

# 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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