Playboys of the Southwestern World

Blake Shelton

[Intro] This is a song About best friends

[Verse 1] 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 mixing Fire and gasoline (And he'd say)

[Chorus] Hey Romeo Let's go down to Mexico Chase senoritas 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 hanging From the mirror for luck Said don't you know All those little Brown-eyed girls Want playboys of the southwestern world

[Verse 2]

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 Till 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 running down the hall Wearing nothing But cowboy boots And a big sombrero (And he was yelling)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3] 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 border guard With the Fu Manchu mustache Kind of stumbled on John's Pocket full of American cash He said Dion a little funny business In Mexico Amigo

But all I could think about Was saving 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 laying there in bed When you said

[Chorus]

[Outro] Ah we're still best friends Temporary cell mates

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