

The Old Sand Bar

Dean Brody

When the workday's done there's a place we go
Where pirates used to party and the rum still flows
A little fishin' shack down a long grass road
Where everybody knows your name

Lawn chairs or barstools yeah pull up a seat
A place through the woods cell phone towers can't reach
"No Trespassing" signs out where life's a beach
No last call to kick you out

Where every hour is a happy hour

Meet me down at the old sand bar
Where our neon lights are the northern stars
Big full moon rising up and CCR
Meet me down at the old sand bar

Jeff and Jenny stealing kisses on a driftwood stub
Billy-bobs and fireflies gonna light things up
Boys playing football 'neath the midnight sun
There's a girl out on the sand

On a Navajo blanket hoping I'll hold her hand

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