

# Tracy Byrd, How'd I Wind Up In Jamaica

(Casey Beathard/Michael Heeney)

Sign said cold beer, I pulled in there  
Pulled up a chair, to have just one  
Now my head hurts, got this sun burn  
Oh what on earth, have I done

How'd I wind up in Jamaica  
Washed up like some lost cast away  
How did one round of beer lead to me laying here  
On this bed of sand in Montego Bay

Don't I know you, ain't you the girl who  
I was talking to, back at the bar  
Your dress was light green and I had on blue jeans  
Tell me what's it mean, when we don't know where we are

How'd I wind up in Jamaica  
Was it your wild hair or was it mine  
Oh I barely remember, you cussing December  
As you passed me that salt and the lime

It's been a year now, we're still here now  
All settled down, might not go back again  
Like a couple of beach bums, we hardly work much  
Still ask each other every now and then

How'd we wind up in Jamaica  
Was it your wild hair or was it mine  
Oh who cares it don't matter we're happy ever after  
Now pass me that salt and the lime

Got it made here in Jamaica  
Wouldn't have it any other way  
To this day it ain't clear all I know is we're here  
On this bed of sand in Montego Bay