

# Beachin'

Jake Owen

So just watchin' her blonde hair, sun burnt, stare at them, white caps rolling over  
Laid back in a thrift store beach chair, droppin' limes in a na  
Well, she looks back, yeah, she throws me a kiss, like "Honey, I sure 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, slow tide rollin'  
White sand, cold can, koozie in my hand, just a summertime strolling  
Chillin', breezing, sippin', singin' whoa  
Beachin' We got 2-for-1s, we're at a Margarita bar,  
whatever happens happens  
And there's a reggae band, full of dread heads, just sittin' in the corner laughin'  
Well, my baby walks over, drops a 20 in a jar, she smiles and shakes 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, slow tide rollin'  
White sand, cold can, koozie in my hand, just a summertime strolling  
Chillin', breezing, sippin', singin' whoa  
Beachin' Ha ha aww yeah... a little palm tree leaning  
I got a Margarita here in my hand, doin' a little drinkin'  
Talkin' 'bout sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, slow tide rollin'  
White sand, cold can, koozie in my hand, just a summertime strolling  
Chillin', breezing, sippin', singin' whoa  
Beachin' Sunshine, blue eyes, tan lines, slow tide rollin'  
White sand, cold can, koozie in my hand  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>