

## 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 tomara.  
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, Dominguín, and  
Manolete.

If I live to a hundred and eight-e,  
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.