

Blame It On Mexico

George Strait

In a bar in Lacuna called Ma Crosby's
I found myself not feeling any pain
I told a 'Frisco girl I'd come for freedom
She said, she'd only come to catch a train
We struck up some idle conversation
Traded all the troubles on our minds
One thing led to another in the evening
And I fell in love again for my last time
Blame it on Mexico, if you need a reason
Say too much guitar music, tequila, salt and lime
Blame it on Mexico, but she's the reason
That I fell in love again for my last time
The daylight dawned and found me in Del Rio
In a rundown motel room as dark as hell
I felt all the pains of a morning after
And all alone as far as I could tell
Why she left I have no way of knowing
I guess she caught her train and that's a crime
She took everything I ever wanted
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