

Beachin'™

Jake Owen

So just watchin' her blonde hair, sun burn, stare at them, wack caps rolling over
Laid back in a thrift store beach chair, droppin' limes in her Corona
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', breazin', sippin', singin' whoaoaoh Beachin' We got 2-for-1s, we're at a margarita bar, whatever
happens happens
And there's a reggae band, full of dread head, 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', breazin', sippin', singin' whoaoaoh Beachin' You 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', breazin', sippin', singin' whoaoaoh Beachin', sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, slow tide
Rollin' white sand, cold can koozie in my hand

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