

How'd I Wind Up in Jamaica

Tracy Byrd

Sign said, 'Cold beer' so I pulled in there
Pulled up a chair to have just one
Now my head hurts I got this sun burn
Oh what on earth have I done

How'd I wind up in Jamaica?
Washed up like some lost cast away
How did one round of beer lead to me laying here
On this bed of sand in Montego bay

Hey don't I know you, ain't you the girl who
I was talking to, back at the bar?
Your dress was light green and I had on blue jeans
Tell me what's it mean, when we don't know where they are

How'd I wind up in Jamaica?
Was it your wild hair or was it mine?
Oh I barely remember, you cussing December
As you passed me that salt and the lime, ring a bell

It's been a year now we're still here now
All settled down, might not go back again
Like a couple of beach bums, we hardly work much
Still ask each other every now and then

How'd we wind up in Jamaica?
Was it your wild hair or was it mine
Oh who cares it don't matter we're happy ever after
Now pass me that salt and the lime

Got it made here in Jamaica
I wouldn't have it any other way
And to this day it ain't clear all I know is we're here
On this bed of sand in Montego bay