

## Sunshine & Whiskey

Frankie Ballard

Out chilling on a beach with my sweet Georgia peach.  
Not a care in the world, just trying to beat the heat.  
Body like an hourglass, sand on her feet.  
I can't help but stare cause I got the best seat.  
Just when I thought it couldn't get any hotter you slid on in,  
said, "I'm a little hot and bothered, if you know what I mean.  
Let's crank it up to a hundred degrees."

You hit me like fire, shot me like a bullet.  
Burned me up and down, no way to cool it.  
But every time you kiss me it's like sunshine and whiskey.  
It's like a bottle of Jack straight to the head.  
One shot, two shot, copper tone red.  
Every time you kiss me it's like sunshine and whiskey.

I was slow driving south with the top drop down,  
her hair in the wind, Tom Petty up loud.  
You gave me that look, you licked them lips.  
I said, "Hang on baby, better pull over for this."  
I don't wanna get DWK, driving while kissing they'll put you away.

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