Finally Friday

Earl Thomas Conley

I got a hundred dollars smokin' in my billfold
I know I ought to save it but it's burnin' 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 runnin' for a wild weekend
It's finally Friday I'm out of control
Forget the western blues and let the good times roll

I've got a little sugar baby down the road
Sittin' on ready and rockin' on dough
We'll dance up a storm and later on tonight
Be workin' on doin' all the wrong things right

Monday I'll be hurtin' with my head in a vice
Tuesday I'll be wonderin' if I'll ever survive
Wednesday and Thursday I'll be slowly tunin' in
Friday I'll be revvin' up my motor again

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