In Old Mexico

Words and 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
Am/C  B7  Em
giving a thought to to-mor- ra____To the strum- ming of gui-

D  A7  D
tars In a hun-dred grub-by bars I would whis-per 'Te a-mo'.

D7  G  D
The ma-ri-ach-is would ser-e-nade And they

A7  D  D7  G
would not shut up till they were paid. We ate, we drank, and we were
Freely, with motion

Am

best of all, we went to the Plaza de Toros. Now when-

F

ev-er I start feeling morose, I revive by recalling that

E7

scene.

And names like Bel-
mon-te, Do-minguin, and Ma-no- le-te, If I live to a hun-dred and
eight-e, I shall nev-er for-get what they mean.

(Spoken) 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 'Ole' every time one was gored.
D    Eb/A  D7    G    D
I cheered at the banderilleros' dis-
poco rit.    mf a tempo

A7    D
play, As they stuck the bull in their own clever way, For

G    D    D#m7    B7    Em
I hadn't had so much fun since the day My brother's dog
a tempo

A7    D    Eb
Rover got run over.
(Spoken) Rover was killed by a Pontiac. And it was done with such grace and artistry that the witnesses awarded the driver both ears and tail - but I digress.

The moment had come, I swallowed my gum. We knew there'd be blood on the sand pretty soon. Bright enough an otherwise dull afternoon.

At last, the matador

Poco rit. — a tempo
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 Guadalupe I'm longing to go.

Far away from the strikes of the A.F. of L. and I. O.

(Alternate:) For though try, as I may, I can never repay all that I owe.

How I wish I could get back to the land of the wet-back and forget the Alamo.

To the land of manana And cheap marihuana (It's so easy to grow)

In old Mexico. (Spoken) O-le!