

LANGUAGE OF LOVE

"No habla español" was all I knew of the local lingo
That ole pocket guide to Mexico
Wasn't much help to this out of place gringo
When I checked into my hotel room I was helped by a brown-eyed señorita
She said "Bien, buenidos, señor, blah blah blah blah
Como estas, buenos dias"

REFRAIN

**I don't know what she said
But I sure like the way that she said it
A little voice in my head said "Boy, you won't ever forget it"
They say that spanish is the language of love
I loved the way that it rolled off her tongue
I don't know what she said
But I sure like the way that she said it**

As I followed her down the hallway
I was trying my best not to stare
The angel before me was a rare beauty indeed
J-Lo had nothing on her
She winked and smiled and at me sweetly
Said "Señor, aqui es su llave
Muy guapo" and something about hoho's
And I thought, oh baby, whatever you say

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Later that evening in a local cantina
A mariachi band was playing
She held me close so her boby would know
That my body knew what she was saying

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