

That's Why God Made Mexico

Tim McGraw

Margie said, "Roy, you ain't listening to me
And I've got a whole lot more to say"
Roy just crossed the floor and picked up his car keys
And she ain't seen or heard from him to this dayAnd that's why God made Mexico
A place where we can lay low
And the Cuervo goes down nice and slow
And the warm wind blows
That's why God made MexicoAnd Betty fixed Joe dinner every night at half past six
'Cause that's when he rolled through that door
For sixteen years and not a thank you from his lips
She don't fix him dinner no moreAnd that's why God made Mexico
A place where we can lay low
Where the Cuervo goes down nice and slow
And the warm winds blow
That's why God made Mexico'Cause life is sweet in a border town
You learn to let your hair down
And you don't make trouble
You learn to dance the FandangoYou change your name, maybe change your face
Get used to beans and chilli paste
And learn to live and love life in the slow laneAnd that's why God made Mexico
A place where we can lay low
Maybe Monterey or Acapulco
Anywhere the warm winds blow
Don't you know
That's why God made Mexico
That's why God made, made in Mexico

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