

I'll Bring the Music

Parmalee

Suntans and white tank-tops, summer time and no flip-flops, a little country, a little rock. Yeah, yeah. Dirt road and dashboard lights, fool around on a Friday night, them jeans that fit just right. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

I'll bring the music, you bring the beer, we're going to kick this thing in gear. Come on now and get your hands in the air say yeah, yeah. I'll turn it up and you turn it on, we got a right to do no wrong. You bring a case of whatever makes you move it, and I'll bring the music.

Small towns and pickup trucks, concerts and dixie cups, good songs and holding them up. Yeah, yeah. You and that sexy smile, wet kisses are driving me wild, so hot that there ain't no mild. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

I'll bring the music, you bring the beer, we're going to kick this thing in gear. Come on now and get your hands in the air say yeah, yeah. I'll turn it up and you turn it on, we got a right to do no wrong. You bring a case of whatever makes you move it, and I'll bring the music.

Yeah, way out there where the crickets chirp, I'll be getting down with them country girls. You know I love it, I'm so proud of it, rocking and knocking the bottom out of it.

Baby, I'll bring the music, you bring the beer, we're going to kick this thing in gear. Come on now and get your hands in the air say yeah, yeah. I'll turn it up and you turn it on, we got a right to do no wrong. You bring a case of whatever makes you move it. I love to see you move it, I'll bring the music. I got the music. Yeah, I'll bring the music.