

# Beach Bums

Josh Turner

I wanna go to the riverbank  
Right down the road, we'll take it slow  
If I can get my truck to crank  
I wanna lay with you there in the sand  
Yeah, it oughta be fun layin' in the sun  
Working on my farmer's tan

And we can be beach bums for a while  
Naw, we don't even need palm trees  
'Cause that's just a matter of style  
And we can get away from everything  
Yeah it's gonna be just you and me  
When the weekend comes  
And we can be beach bums

When it gets hot, let's take a dip  
I'll be baptized by your angel eyes  
And I'll taste heaven on your lips  
We might pack a tent and spend the night  
I'll play your favorite song as you sing along  
Right there in the firelight

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'Cause that's just a matter of style  
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When the weekend comes  
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No I don't need no ocean breeze  
I got the river and you here with me

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'Cause that's just a matter of style  
And we can get away from everything  
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When the weekend comes  
And we can be beach bums for a while  
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