

Summer Sundown

Craig Morgan

There's a picture of a covered bridge,
with water running under it flowing through my mind,
takes me back in time.
After haulin' hay all day,
we'd stop by there and drop a tailgate and take a dip,
to cool off a bit.
Blue sky would turn to red off in the West,
We'd tear into a full igloo of Old Milwaukee's Best

On a summer sundown, same old young crowd,
Jeeps and tanktops, bikinis, flip-
flops and blankets on the ground.
My girl in my arms, sippin' on Boone's Farm,
yeah it seemed to take forever for the world to turn halfway ar
ound.
Days were long and we were waitin' on, a summer sundown.

We'd park our pick-ups on the bank,
build a bon-fire, and we'd crank our stereos,
loud as they would go.
Now and then, it never failed,
old man Baker'd start raisin' hell about us being there,
ah but we didn't care.
If he called the law the fun would end,
but everybody knew in a day or two, we'd all be back again.

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