

# Blake Shelton, Hey Romeo!

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