

Mexico, Tequila and Me

Alan Jackson

Well I'm out of Alabama, down to Louisiana
Halfway bound to New Orleans
Yeah, I'm leaning on my Chevy
Rolling through the levee's trying to get to where I wanna be
When 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, there's Mexico, Tequila and me
That's all.

Well I'm tired of the rat-race
Even tired of her sweet face
I'm 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 sometime's life's crappy
Make me wanna stop and run
Take a three day breather, sipping Margarita
Drift away beside the sea
Just Mexico, Tequila and me
Ah yeah.

Well my baby wants to hold me
Boss he wants to scold me, momma won't quit calling me
The bank they want the payments
Sometimes they just can't take it
Got to find a place where I feel free
Just Mexico, Tequila and me
Ah ha.

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