

# 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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Belly up to the bar-a  
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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