

Guitars and Tiki Bars

Kenny Chesney

Tired of my beeper, tired of my phone
Tired of this tired ol' tie I got on
Sick of this traffic jam that I'm in
We all get sick of it all now and then
When I've had it up to here
I go down there

To guitars, tiki bars and a whole lotta love
Mangoes and Marley, you know, fit me like a glove
Sixth gear with nowhere to steer
When enough is enough
It's guitars, tiki bars and a whole lotta love

I feel like a fish jerked out of the sea
Or a bird in a cage that's never seen a key
Sick of this grind and I think that I ought
To bring this grind to a grinding halt
Now I've had it up to here
Let's go down there

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