

Sunshine & Whiskey

Frankie Ballard

Out chilling on a beach with my sweet Georgia peach.
Not a care in the world, just trying to beat the heat.
Body like an hourglass, sand on her feet.
I can't help but stare cause I got the best seat.
Just when I thought it couldn't get any hotter you slid on in,
said, "I'm a little hot and bothered, if you know what I mean.
Let's crank it up to a hundred degrees."

You hit me like fire, shot me like a bullet.
Burned me up and down, no way to cool it.
But every time you kiss me it's like sunshine and whiskey.
It's like a bottle of Jack straight to the head.
One shot, two shot, copper tone red.
Every time you kiss me it's like sunshine and whiskey.

I was slow driving south with the top drop down,
her hair in the wind, Tom Petty up loud.
You gave me that look, you licked them lips.
I said, "Hang on baby, better pull over for this."
I don't wanna get DWK, driving while kissing they'll put you away.

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