

# Days of Gold

Jake Owen

Long truck bed hop in it  
Fire engine red like her lip stick  
Out here we can let it go  
But just me and my good friends  
Jug of wine little sip  
Out here baby you just never know Yeah, these are the days of gold  
Well it's a southern summer  
Whisky's in the air, dogs on the burner  
Beers ice cold and got a pretty little lady to hold  
Southern summer, and that sun shining down  
Like Daddy's silver dollar  
Gotta hop on the old dirt road  
These are the days of gold A little July sky so high  
Moon shine by the riverside  
Stealing hearts and running wild  
Yeah our own little world Tennessee  
Boys and girls running free  
Out here it's good time for miles  
Yeah, these are the days of gold Well it's a southern summer  
Whisky's in the air, dogs on the burner  
Beers ice cold and got a pretty little lady to hold  
Southern summer, and that sun shining down  
Like Daddy's silver dollar  
Gotta hop on the old dirt road  
These are the days of gold A little bit of you, a little bit of me  
What you wanna do, what's it's gonna be  
We can get wild, we can live free  
Or you can shake it for me baby like a Tamborine.  
Slice of watermelon and you spit the seeds  
Sweat on you back stickin to the seats  
We can sneak off and beat the heat  
I'll be buzzin' on you honey like a bumble bee Yeah it's a southern summer  
Whisky's in the air, dogs on the burner  
Beers ice cold and got a pretty little lady to hold  
Southern summer, and that sun shining down  
Like Daddy's silver dollar  
Gotta hop on the old dirt road  
These are the days of gold

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