

# Days of Gold

Jake Owen

Long truck bed, hop in it, fire engine red like a lipstick  
Out here we can let it go, yeah  
Just me and my good friends, jug of wine lil' sip  
Out here baby you just never know  
Yeah, these are the days of gold

Well it's a Southern summer  
Whiskey's in the air, dog's on the burner  
Beer's ice cold, got a pretty little lady to hold  
Southern summer  
And that sun shining down like Daddy's silver dollar  
Gotta hop on the old dirt road to the days of gold

The July sky, so high moon shining by the river side  
Stealing hearts and running wild  
In our own little world, Tennessee boys and girls running free  
Out here it's good times for miles  
Yeah, these are the days of gold

Well it's a Southern summer  
Whiskey's in the air, dog's on the burner  
Beer's ice cold, got a pretty little lady to hold  
Southern summer  
And that sun shining down like Daddy's silver dollar  
Gotta hop on the old dirt road to the days of gold

A little bit of you, a little bit of me  
What you wanna do, what's it gonna be  
We can get a wild, we can live free  
Or you can shake it for me baby like a tambourine  
Slice the watermelon and you spit the seed  
Sweat on your back's stickin' to the seat  
We can sneak off to beat the heat  
I'll be buzzing on you honey like a bumble bee

Yeah, it's a Southern summer  
Whiskey's in the air, dog's on the burner  
Beer's ice cold, got a pretty little lady to hold  
Southern summer  
And that sun shining down like Daddy's silver dollar  
Gotta hop on the old dirt road to the days of gold