

## Beachin'

Jake Owen

So just watchin' her blonde hair, sun burn, stare at them, wack  
caps rolling over  
Laid back in a thrift store beach chair, droppin' limes in her  
Corona  
Well she looks back, yeah, she throws me a kiss, like honey I s  
ure want you  
And it's a hundred and three between her and me and only 92 in  
Daytona

And it's sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, so tight  
Rollin' white sand, cold can koozie in my hand, just a summerti  
me story  
Chillin', breazin', sippin', singin' whoaoaoh

Beachin'

We got 2-for-1s, we're at a margarita bar, whatever happens hap  
pens  
And there's a reggae band, full of dread head, just sittin' in  
the corner laughin'  
Well my baby walks over, drops a 20 in a jar, she smiles and sh  
akes it at me  
Yeah, she gets 'em goin', she gets 'em playin' a little, don't  
worry be happy

And it's sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, so tight  
Rollin' white sand, cold can koozie in my hand, just a summerti  
me story  
Chillin', breazin', sippin', singin' whoaoaoh

Beachin'

You got a margarita here in my hand, doin' a little drinkin'

Talkin' 'bout sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, so tight  
Rollin' white sand, cold can koozie in my hand, just a summerti  
me story  
Chillin', breazin', sippin', singin' whoaoaoh, beachin'

Beachin', sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, so tight  
Rollin' white sand, cold can koozie in my hand