

# Lazy Days

Dean Brody

I love the way twirl your hair  
Those overalls and flip flops you wear  
They way you'd smile  
Waiting in your drive  
Hot sunday afternoons You didn't mind my rusty truck  
Swinging by to pick you up  
I missed your sweet face  
It was six long days  
Since I'd got to hang with you

Chorus

And we'd throw two fly rods in the gunrack  
Sweet tea biscuits on your lap  
Sing to brown eyed girl my guitar in the barn bridge shade  
We're I'd number your freckles  
And the times your fishing line tangled  
And love on you in the meadow by round bales of hay  
No, it ain't hard to remember those good ol' lazy days  
And we'd stop by Ernies General store  
Got two maple walnut icecream cones  
Funny how they always seem  
To get on your nose  
Ride with me I'd cuss the moon tryin to get you back  
Grap all the gears while you just laughed  
Cause it was twelve o'clock  
Porch lights turned off  
Yeah, and I was up the creek

Chorus Ain't it funny how we never could sell that old pick up of mine  
Baby grap the keys and get the jumper cables, cause it's about time Chorus No, it ain't hard to remember  
Baby do you remember  
I think it's time we remember  
Those good ol' lazy days

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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