

Puerto Backyarda

Tim Hicks

If you walk a few paces just south of that sliding glass door
You'll know for sure, you're in the right place
Bamboo tiki lights, the smell of the grill
Hit you right in the face
There's a hammock with your name on it
Saltwater pool with a view that won't quit
If it gets too hot, we'll all jump in it
It's one all-inclusive hell of a time

Here in Puerto Backyarda
You don't have to go far-a
We've got Corona's on ice, key-lime spears
And moonshine in a jar-a
Belly up to the bar-a
It's a great place to start a long weekend in paradise
Come as you are-a
To Puerto Backyarda

Bikini-top, flip flops, sun-glasses, and cut-off jeans
Are all that you need, to get through the gate
Find a spot on the deck, you can work on your burn
While the radio plays
Leave all your troubles and worries behind
We'll slow the clocks down to island time
Don't have to be nowhere 'til Monday at nine
Until then we're gonna be flyin' high

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Oh, and if it rains we've got little umbrellas to hide us
If we run out of beer there's a store on the street right behind us,
oh

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And moonshine in a jar-a
Belly up to the bar-a
It's a great place to start a long weekend in paradise
Come as you are-a
To Puerto Backyarda
Yeah, come as you are-a
To Puerto Backyarda