

# Skinny Dippin

Whitney Duncan

Dirt road in his old truck  
Lined with honeysuckles  
Down that old beach bend  
Saw the water through the trees  
And the way he looked at me  
With that sly southern grin  
And he said, I hope you know how to swim

We took off our clothes  
Threw 'em in the bushes  
Mud between our toes  
Bare white tushes lord  
How'd he get me to do it  
How he talked me into it  
Sunlight on the river glistened  
And we were skinny dippin'

Screaming bloody murder  
As he pulled me under  
He took my breath for awhile  
Chills from the Mississippi  
Chills from the way he kissed me  
We came back up with a smile  
I never felt more alive

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Oooohhhh, yeah yeah

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Threw em' in the bushes  
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How'd he get me to do it  
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Sunlight on the river glistened  
And we were skinny dippin'

Ohh we were doing nothin' wrong  
We were just coolin' off  
July I was hot and sticky  
Lord we were skinny dippin'

Truck radio blarin'  
That water was all we were wearin'  
To our necks and kissin'  
Lord we were skinny dippin'  
Ohh yeahhh  
Lord we were skinny dippin'  
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