

Checkin' Out

Luke Bryan

How many buds can you fit in the backseat
How many cans can you throw in a floorboard
Mama's credit card and your brother's ID
Six bodies, one bed, good lord

Checkin' in to a good time
Checkin' out all the so fine
Under a blue sky, rays of sunshine, salt and green lime
White can Miller Lite
Goodbye to the real world
Hey, hey little shot girl
Give me the whole tray
Baby what's your name?
Party at my place
Here's to a headache
That's what this week's all about
Checkin' in, checkin' out

Alabama baby pullin' up in a black Jeep
Two Georgia boys hollerin' "Hey, what's up?"
Parking lot, peeking back ,burnin' their bare feet
They comin' in hot, somebody best get the door

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All the bars and the cars up and down the beach
Checkin' in with your mama now and then
Knowin' she can't sleep, hey
Shh, y'all hold it down
"Hey mama, yeah, I'm being good.
No, we ain't partying, it's the TV."

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