

## The Rosarita Beach Café

Warren Zevon

With Tennessee sour mash whiskey on my breath  
Rosalie, Suzy, and Lucy on my mind  
I drove my old car down  
Dusty streets of this old border town  
I never thought I'd get stuck here such a long long time

I've got a million-dollar bill and they can't change it  
They won't let me leave until my tab is paid  
So I might as well settle down here  
And buy the house another round  
Send my mail to the Rosarita Beach Cafe

It was one of those hot dry dime-a-dozen Mexicana days  
When I fell through the door of the Rosarita Beach Cafe  
And I got myself a table with a view of the breakers and the bay  
And another cold Dos Equis on the way

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They won't let me leave until my tab is paid  
So I might as well settle down, yes  
And buy the house another round  
Send my mail to the Rosarita Beach Cafe

Well I soon fell in with thugs and thieves  
And gamblers from the beach  
And the devil himself suggested an all-night game  
But the night winds came along  
Like some dark-eyed senorita's song  
And blew my straight flush out across the waves

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So I might as well settle down, yes  
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