

Sunburn

[Kip Moore](#)

I can see you sitting on the roof of my car
Salty cigarette blowing East Coast stars
And that dress made a mess out of my heart
I could feel the tears from that beachside town
Sound of that roller-coaster slowing down
And the smell of Chanel on your neck Feel the heat of the sand
The sandals in your hand
Where you played air guitar in the bar, showed up that cover band
Maybe I was crazy, falling for you baby
Must have stayed in the rays too long
Cause I still feel you darlin'
Long after the sunburn's gone
Well you never gave a damn about being discrete
You'd climb over the console and recline my seat
And we'd lay in that sweat, you drew hearts on my chest Yeah, the heat of the sand
The sandals in your hand
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