

Panama City

Lee Brice

We hit that liquor store
By the county line
Whipped out a fake ID
I got from a friend of mine
We made our getaway
Due south to the gulf shore sand
You were looking like a woman child
I was feeling like a full grown man

We had a bottle of silver
And a bottle of sapphire
An Indian blanket
And a beachfront bonfire
We watched the moon
Ship wreck on the water
I don't remember, A night much hotter

You, were lying on the hood of my car
And I, was strumming on that old guitar
And we, were looking for the northern stars

And midnight played like a drive in scene
You were doing Liz Taylor
I was doing James Dean
And I loved you as much as I could at 18
With sand in your hair and sand in my jeans
It was so right, all night

And the sunset looked like an airbrushed t-shirt
Sewed on the street in Panama City
I grabbed the camera and snapped off the picture
You said 'love, ain't it a pitty,
Someday this moment will fade away,
Replaced by a photograph'

Like the way we remember the words to a joke
And forgot how hard it made us laugh

We had a bottle of silver
And a bottle of sapphire
An Indian blanket
And a beachfront bonfire
We watched the moon
Ship wreck on the water
God I miss that summer
But not as much as I miss you

I miss you