

Craig Morgan **"Summer Sundown"**

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There's a picture of a covered bridge
With water running under it
Flowing through my mind, takes me back in time

After haulin' hay all day
We'd stop by there and drop a tailgate
And take a dip to cool off a bit

Blue sky would turn to red off in the west
We'd tear into a full igloo of Old Milwaukee's Best

On a summer sundown, same old young crowd
Jeans and tank tops, bikinis, flip flops
And blankets on the ground

My girl in my arms, sippin' on Boone's Farm, yeah
It seemed to take forever for the world to turn halfway
around
Days were long and we were waitin' on a summer
sundown

We'd park our pick ups on the bank
Build a bon fire and we'd crank our radios
Loud as they would go

Now and then, it never failed
Old man Baker'd start raisin' hell
About us being there, ah, but we didn't care

If he called the law the fun would end
But everybody knew in a day or two
We'd all be back again

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And blankets on the ground

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