

Summertime Song

Clay Walker

It's been a dead ass week at a dead end job
Got a boss on me like a snake on the frog
There's gotta be more than what I've got
On this big old piece of rock
I want a little umbrella and a patch of sand
Coconut drink and a reggae band
This just might be the place where I get off
Yeah, I want a day in the life of a summertime song
Sail away with the Malibu rum
Sail along, sail all the way, yeah
Let the scorching sun and the salt in the sea
Burn the skin right off of me
Come on everybody and sing along
It's a summertime song
I might pierce my ear and bleach my hair
Get a tattoo on my derriere
Right now I don't really care what anybody else might think

I'm gonna dance to every song I can
So I can show off my new [Incomprehensible] tan
While I wave my hand and raise my drink
'Cause I want a day in the life of a summertime song
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