

Cold Beer With Your Name On It

Josh Thompson

I hear you're out there now
And you're doing all right
New lease on life in Hollywood
Ridin' around with your rag top down
Bet the west coast sun looks good on you

Wasn't very long ago
We were sittin' on a lost dirt road
By the railroad tracks
If you ever think about that
And wonder where I'm at
Or wanna come back

I'm sittin' on a tailgate
Middle of a star gaze
Wishin' you were in my arms
And chillin' right here
Baby, if you want it,
I got a cold beer with your name on it

Back forty on a Friday night
Me and you dancin' in the fire light
Girl, you gotta admit
It sounds pretty good, don't it
I got a cold beer with your name on it

Pop the tab, kick back like we used to do
Sippin' all night long to your favorite tunes
If you ever get tired of the concrete life
Those honkin' horns and them flashin' lights
Got a jar of shine if you need it
Under the seat, you know where I keep it

Hey, girl, turn off your cell phone
Put your blue jeans on
And get back home

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Wishin' you were in my arms
And chillin' right here
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Cooler loaded down, picture perfect view
All that's missing now is you

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