

## Mexico

Brandtson

Records on the floor.  
I'm giving back what's yours  
Remember us last weekend  
Dancing to the psychedelic furs.

I tried to tell myself  
That we could be alright.  
Now it's me and my  
Cigarettes and alcohol tonight.

So screen all the phone calls  
And put the chain on the front door.  
And if you see her  
Tell her I don't live here anymore.

Driving neighbors crazy  
With after hour fights  
Everything makes more sense  
Thank God that we broke it off that night.

Holding on to you  
Is like playing with broken glass.  
I'm fighting off the memories  
And all the living in the past.

The post cards in the drawer  
The pictures on the wall.  
The sound of little footsteps  
That echo through the hall.

Sound like a heart beat.  
It's like a heart beat  
It's like a heart break beat  
And it's beating out of me.

So screen all the phone calls  
And put the chain on the front door.  
And if you see her  
Tell her I don't live here anymore.

So pull all the shades down  
And turn off the radio.  
And if you see her  
Tell her I moved down to Mexico.