

# 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,  
so tight  
Rollin' white sand, cold can koozie in my hand, just a summertime story  
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, so tight  
Rollin' white sand, cold can koozie in my hand, just a summertime story  
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, so tight  
Rollin' white sand, cold can koozie in my hand, just a summertime story  
Chillin', breazin', sippin', singin' whoaoaoh, Beachin', sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, so tight  
Rollin' white sand, cold can koozie in my hand

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