

Playboys Of The Southwestern World (4:28)

Blake Shelton

John Roy was a boy I knew
Since he was 3 and I was two
Grew up two little houses down from me
The only bad apples on our family tree
Kinda ripened and rottened 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 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 southwestern world Long around our tenth year
We found two airplane tickets to the hell outta here
Got scholarships to some small town school in Texas
We learned to drink Sangrias 'til the dawn's early light
Eat eggs Ranchero's and throw up all night
And tell those daddy's girls we were majorin' in the rodeo
Aw but my favorite memory of school that fall
Was the night John Roy came runnin' down in the hall
Wearin' nothing 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 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 southwestern world And I say 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
You see the borderman guard with a fu manchu mustach
Kinda stumbled on John's pocketful 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 metioned 10 years in a Mexican jail
So I pointed at John Roy and said

It's all his, now please let me go, I mean 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 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 southwestern world Ah we're still best friends
Temporary cell mates
Whoo

Songwriters

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