

Sweet SC

Shannon McArthur

Ocean tide, you always bring me to my knees, yeah you got me begging, won't you please wash over me? say, I don't wanna go, I don't wanna go, Pawley's Isle and all the sweet Palmetto trees, yeah you make it hard to leave this place I call SC, say, I don't wanna go, I don't wanna go,

cuz I'm a sucker for the beach walks, I cannot get enough of dock talks, split a midnight case with Russ and Jimmy you can't beat, can imagine who I'll meet in sweet SC

Southern skies, you seduce these star-struck eyes, greatest rival to any little damsel that may try, say, beat'em every time, beat'em every time, stars are out, ain't got a think to talk about, like words would win over them, ooh I highly doubt say, beat'em every time, beat'em every time

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Fourth of July, oh it lit up the sky yeah I never been a fan of fireworks, I nearly died, but that night it was to die for, came in so late with an increased heart rate, after dodging flames to celebrate, this state of independence, oh I felt so independent, Peter got his first kiss, he felt the same bliss that I felt at the movies age fifteen, count of Monte Cristo, too bad I missed though, just another date with Amy G, a date with Amy G, a date with Amy G, a date with Amy G

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