

Jake Owen, Days of Gold

Long truck bed hop in it, fire engine red like her lip stick
Out here we can let it go
but just me and my good friends
Juggle wine little sip out here baby you just never know

Yeah, these are the days of gold
Well it's a southern summer with whiskeys in the air dogs on the burner
Beers ice cold and got a pretty little lady to hold
Southern summer and that sun shining down like Daddy's silver dollar
Gotta hop on the old dirt road these are the days of gold

A little July sky so high moon shine by the riverside
Stealing hearts and running wild
Yeah Our own little world Tennessee boys and girls running free out here it's good time for miles
Yeah, these are the days of gold

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A little bit of you, a little bit of me
What you wanna do, what's it's gonna be
We can get wild, we can live free
Or you can shake it for me baby like a Tamborine.
Slice of watermelon and you spit the seeds
Sweat on you back stickin to the seats
we can take off and beat the heat or bubbles on you honey like a bumble bee

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