

Dean Brody "Lazy Days"

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I love the way twirl your hair
Those overalls and flip flops you wear
They way you'd smile
Waiting in your drive
Hot sunday afternoons

You didn't mind my rusty truck
Swinging by to pick you up
I missed your sweet face
It was six long days
Since I'd got to hang with you

Chorus

And we'd throw two fly rods in the gunrack
Sweet tea biscuits on your lap
Sing to brown eyed girl my guitar in the barn bridge
shade
We're I'd number your freckles
And the times your fishing line tangled
And love on you in the meadow by round bales of hay
No, it ain't hard to remember those good ol' lazy days

And we'd stop by Ernies General store
Got two maple walnut icecream cones
Funny how they always seem
To get on your nose
Ride with me

I'd cuss the moon tryin to get you back
Grap all the gears while you just laughed
Cause it was twelve o'clock
Porch lights turned off
Yeah, and I was up the creek

Chorus

Ain't it funny how we never could sell that old pick up of
mine
Baby grap the keys and get the jumper cables, cause
it's about time

Chorus

No, it ain't hard to remember
Baby do you remember
I think it's time we remember
Those good ol' lazy days

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