

Brooks & Dunn, Mexican Minutes

Up in the city it's crazy and concrete cold
Living life at the speed of light leaves dark in your soul
When every minute's got a heart attack in it
It's time to leave it alone
So I don't think we're gonna beat this postcard home

We're down to the worm in the bottle
The chips and the salsa are gone
Now we know why J.T. sang "Oh Mexico"
We're two days south of the border
Feeling too good to care why
These Mexican minutes get longer and longer
As the days goes by

We're dropping our worries
And pickin up Espanol
Down here the sunsets are red
The tequila is gold
Life is sublime here on Mexican time
They've got something we need to learn
If we don't show for a while
Don't be concerned

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