

That's Why God Made Mexico

Tim McGraw

Margie said, roy you ain't listening to me
And I've got a whole lot more to say
Roy just crossed the floor and picked up his car keys
And she ain't seen or heard from him to this day
And that's why God made mexico
A place where we can lay low
And the cuervo goes down nice and slow
And the warm wind blows
That's why God made mexico
And betty fixed joe dinner every night
At half past six
Cause that's when he rolled through that door
For sixteen years and not a thank you from his lips
She don't fix him dinner no more
And that's why God made mexico
A place where we can lay low
Where the cuervo goes down nice and slow
And the warm winds blow
That's why God made mexico
Cause life is sweet in a border town
You learn to let your hair down
And you don't make trouble
You learn to dance the fandango
You change your name, maybe change your face
Get used to beans chili paste
And you learn to live and love
Life in the slow lane
And that's why God made mexico
A place where we can lay low
Maybe monterey or acapulco
Anywhere the warm winds blow
Don't you know
That's why God made mexico
That's why God made
Made mexico

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