

# Roger Creager, Long Way To Mexico

Roger Creager, Radney Foster

There's a warm breeze blowing from the South  
so I need to get going.  
The palm trees and the beaches call my name.  
There's a bar that I know well there.  
You can drink and breathe in the sea air,  
lay in the sun and dance in the rain.  
The kind of place where everyone knows your name.

## Chorus

I've got music on the stereo,  
Bluebonnets on the passing road.  
It's a long way to Mexico, but I'm going there tonight.  
Line the Margaritas up.  
I'm doing 90 in my pick-up truck.  
It's a long way to Mexico.

I know about this out-of-the-way place.  
You can disappear without a trace.  
Leave the world behind if only for a while.  
You could just get rolling see the winding road  
Unfolding feeling better with every passing mile.  
Even the getting there makes me smile.

## Chorus.

## Bridge

It's a place of Senoritas and where Mariachis sing.  
I know happiness abounds there.  
It's a place where I'll soon be.

## Chorus