

Mexicoma

Tim McGraw

I'm sittin' here stoned, at Tortilla Jo's
Nobody knows my name and that's alright with me.
She said adios, so I said hello
Don Julio, top shelf, self help remedy

Sure was good to know you
I still wanna hold ya,
But I know it's over.
You ain't coming back.
This ain't California,
I'm somewhere south of the border,
I'm in a mexicoma.
My my my my my my mexicoma,
I know it' over,
But the sun still shines on a fool like me.

You pulled the plug, on what I thought was love
But I got just enough juice to forget about you and squeeze this lime
. .
I can see the ocean (I can see the ocean)
I can feel the breeze (I can feel the breeze)
Almost can't remember how you left me, down here on my knees

Sure was good to know you
I still wanna hold ya,
But I know it's over.
You ain't coming back.
This ain't Oklahoma,
I'm somewhere south of the border,
I'm in a mexicoma.
My my my my my my mexicoma,
I know it' over,
But the sun still shines on a fool like me.

I'm sittin' here stoned, at Tortilla Jo's
And nobody knows my name and that's alright with me.

My my my my my my mexicoma,
I know it' over.
I'm in a mexicoma.
My my my my my my mexicoma,
I know it' over.
I'm in a mexicoma.
My my my my my my mexicoma,
I know it' over.
I'm in a mexicoma.
My my my my my my mexicoma,
I know it' over,
But the sun still shines on a fool like me