

# Nazareth, Mexico

One more promise soaked in rye whiskey  
One more word that bites the dust on some bar room floor  
I'm the man who travels 'round doing...  
Hey, we don't talk about that  
I'll get the favor done for you  
No one will ever know

Then I'll run to Mexico

Cold as stone my eyes fall on another  
Just another name that's runnin' through my mind  
At your request I'll do whatever you require  
You give me the light, I supply the fire

Then I'll burn for Mexico

Pretty senorita, she lies to me  
Smiles sweetly in the morning when I wake up cold sweating  
'Cause some day I'll be in the sights

One more call when someone finds a target  
Only guarded whispers never mentions names  
Money on the line will be just fine...  
You'll never be involved  
And even if a clue shows you'll never know

'Cause I'll be in Mexico

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