

Guitars and Tiki Bars

[Kenny Chesney](#)

Tired of my beeper, tired of my phone
Tired of this tired old tie I got on
Sick of this traffic jam that I'm in,
We all get sick of it all now and then. When I've had it up to here I go down there. To guitars,
and tiki bars, and a whole lotta love,
Mangos and marley you know, fit me like a glove.
Sixth gear with nowhere to steer when enough is enough,
It's guitars, tiki bars, and a whole lotta love.
I feel like a fish jerked out of the sea,
Or a bird in a cage that's never seen a key,
Sick of this grind and I think that I ought
To bring this grind to a grinding halt. Now I've had it up to here let's go down there. To guitars,
tiki bars, and a whole lotta love,
Mangos and marley you know, fit me like a glove.
Sixth gear with nowhere to steer when enough is enough,
It's guitars, tiki bars, and a whole lotta love. Now I've had it up to here let's go down there.
To guitars, tiki bars, and a whole lotta love,
Mangos and marley you know, fit me like a glove.
Sixth gear with nowhere to steer when enough is enough,
It's guitars, tiki bars, and a whole lotta love...

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