IN OLD MEXICO

words & music by Tom Lehrer

When it's fiesta time in Guadalajara,
Then I long to be back once again
In old Mexico.
Where we lived for today,
Never giving a thought to tomorrow.
To the strumming of guitars
In a hundred grubby bars
I would whisper "te amo."

The mariachis would serenade,
And they would not shut up till they were paid.
We ate, we drank, and we were merry,
And we got typhoid and dysentery.

But best of all, we went to the Plaza de Toros.
Now whenever I start feeling morose,
I revive by recalling that scene.
And names like Belmonte, Domingüfn, and Manolete.
If I live to a hundred and eight-five,
I shall never forget what they mean.

(For there is surely nothing more beautiful in this world than the sight of a lone man facing singlehandedly a half a ton of angry pot roast!)

Out came the matador,
Who must have been potted or
Slightly insane, but who looked rather bored.
Then the picadors of course,
Each one on his horse.
I shouted "olé!" ev'ry time one was gored.
I cheered at the banderilleros' display
As they stuck the bull in their own clever way
For I hadn't had so much fun since the day
My brother's dog Rover
Got run over.

(Rover was killed by a Pontiac, and it was done with such grace and artistry that the witnesses awarded the driver both ears and the tail —- But I digress.)

The moment had come.
I swallowed my gum.
We knew there'd be blood on the sand pretty soon.
The crowd held its breath,
Hoping that death
Would brighten an otherwise dull afternoon.

At last
The matador did what we wanted him to.
He raised his sword and his aim was true.
In that moment of truth I suddenly knew
That someone had stolen my wallet.

Now it's fiesta time in Akron, Ohio
But it's back to old Guadalajara I'm longing to go.
(*) Far away from the strikes of the A. F. of L. and C. I. O.
How I wish I could get back
To the land of the wetback
And forget the Alamo
In old Mexico.
Olé!

(*) In Tomfoolery this ending was replaced by:
For though, try as I may,
I can never repay
All that I owe
To the land of mañana
And cheap marijuana.
(It's so easy to grow.)
In old Mexico.