Speedy Gonzales

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It was a moonlight night in old Mexico
I walked along between some old adobe haciendas
Suddenly, I heard the plaintive cry of a young Mexican girl:
                                   F#m
La la la,
             la la la la la la
                       D
 La la la la la la
  La la la la la la la
                                 Α
You'd better come home, Speedy Gonzales
                 F#m
Away from Cannery Row
Stop all your drinkin'
With that floozie named Flo
Come on home to your adobe
And slap some mud on the wall
The roof is leakin' like a strainer
 There's lots of roaches in the hall
          D
Speedy Gonzales (Speedy Gonzales)
Why don't you come home?
         D
Speedy Gonzales (Speedy Gonzales)
                          Ε
How come you leave me all alone?
(Hey, Rosita! I have to go shopping downtown for my mother. She
needs some
  tortillas and chili peppers!)
La la la...
                                And we're runnin' out of Coke
Your dog is gonna have a puppy
No enchiladas in the icebox
                                  And the television's broke
I saw some lipstick on your sweatshirt
I smell some perfume in your ear Well, if you're gonna keep a-messin'
Don't bring your business back-a here
(chorus)
(Hey, Rosita, come quick! Down at the Cantina they've got some green
stamps
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with tequila!)