

# Guitars And Tiki Bars

[Kenny Chesney](#)

Tired of my beeper, tired of my phone  
Tired of this tired ol' tie I got on  
Sick of this traffic jam that I'm in  
We all get sick of it all now and then  
When I've had it up to here, I go down there To guitars, tiki bars and a whole lotta love  
Mangoes and Marley, you know, fit me like a glove  
Sixth gear with nowhere to steer, when enough is enough  
It's guitars, tiki bars and a whole lotta love I feel like a fish jerked out of the sea  
Or a bird in a cage that's never seen a key  
Sick of this grind and I think that I ought  
To bring this grind to a grinding halt  
Now I've had it up to here, let's go down there To guitars, tiki bars and a whole lotta love  
Mangoes and Marley, you know, fit me like a glove  
Sixth gear with nowhere to steer, when enough is enough  
It's guitars, tiki bars and a whole lotta love Now I've had it up to here  
Let's go down there To guitars, tiki bars and a whole lotta love  
Mangoes and Marley, you know, fit me like a glove  
Sixth gear with nowhere to steer, when enough is enough  
It's guitars, tiki bars and a whole lotta love

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