

Beachin'

Jake Owen

So just watchin' her blonde hair, sun burn, stare at them, wack
caps rolling over
Laid back in a thrift store beach chair, droppin' limes in her
Corona
Well she looks back, yeah, she throws me a kiss, like honey I s
ure want you
And it's a hundred and three between her and me and only 92 in
Daytona

And it's sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, so tight
Rollin' white sand, cold can koozie in my hand, just a summerti
me story
Chillin', breazin', sippin', singin' whoaoaoh

Beachin'

We got 2-for-1s, we're at a margarita bar, whatever happens hap
pens
And there's a reggae band, full of dread head, just sittin' in
the corner laughin'
Well my baby walks over, drops a 20 in a jar, she smiles and sh
akes it at me
Yeah, she gets 'em goin', she gets 'em playin' a little, don't
worry be happy

And it's sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, so tight
Rollin' white sand, cold can koozie in my hand, just a summerti
me story
Chillin', breazin', sippin', singin' whoaoaoh

Beachin'

You got a margarita here in my hand, doin' a little drinkin'

Talkin' 'bout sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, so tight
Rollin' white sand, cold can koozie in my hand, just a summerti
me story
Chillin', breazin', sippin', singin' whoaoaoh, beachin'

Beachin', sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, so tight
Rollin' white sand, cold can koozie in my hand