

The Board

Brian Kelley

We drank tequila last night
Like it was never gonna be made again
Girl, we made love last night
Like it was never gonna be made again

We sent summer off to hell
In a teal-blue-water wishing well
"I wish you well,"
You said as you drove away in your stickered-up Ford®
I was under your south Georgia spell
You came and went like a tropical swell
You wrecked my heart and head, when you left me there standing on the shore
I guess some days, you're the surfer
Some days, you're the board

Never seen Fernandina that bright
Girl, you were lighting up that sandy little town
No. Nothing's gonna bring you back to life
Girl, we were flying high
But, damn, we hit the ground
And I'm still on the come down

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Yeah. Some days, you're the local
Some days, you're the tour
Some days, you're the seashell rolling 'round on the ocean floor

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