

Five O'Clock Angel

Luke Bryan

Every morning of everyday
I wake up; it's the same ole thing
Fight the traffic, punch the clock.
Concrete floors wearing out my shoes
Tired of feeling the way I do.
Three more trucks to load, it never stops.
There killing me from nine to five
When it's quitting time, I come alive.

Cause I gotta woman
Who holds me in her arms and understands.
A beautiful woman
Who knows how hard it is to be a man.
No telling where I'd be right now
If she hadn't been sent down
So I don't have to face this world all by myself
She's my five o'clock angel.

Like a branded man down where I work
The company name sewn on my shirt
They can buy my time, but they don't own me.
There's more to me than what I do
I've got feelings, too.
There somewhere else I'd rather be.
You can have your beer and whiskey sour.
I don't need no Happy Hour.

No telling where I'd be right now
If she hadn't been sent down
So I don't have to face this world all by myself
She's my five o'clock angel.
My five o'clock angel.