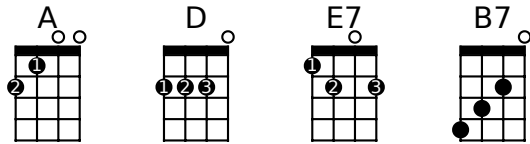


# My Mexican Home

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