

Mexico, Tequila and Me

Alan Jackson

Woo! Oh yeah
I'm clockin' out, I'm loadin' up! Well I'm out of Alabama, down to Louisiana
Halfway bound to New Orleans
Yeah, I'm leanin' on my Chevy, rolling through the levee's Tryin' to get to where I wanna be
And I'm looking back at Texas
That's where I reckon I can finally put myself at ease
Check my life there at the border
Everything over my shoulder
Just Mexico, Tequila, and Me
Yeah just Mexico, Tequila, and Me
That's all Well I'm tired of the rat-race
Even tired of her sweet face
Sick of what I'm supposed to be
I need a little time to vegetate my mind
Escape from my reality
Just Mexico, Tequila, and Me
That's right I'm not entirely unhappy
'Cause sometimes life's crappy
Makes me wanna stop and run
Take a three day breather
Sip a margarita, drift away beside the sea
Just Mexico, Tequila, and Me
Oh yeah Well my baby wants to hold me
Boss, he wants to scold me,
And Momma won't quit calling me
The bank they want a payment
Sometimes they just can't take it
Got to find a place where I feel free
Just Mexico, Tequila, and Me
Ah Ha! Well I'm out of Alabama, down to Louisiana
Halfway bound to New Orleans
Yeah, I'm leanin' on my Chevy, rolling through the levee's Tryin' to get to where I wanna be
And I'm looking back at Texas
That's where I reckon I can finally put myself at ease
Check my life there at the border
Everything over my shoulder
Just Mexico, Tequila, and Me
Yeah Mexico, Tequila, and Me That's all, just Mexico, Tequila, and Me Oh yeah
Yeah, a little sand, little sun

A little Sangria babyÂ¡Buenas Noches!

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