

# Cold Beer With Your Name On It

Josh Thompson

I hear you're out there now and you're doin alright,  
New lease on life in Hollywood.  
Ridin' around with the 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,  
Or wonder where I'm at,  
Or wanna come back.  
I'm sittin' on a tailgate, middle of a stargaze,  
Wishin' you were in my arms.  
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 dancing in the firelight.  
You gotta admit it, sounds pretty good don't it,  
I got a cold beer with your name on it.  
Pop the tap, 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, them flashin' lights,  
Got a jar of shine if you need it,  
Under the seats, you know where I keep it.  
Hey girl turn off your cell phone, put your blue jeans on,  
Get back home.  
I'm sittin' on a tailgate, middle of a stargaze,  
Wishin' you were in my arms.  
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 dancing in the firelight.  
Girl you gotta admit it sounds pretty good don't it,  
I got a cold beer with your name on it.  
Cooler loaded down,  
Picture perfect view,  
All that's missin' now is  
You.  
I'm sittin' on a tailgate, middle of a stargaze,  
Wishin' you were in my arms.  
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 dancing in the firelight.  
Girl you gotta admit it, sounds pretty good don't it,  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>