

If I Could Do It Again

Corey Smith

Best friends in a pickup truck, we were Panama City bound
Eight hours in the back, wind blowin with the sun beatin down
Makin plans to raise some hell, celebratin our senior year
we had a trash bag full of cloths and a suitcase full of beers
We got pulled over by the Alabama state patrol
But they never found the booze, so they had to let us go
If I could do it again, you know I'd do it the same
Got a room at the Beach Club Inn, it was a dump but we didn't care
Between the cruisin and the beach and the clubs we were hardly ever there
We'd get drunk and raise some hell and I play my guitar in the sand
Everyone would come and sing along and the pretty girls would dance
The Florida shore it really put a spell on me
Turned a quiet Sunday school boy into the life of the party
If I could do it again you know I'd do it the same
I'd pass out on the beach drinkin Golden Grain
I'd wake up covered in sand with that bottle in my hand
Then I'd go for a swim and start drinkin again
Oh I'd break all the rules, just like I used to do
If I could do it again yea I met a girl from Tennessee, no I don't remember her name
But I can still see her top pulled down and that belly button ring
We kissed but I didn't tell no, I had to keep it hush on the down low
I had girlfriend back at home and she didn't need to know
Sure I felt a little guilty as we dusted off our clothes
But she was wild and she was fine Lord, worth every lie I told
If I could do it again, you know I'd do it the same
With the one night stands and the drinkin games
You know I'd check out the girls at the clubs, hookin up whenever I could
Sex on a beach never tasted as good
I'd break my first love's heart, forget to hide the fingernail marks
If I could do it again yea I'd get sunburned on a new tattoo, lose my favorite jeans and my tennis shoes
Get kicked out of my hotel room and sleep in the truck for a night or two
Blow all my money, have to call my dad and work two months to pay him back
Take bong hits and laugh like hell, flick the police off and get hauled to jail
If I could do it again I'd do it the same, not one regret I wouldn't change a thing
I'd check out the girls at the clubs, hookin up whenever i could
Oh, oh, ohhh, i'd wkae up coered in sand, with that bottle in my hand
Ohhhhh, i'd break all the rules, just like i use to do
If i could do it again, how bout you
If i could do it again, do it again
Best friends in a pick-up truck, we were Panama City bound

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>