

Crushin' It

Brad Paisley

I sure could use an attaboy or a big old high five
I'd love to hear "you're killing it, dude", yeah it's bit a long time
Since I hit one out of the park or nailed it as they say
I guess I've been in a dry spell but that's about to change

Cause every week has a weekend, by this time Friday night
I'll be done with my third can of cold Bud Light
And I'll be crushin' it, yeah I'll be crushin' it

They say your baby's mad cause you told her that you'd hang some pictures for her
You know the ones she framed late last spring of you and her in Florida
You're up on the ladder when it shatters into smithereens
She shakes her head, looks at you and says
"Ain't you good for anything?" and you say

Every week has a weekend, by this time Friday night
You want a margarita, I'll get Tequila and ice
And I'll be crushin' it, with a cold one in my other hand
I'll be crushin' it, when I'm finished with my can
I can stomp it with my boot, crunch it with my fist
Smash it on my forehead, yeah I got this
I'll be crushin' it, oh I'll be crushin' it

I figured this out in college, walking past them Gothic columns
That I was gonna probably wind up somewhere near the bottom
I was never gonna be the best and brightest guy around
But like the great George freakin' Straight, I'm the king of getting unwound

And every week has a weekend, by this time Friday night
I'll be done with my third can of cold Bud Light
And I'll be crushin' it, every weekend's a weekend
Yeah I'll be crushin' it, by this time Friday night
I'll be crushin' it, I'll be done with my third can
Oh, I'll be crushin' it, of cold Bud Light
I'll be crushin' it, I'll be crushin' it