

Days of Gold

Jake Owen

Long truck bed, hop in it, fire engine red like a lipstick
Out here we can let it go, yeah
Just me and my good friends, jug of wine lil' sip
Out here baby you just never know
Yeah, these are the days of gold

Well it's a Southern summer
Whiskey's in the air, dog's on the burner
Beer's ice cold, 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 to the days of gold

The July sky, so high moon shining by the river side
Stealing hearts and running wild
In our own little world, Tennessee boys and girls running free
Out here it's good times for miles
Yeah, these are the days of gold

Well it's a Southern summer
Whiskey's in the air, dog's on the burner
Beer's ice cold, 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 to the days of gold

A little bit of you, a little bit of me
What you wanna do, what's it gonna be
We can get a wild, we can live free
Or you can shake it for me baby like a tambourine
Slice the watermelon and you spit the seed
Sweat on your back's stickin' to the seat
We can sneak off to beat the heat
I'll be buzzing on you honey like a bumble bee

Yeah, it's a Southern summer
Whiskey's in the air, dog's on the burner
Beer's ice cold, 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 to the days of gold