

It's Five O' Clock Somewhere

The sun is hot and that old clock is movin' slow, - An' so am I.
Work day passes like molasses in wintertime, - But it's July.
I'm gettin' paid by the hour, an' older by the minute.
My boss just pushed me over the limit.
I'd like to call him somethin', - I think I'll just call it a day.

[CHORUS]

Pour me somethin' tall an' strong,
Make it a "Hurricane" before I go insane.
It's only half-past twelve but I don't care.
It's five o'clock somewhere.

Oh, this lunch break is gonna take all afternoon,
An' half the night.
Tomorrow mornin', I know there'll be hell to pay,
Hey, but that's all right.
I ain't had a day off now in over a year.
Our Jamaican vacation's gonna start right here.
Hit the 'phones for me,
You can tell 'em I just sailed away.

[CHORUS]

I could pay off my tab, pour myself in a cab,
An' be back to work before two.
At a moment like this, I can't help but wonder,
What would Jimmy Buffet do?

It's Five O' Clock Somewhere - 2

Funny you should ask that because I'd say:
Pour me somethin' tall an' strong,
Make it a "Hurricane" before I go insane.
It's only half-past twelve but I don't care.

Pour me somethin' tall an' strong,
Make it a "Hurricane" before I go insane.
It's only half-past twelve but I don't care.
He don't care. - I don't care.
It's five o'clock somewhere.

What time zone am I on? What country am I in?
It doesn't matter, it's five o'clock somewhere.
It's always on five in Margaritaville, come to think of it.
Yeah, I heard that.
You been there haven't you.
Yessir.
I seen your boat there.
I've been to Margaritaville a few times.
All right, that's good.
Stumbled all the way back.
*OK. Just wanna make sure you can keep it between the navigational
beacons.*
Between the buoys, I got it.
All right. Well, it's five o'clock. Let's go somewhere.
I'm ready, crank it up.
Let's get out of here.
I'm gone.

Ladies Love Country Boys

She grew up in the city in a little subdivision
Her daddy wore a tie, mama never fried a chicken
Ballet, straight-As, most likely to succeed
They bought her a car after graduation
Sent her down South for some higher education
Put her on the fast track to a law degree

Now she's coming home to visit Holding the hand
Of a wild-eyed boy With a farmers tan

She's riding in the middle of his pickup truck
Blaring Charlie Daniels, yelling, Turn it up!
They raised her up a lady but there's one thing
They couldn't avoid - Ladies love country boys

You know mamas and daddies want better for their daughters
Hope they'll settle down with a doctor or a lawyer
And their uptown, ball gown, hand-me-down royalty

They never understand why their princess falls
For some camouflage britches and a southern-boy-drawl

Or why she's riding in the middle of a pickup truck
Blaring Hank Jr., yelling, Turn it up!
They raised her up a lady but there's one thing
They couldn't avoid - Ladies love country boys

You can train 'em, you can try to teach 'em
Right from wrong but it's still gonna turn 'em on

And they go riding in the middle of a pickup truck
Blaring Lynyrd Skynyrd, yelling, Turn it up!
You can raise her up a lady but there's one thing
You just can't avoid - Ladies love country boys - They love us country boys

My Kind of Party

Head 2x with band

I worked all week.

Cleaned up, clean cut, and clean shaved.

Got the cover off a '68.

I fired it up, and let them horses sing.

A little pretty thing.

A little tan leg Georgia dream.

She's a rockin' them holey jeans.

Baby, what you got goin' on Saturday?

You know, words got it, there's gonna be a party,

Out of town about half a mile.

Four wheel drives and big mud tires.

Muscadine wine

[Chorus]

Oh baby, you can find me.

In the back of a jacked up tailgate.

Sittin' 'round watchin' all these pretty things.

I get down in that Georgia clay.

And I'll find peace.

In the bottom of a real tall cold drink.

Chillin' with some Skynyrd and some old Hank.

Let's get this thing started.

It's my kind of party

My Kind of Party - 2

Head 1x

Well if you wanna drink.

Go on baby, just do your thing.

But give up your keys.

Hell why drive when you can stay with me?

And then after while we'll sneak away from the bonfire.

Walk by the moonlight and down to the riverside gotcha sippin'
on the moonshine.

Baby, if you're in mood and you can settle for a one night rodeo.

If you can be my tan-legged Juliet,

I'll be your Redneck Romeo.

Chorus

Solo 1x

Chorus Stop Time

Head 2x Solo

Solos

Some Beach

Driving down the interstate, Running thirty minutes late
Singin' Margaritaville and minding my own
Some foreign car drivin' dude with the road rage attitude
Pulled up beside me talkin' on his cell phone
He started yelling at me like I did something wrong
He flipped me the bird an' then he was gone

Some beach, Somewhere
There's a big umbrella casting shade over an empty chair
Palm trees are growin' and a warm breezes a blowing
I picture myself right there
On Some beach, Somewhere

I circled the parkin' lot, tryin' to find a spot
Just big enough I could park my old truck
A man with a big cigar was getting into his car
I stopped and I waited for him to back up
From out of no where a Mercedes Benz
Came cruisin' up and whipped right in

Some beach, Somewhere
There's no where to go when you got all day to get there
There's cold margaritas and hot Senoritas smiling with long dark hair
On some beach, Somewhere

I sat in that waiting room, It seemed like all afternoon
The nurse finally said doc's ready for you
You're not gonna feel a thing we'll give you some Novocain
That tooth will be fine in a minute or two
But he stuck that needle down deep in my gum
And he started drillin' before I was numb

Some beach, Somewhere
There's a beautiful sunset burning up the atmosphere
There's music and dancing and lovers romancing
In the salty evening air
On some beach, Somewhere
On some beach, Somewhere

Summertime

Summertime is finally here - That old ballpark, man, is back in gear
Out on 49 - Man I can see the lights

School's out an' the nights roll in - Man, just like a long lost friend
You ain't seen in a while - And can't help but smile

[Chorus]

And it's two bare feet on the dashboard
Young love and an old Ford
Cheap shades and a tattoo And a Yoo-Hoo...
Bottle on the floorboard
Perfect song on the radio
Sing along 'cause it's one we know
It's a smile, it's a kiss, It's a sip of wine,
It's summertime... - Sweet summertime

Temperature says 93 - Down at the Deposit and Guarantee
But that swimmin' hole - It's nice and cold

Bikini bottoms underneath - But the boys' hearts still skip a beat
When them girls shimmy off - Them old cutoffs

[Chorus]

The more things change - The more they stay the same
Don't matter how old you are - When you know what I'm talkin' 'bout
Yeah baby when you got

[Chorus]