

# Colorado Cool-Aid

## Johnny Paycheck

(Written by Phil Thomas) Well, I was sittin' in this beer joint down in Houston, Texas.  
Was drinkin' Colorado Kool-Aid and talkin' to some Mexicans,  
An' we was... what's that you say?  
What's Colorado Kool-Aid? Well, it's a can of Coors brewed from a mountain stream.  
It'll set you head on fire an' make your kidneys scream,  
Oh, it sure is fine.  
Yeah, we was havin' ourselves one of them real good times. But you know every beer joint that  
you've ever been in,  
Some big, mean drunk who just ain't got no friend,  
Sure enough, he wants to fight,  
Yeah, he's gonna whip everything in sight.  
Well, he took him a big swallow of beer,  
And he spit in my Mexican friends ear.  
And, sure enough, that made my buddie real mad.  
That's somethin' like he ain't never had. Well, sir, he pulled out a big, long switch blade knife;  
Quick as a whistle he began to slice.  
An, that big mean drunk stood back, his face full of tears,  
Lookin' down at the floor, an' one of his ears. Ha, he cut that thing off, even with the sideburns.  
You might say the little Mexican fella, he just didn't give a durn.  
But he was a gentleman about it, an' bent over and with a half way  
grin,  
Picked it up and handed it back to him. He said: "Now big man, you get the urge to spit a little  
beer,  
"Just open up your hand there, and spit it in your own ear.  
"Won't be no trouble that way." That's what I heard him say.  
And I said: "Barmaid, set us up a round of that Colorado Kool-Aid.  
"An while you're up their, bring this big fella, here, a box of Band  
aids." Now let me tell you: if you're ever ridin' down in south of Texas,  
Decide to stop an' drink some Colorado Kool-Aid,  
An' maybe talk to some Mexicans,  
An' you get the urge to get a little tough,  
Better make damn sure you got your knife proof ear-muff. Hey, ain't that right big man? I said  
ain't that right big man?  
Ah, hell he can't hear, not on this side anyway, he ain't got no ear. Hey barmaid, bring us all a  
big, tall glass of that Colorado Kool-Aid.  
How about it? How you doin', big man? Still got your ear there in your hand? Fade out.  
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