

Margarita

Gilby Clarke

I ain't the talking type
Down at the bar tonight
Drinking off my former lovers
In the melancholy darkened room
I smelled your cheap perfume
An angel in Latin bartender

Chorus

Margarita - sweeter than all the others
Margarita - spilled you under the covers
Margarita - you go down smooth, like a shot of gold Patron

Can't spend the night together
I fear you'll tell your brother
What you lost I couldn't borrow
In all the ecstasy, you grabbed your rosary
Ask forgiveness tomorrow