

Friday Nights & Sunday Mornings

Chase Rice

I'm sitting here on a Fri night
Thinking maybe I just might
Head to bobs for a drink or two
Two turns to three and then three to four
Next thing I know I'm face down on the floor
What the hell have I got myself into
I ain't even come close to living right
And you wont find jesus at the bar on Friday night

So I m looking for grace that I used to find
From the man who turned that water into wine
He used to be my best friend
We just need to get back in touch again
I know I ain't a lost cause yet
But all the things I've done are tough to forget
I'm throwing away the drinks barkeeps been pouring
Yeah I been living for Friday nights but alive cause of Sunday mornings

A few years later I meet this girl
From Alabama a sweet southern pearl
But a preachers daughter ain't usually my style
You know those good girls ain't for me
I been living a little too promiscuously
And her daddy knows I'm just a little wild
He says son if you want my baby you better straighten up
Eat that bread on Sunday
And drink that wine form the cup

So I'm looking for grace that I used to find
From the man who turned that water into wine
He used to be my best friend
We just need to get back in touch again
I know I ain't a lost cause yet
But all the things I've done are tough to forget
I'm listening to that old preacher mans warning
Yeah I been living for Friday nights but alive cause of Sunday mornings

I'm still no where near the man I need to be
But I find that forgiveness every night when I hit my knees
Yeah I found that grace I was looking to find from the man that turned that
water into wine
He used to be my best friend
We just need to get back in touch again
I know I ain't a lost cause yet
But what he did on that cross ill never forget
I'm listening to that old preacher mans warning
When I was living for Friday night but alive cause of Sunday mornings

Yeah I'm alive cause of Sunday mornings
I'm alive cause of Sunday mornings
Cause of Sunday mornings