

Shore Thing

Luke Bryan

There's a fifty-fifty chance
That the room ain't ready
Odds are, the cooler's too heavy,
To tote down to the beach all by myself

I'd be willing to bet,
By the end of the week
I'll pass out in room 319
And to round up all my clothes
I might need a little help

But it's a shore thing,
The sun will be shinning,
On my cold drink,
And I'll be lying
On a miller light towel
Havin' happy hour
All day long in the sand

We may never sleep
We may never leave
Raise too much hell
Never make bail
But in the morning it'll be alright
Cause it's a shore thing
We're getting tore down tonight

I think it's safe to say
I'll make a few new friends
Take us out at a bar
Throw a beer on the band
Toss down head into a parking lot road

And I wouldn't be surprised
If my ex shows up
Huggin' all over some dude in his truck
I guess down here
That's the way things go
But I'll be fine
Cause all I know

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