

# 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