

# 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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