

Time Flies

Colt Ford

Man, this week is killing me
E-mail Travelocity
Honey, I'll be there by three
Time for us to find some free
Little Coke and a lot of Captain
Guarantee, we can make it happen
When we touch down we'll be taking off
Bar, beach, lost

Rocking with my baby
We're lost in the breeze
Drunk on each other
Careless and carefree
It's Malibu with coconuts
Kicking it back at the Tiki hut
Raise that drink baby here's to us
Tip it, sip it, turn it up

Living life, float, soaking up the sun
Time sure flies when you're having rum
Rum-a-dee-dum, dee-dum, dee-dum
Rum-a-dee-dum, dee-dum, dee-dum

Loving this white sand beneath my feet
Rhythm of the waves laying down a beat
Can't believe it's you and me
Head spinning round, I don't wanna leave
Just one more shot of Bacardi
Ain't no stopping this party
DJ spin another beat song
Sun, fun, gone

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