

Scotty McCreery

"Write My Number On Your Hand"

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She climbed up an oak tree
And Double-back flipped
River drenched bikini sittin'
Pretty on her hips
We shared a coca-cola
Sittin' on a log
And I was wantin' to kiss her
Like an old bull frog

Did you say, you're only
Here for a couple a days
Well alright, we ain't got
Much time to waste
We talked till the moon
Chased the sun from the sky
Said, this is hello
It sure ain't goodbye

Write my number on your hand,
Where it's easy to see
Write my number on your hand,
And give yours to me
It'll look good in blue on your
Sun kissed tan
Baby, write my number on
Your hand

We jumped back in the water
In the moonlight glow
I said, come tomorrow
Where you wanna go

Maybe some place cool
Cause' it'll be hot
Do it one more time, I think it
Might've rubbed off

Write my number on your hand
Where it's easy to see
Write my number on your hand
And give yours to me
Still looks good in blue on your

Sun kissed tan
Baby, write my number
On your hand

If you're ever back in town
Just give me a ring
She said, well that's so sweet
But if you wanna see me

Write my number on your hand
Where it's easy to see
Write my number on your hand
And read it back to me
Yeah, blue would look good with
Your farmer's tan
Baby, write my number on
Your Hand

It'd look pretty dang
Good with your farmer's tan
Baby, write my number
On your hand

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