

Playboys of the Southwestern World

Blake Shelton

This is a song about best friends
John Roy was a boy I knew
Since he was three and I was two
Grew up two little houses down from me
The only two bad apples on our family tree
Kind of ripened and rotted in our puberty
Two kindred spirits bound by destiny
Well now I was smart but I lacked ambition
Johnny was wild with no inhibition
Was about like mixin' fire and gasoline
And he'd say "Hey Romeo let's go down to Mexico
Chase señoritas drink ourselves silly
Show them Mexican girls a couple of real hillbillies"
Got a pocket full of cash and that old Ford truck
Fuzzy cat hangin' from the mirror for luck
Said "Don't you know all those little brown-eyed girls?"
Want playboys of the south-western world
Long around our eighteenth year
We found two airplane tickets the hell out of here
Got scholarships to some small town school in Texas
We learned to drink Sangria till the dawns early light
Eat eggs Ranchero and throw up all night
And tell those daddy's girls we were majoring in a rodeo
Oh but my favorite memory at school that fall
Was the night John Roy came runnin down the hall
Wearin' nothin' but cowboy boots and a big sombrero
And he was yellin' "Hey Romeo let's go down to Mexico
Chase señoritas drink ourselves silly
Show them Mexican girls a couple of real hillbillies"
Got a pocket full of cash and that old Ford truck
Fuzzy cat hangin' from the mirror for luck
Said "Don't you know all those little brown-eyed girls?"
Want playboys of the south-western world"
And I said we had a little change in plans
Like when Paul McCartney got busted in Japan
And I said we got waylaid when we set foot on Mexican soil
See the boarder guard with the Fu Manchu mustache
Kind of stumbled on John's pocket full of American cash
He said "Doin' a little funny business in Mexico Amigo"
But all I could think about was savin my own tail
When he mentioned ten years in a Mexican jail
So I pointed to John Roy and said "It's all his
Now please let me go"
Well it was your idea genius
I was just layin' there in bed
When you said "Hey Romeo let's go down to Mexico
Chase señoritas drink ourselves silly
Show them Mexican girls a couple of real hillbillies"
Got a pocket full of cash and that old Ford truck
Fuzzy cat hangin' from the mirror for luck
Said "Don't you know all those little brown-eyed girls?"

Want playboys of the south, real playboys from the south-western world" Now we're still best friends
Temporary cell mates

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>