Colorado Kool-Aid

Johnny Paycheck

Well, I was sittin' in this beer joint down in Houston, Texas
Was drinkin' Colorado Kool-Aid and talkin' to some Mexicans
An' we was... what's that you say?
What's Colorado Kool-Aid?

Well, it's a can of Coors brewed from a mountain stream
It'll set you head on fire an' make your kidneys scream
Oh, it sure is fine
Yeah, we was havin' ourselves one of them real good times

But you know every beer joint that you've ever been in
Some big, mean drunk who just ain't got no friend
Sure enough, he wants to fight
Yeah, he's gonna whip everything in sight

Well, he took him a big swallow of beer
And he spit in my Mexican friends ear
And, sure enough, that made my buddie real mad
That's somethin' like he ain't never had

Well, sir, he pulled out a big, long switch blade knife
Quick as a whistle he began to slice
An, that big mean drunk stood back, his face full of tears
Lookin' down at the floor, an' one of his ears

Ha, he cut that thing off, even with the sideburns
You might say the little Mexican fella, he just didn't give a durn
But he was a gentleman about it, an' bent over and with a half way gr
in
Picked it up and handed it back to him

He said: "Now big man, you get the urge to spit a little beer
"Just open up your hand there, and spit it in your own ear
"Won't be no trouble that way." That's what I heard him say

And I said: "Barmaid, set us up a round of that Colorado Kool-Aid
"An while you're up their, bring this big fella, here, a box of Band
Aids"

Now let me tell you: if you're ever ridin' down in south of Texas
Decide to stop an' drink some Colorado Kool-Aid
An' maybe talk to some Mexicans
An' you get the urge to get a little tough
Better make damn sure you got your knife proof ear-muff

Hey, ain't that right big man? I said ain't that right big man?
Ah, hell he can't hear, not on this side anyway, he ain't got no ear
Hey barmaid, bring us all a big, tall glass of that Colorado Kool-Aid
How about it?
How you doin', big man? Still got your ear there in your hand?