

Beachin'

Jake Owen

So just watchin' her blonde hair, sun burnt, stare at them, white caps rolling over
Laid back in a thrift store beach chair, droppin' limes in a na
Well, she looks back, yeah, she throws me a kiss, like "Honey, I sure want you."
And it's a hundred and three between her and me and only 92 in Daytona
And it's sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, slow tide rollin'
White sand, cold can, koozie in my hand, just a summertime strolling
Chillin', breezing, sippin', singin' whoa
Beachin' We got 2-for-1s, we're at a Margarita bar,
whatever happens happens
And there's a reggae band, full of dread heads, just sittin' in the corner laughin'
Well, my baby walks over, drops a 20 in a jar, she smiles and shakes it at me
Yeah, she gets 'em goin', she gets 'em playin' a little "Don't Worry, Be Happy"
And it's sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, slow tide rollin'
White sand, cold can, koozie in my hand, just a summertime strolling
Chillin', breezing, sippin', singin' whoa
Beachin' Ha ha aww yeah... a little palm tree leaning
I got a Margarita here in my hand, doin' a little drinkin'
Talkin' 'bout sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, slow tide rollin'
White sand, cold can, koozie in my hand, just a summertime strolling
Chillin', breezing, sippin', singin' whoa
Beachin' Sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, slow tide rollin'
White sand, cold can, koozie in my hand

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