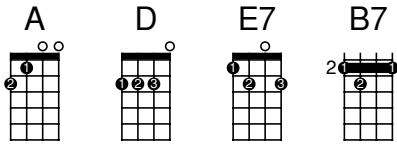


My Mexican Home

John Prine



Instrumental Intro: 1st half Verse

/[A] It got so hot, last night, I swear

/You [D] couldn't hardly breathe

/Heat [A] lightning burnt the [E7] sky like alco-[A]-hol

Verse 1:

[A] It got so hot, last night, I swear

You [D] couldn't hardly breathe

Heat [A] lightning burnt the [E7] sky like alco-[A]-hol

I [A] sat on the porch without my shoes

And I [D] watched the cars roll by

As the [A] headlights raced to the [E7] corner of the kitchen [A] wall

Chorus:

[E7] Mama dear, your boy is here [A] far across the sea

[B7] Waiting for that sacred core that [E7] burns inside of me

And I [A] feel a storm, all wet and warm

Not [D] ten miles away, ap-[A]-proaching

My [E7] Mexican [A] home

Verse 2:

My [A] God! I cried, it's so hot inside

You could [D] die in the living room

Take the [A] fan from the window.

Prop the [E7] door back with a [A] broom

The [A] cuckoo clock has died of shock

And the [D] windows feel no pain

The [A] air's as still as the [E7] throttle on a funeral [A] train

Chorus:

[E7] Mama dear, your boy is here [A] far across the sea

[B7] Waiting for that sacred core that [E7] burns inside of me

And I [A] feel a storm, all wet and warm
Not [D] ten miles away, ap-[A]-proaching
My [E7] Mexican [A] home

Instrumental Interlude: Chorus

[E7] Mama dear, your boy is here [A] far across the sea
[B7] Waiting for that sacred core that [E7] burns inside of me
And I [A] feel a storm, all wet and warm
Not [D] ten miles away, ap-[A]-proaching
My [E7] Mexican [A] home

Verse 3:

My [A] father died on the porch outside
On an [D] August afternoon
I sipped [A] bourbon and cried
With a [E7] friend by the light of the [A] moon
So its [A] hurry! hurry! Step right up
It's a [D] matter of life or death
The [A] sun is going down
And the [E7] moon is just holding its [A] breath

Chorus:

[E7] Mama dear, your boy is here [A] far across the sea
[B7] Waiting for that sacred core that [E7] burns inside of me
And I [A] feel a storm, all wet and warm
Not [D] ten miles away, ap-[A]-proaching
My [E7] Mexican [A] home

Instrumental interlude: 1st half verse:

/ My [A] father died on the porch outside
/ On an [D] August afternoon
/ I sipped [A] bourbon and cried
/ With a [E7] friend by the light of the [A] moon

[E7] Mama dear, your boy is here [A] far across the sea
[B7] Waiting for that sacred core that [E7] burns inside of me
And I [A] feel a storm, all wet and warm
Not [D] ten miles away,
Ap-[A]-proaching My [E7] Mexican [A] home
Ap-[A]-proaching My [E7] Mexican [A] home

Ap-[A]-proaching My [E7] Mexican [A] home