

Corey Smith

"If I Could DO It Again"

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Best friends in a pickup truck, we were Panama City
bound
Eight hours in the back, wind blowin with the sun beatin
down
Makin plans to raise some hell, celebratin our senior
year
we had a trash bag full of cloths and a suitcase full of
beers
We got pulled over by the Alabama state patrol
But they never found the booze, so they had to let us
go

If I could do it again, you know I'd do it the same

Got a room at the Beach Club Inn, it was a dump but we
didn't care
Between the cruisin and the beach and the clubs we
were hardly ever there
We'd get drunk and raise some hell and I play my
guitar in the sand
Everyone would come and sing along and the pretty
girls would dance
The Florida shore it really put a spell on me
Turned a quiet Sunday school boy into the life of the
party

If I could do it again you know I'd do it the same
I'd pass out on the beach drinkin Golden Grain
I'd wake up covered in sand with that bottle in my hand
Then I'd go for a swim and start drinkin again
Oh I'd break all the rules, just like I used to do
If I could do it again yea

I met a girl from Tennessee, no I don't remember her
name
But I can still see her top pulled down and that belly
button ring
We kissed but I didn't tell no, I had to keep it hush on
the down low
I had girlfriend back at home and she didn't need to
know
Sure I felt a little guilty as we dusted off our clothes

But she was wild and she was fine Lord, worth every lie
I told

If I could do it again, you know I'd do it the same
With the one night stands and the drinkin games
You know I'd check out the girls at the clubs, hookin up
whenever I could
Sex on a beach never tasted as good
I'd break my first love's heart, forget to hide the
fingernail marks
If I could do it again yea

I'd get sunburned on a new tattoo, lose my favorite
jeans and my tennis shoes
Get kicked out of my hotel room and sleep in the truck
for a night or two
Blow all my money, have to call my dad and work two
months to pay him back
Take bong hits and laugh like hell, flick the police off
and get hauled to jail
If I could do it again I'd do it the same, not one regret I
wouldn't change a thing

I'd check out the girls at the clubs, hookin up whenever
i could
Oh, oh, ohhh, i'd wkae up coered in sand, with that
bottle in my hand
Ohhhhh, i'd break all the rules, just like i use to do
If i could do it again, how bout you
If i could do it again, do it again
Best friends in a pick-up truck, we were Panama City
bound

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