

Playboys of the Southwestern World

Blake Shelton

This is a song
About best friends

John Roy
Was a boy I knew
Since he was three
And I was two
Grew up two little houses
Down from me

The only two bad apples
On our family tree
Kind of ripened and rotted
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 of real hillbillies
Got a pocket full of cash
And that old Ford truck
A 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 eighteenth year
We found two plane tickets
The hell out of here
Got scholarships
To some small town
School in Texas

Learned to drink Sangria
Til the dawns early light
Eat eggs Ranchero
And throw up all night
And tell those daddy's girls
We were majoring in a rodeo

Ah but my
Favorite memory
At school that fall

Was the night John Roy
Came runnin down the hall
Wearin nothin
But cowboy boots
And a big sombrero
(And he was yellin)

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And I said
We had a little
Change in plans
Like when Paul McCartney
Got busted in Japan
And I said
We got waylaid
When we laid foot
On Mexican soil
See the boarder guard
With the Fu Manchu mustache
Kind of stumbled on John's
Pocket full 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 mentioned ten years
In a Mexican jail
So I pointed to John Roy and said
It's all his now please let me go
Well it was your idea genius
I was just layin there in bed
When you said

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Ah we're still best friends
Temporary cell mates