

Tacos, Enchiladas and Beans

Mel Torme / Robert Wells, sung by Doris Day

From the ^C snow-capped ^{C#dim} mountains to the ^{GM7 G7} coral shores
You're the only one my heart adores
You've only got three competitors
^{A7} Tacos, ^{D7} enchiladas and ^G beans

From the ^C Mississippi to the ^{C#dim} Ama - ^{GM7 G7} zon
There's not much we don't agree upon
Wish we could get to - ^C gether on
^{A7} Tacos, ^{D7} enchiladas and ^G beans

^C Love 'em, ^{C#dim} dozens of 'em
^{GM7} I consume them by the ^{D7} score
And when I'm through, ^{F#7} what do I do ^{Bm7 E7}
^{A7} I stamp and holler for ^{D7} more ^G

You can ^C have the ^{C#dim} fourth ^{GM7 G7} position on my list
Must admit your kisses would be missed
But how in the world could I exist
^{A7} Without ^{D7} tacos, ^G enchiladas and beans

Repeat

(They make me kind of sick but I love them) ^{GM7}

