Lazy Days

Dean Brody

I love the way you twirl your hair
Those overalls and flip flops you wear
The 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

And we'd throw two fly rods in the gun rack
Sweet tea and biscuits on your lap
Sing to brown eyed girl
My guitar in the barn bridge shade

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 Ernie's General store
Got two maple walnut ice cream cones
Funny how they always seem to get on your nose
Yeah, when you'd ride with me

I'd cuss the moon tryin' to get you back
Ground all the gears while you just laughed
'Cause it was twelve o'clock, porch lights turned off
Yeah, and I was up the creek

And we'd throw two fly rods in the gun rack
Sweet tea and biscuits on your lap
Sing to brown eyed girl
My guitar in the barn bridge shade, yeah

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

Ain't it funny how we never could sell that old pick up of mine
Baby grab the keys, I'll get the jumper cables 'cause it's about time

And we threw two fly rods in the gun rack
Sweet tea and biscuits on your lap
Sang to brown eyed girl
My guitar in the barn bridge shade, hey, yeah

I'd number your freckles
And the times your fishing line gets tangled
Love on you in the meadow by round bales of hay
No, it ain't hard to remember, baby do you remember?
I think it's time we remembered those good ol' lazy days

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