

Finally Friday

George Jones

I've got a hundred dollars smoking in my billfold
I know I ought to save it but it's burning a hole
Right through my pocket and into my skin
Come Monday morning I'll be broke again

It's finally Friday I'm free again
I got my motor running for a wild weekend
It's finally Friday I'm out of control
Forget the working blues and let the good times roll

I got a little sugar baby down the road
She is sitting on readh and rocking on go
We'll dance up a storm and later on tonight
We'll be working on doing all the wrong things right

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Monday I'll be hurting with my head in a vise
Tuesday I'll be wandering if I'll ever survive
Wednesday and Thursday I'll be slowly turning in
Friday I'll be reving up my motor again

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