

Every Other Friday at Five

Trace Adkins

One out of two ain't gonna make it
Those are the odds these days
And in a world of statistics
He's left tryin' to survive
'Til every other Friday at five

He counts the days and then the hours
'Til he can hold his babies in his arms
And they'll be watchin' out the window
When he pulls up in the drive
On every other Friday at five

For forty-eight hours they're with him again
But on Sunday afternoon he's out of time
Some folks call him a deserter but his kids know he'll arrive
On every other Friday at five

So let's not put 'em in the middle
And play tug-of-war with their little hearts
But let mamas and daddies
Smile hello and wave goodbye
On every other Friday at five

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