

Soggy Bottom Summer

Dean Brody

Barefoot with a fishin' rod
And all of my good friends
Goin' down to the water
And we're gonna hop on in
Tie us all together
Inner tubes and blow up rafts
We'll float on down the channel
Like a barge of river rats

Floating down the channel
Muddy water, July sun
Just chilling in a dingy
Yeah is our idea of fun
Happy, happy, happy hanging out with all my friends
Wishing soggy bottom summers never had to end

Its a home town tradition
Long weekends in the sun
Blue Jays on the radio
Girls and trucks and mud
Pass the Old Dutch chips around
Throw some mustard on a wiener
Keep the brewskis on the down low
So we don't get misdemeanours

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We don't mind the law enforcement
They keep us safe on beach patrol
But watch out for that new one
Named Sargent Alan Doyle
(Hey boys
Whats going on?)
Sargent Doyle!
(I'm off in ten minutes, do you mind if I tie a floaty on?)
C'mon
(I had a heck of a week here walking the beat
I can't wait for 5 o'clock
Knock back a pint of my bad-io
Hitch a ride back to this dock
But before I go I must abode the law and make a seizure
Those super-soakers, dump em out
Before I give you all misdemeanours)

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