

Terri Clark, Not Enough Tequila

Winters are grey in Tennessee
That don't usually get to me
But here lately I've bin missin' the sun

So I caught a plane to cousin Lille
Thought a, weekend in that salty air would do me good
At least I thought it would

[CHORUS]

Here I sit with a drink in my hand
Local canteena with a sign hanging sayin'
Something in Spanish bout
Let the good times roll
Between the sandy beeches and the margaritas
Thought I'd find a way to let you go
But there's not enough tequila in Mexico

Your memory didn't come around.
No not until the sun went down
And I startin' wishin' I had you to hold

It's a feelin that just won't fade
Even a thousand miles away
I still want you back: with every glass

[CHORUS]

[Instrumental]

Between the sandy beeches and the margaritas
I thought I'd find a way to let you go
But there's not enough tequila in Mexico