

# Panama City

Lee Brice

We hit that liquor store  
By the county line  
Whipped out a fake ID  
I got from a friend of mine  
We made our getaway  
Due south to the gulf shore sand  
You were looking like a woman child  
I was feeling like a full grown man  
We had a bottle of silver  
And a bottle of sapphire  
An Indian blanket  
And a beachfront bonfire  
We watched the moon  
Ship wreck on the water  
I don't remember, A night much hotter  
You, were lying on the hood of my car  
And I, was strumming on that old guitar  
And we, were looking for the northern stars  
And midnight played like a drive in scene  
You were doing Liz Taylor  
I was doing James Dean  
And I loved you as much as I could at 18  
With sand in your hair and sand in my jeans  
It was so right, all night  
And the sunset looked like an airbrushed t-shirt  
Sewed on the street in Panama City  
I grabbed the camera and snapped off the picture  
You said 'love, ain't it a pitty,  
Someday this moment will fade away,  
Replaced by a photograph  
Like the way we remember the words to a joke  
And forgot how hard it made us laugh  
We had a bottle of silver  
And a bottle of sapphire  
An Indian blanket  
And a beachfront bonfire  
We watched the moon  
Ship wreck on the water  
God I miss that summer  
But not as much as I miss you  
I miss you

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>