

Ready to Roar

Willie Nelson

Get down the fiddle and break out the bow
Take off the gloves and throw down the hole
Worked hard all week, my back is sore
It's Friday night and I'm ready to roar

Ready to roar, oh, ready to roar
It's five o'clock and I'm out that door
I'm hot and dusty and I'm tired and wore
But it's Friday night and I'm ready to roar

I've been picking this up and putting that down
Tired of my boss bossing me around
Changing my clothes, going into town
Light a little up and drink a little down

Ready to roar, oh, ready to roar
It's five o'clock and I'm out that door
I'm hot and dusty and I'm tired and wore
But it's Friday night and I'm ready to roar

Well I picked up a lid from a friend of mine
And the man picked me up, now I'm doing time
But I'll get out tomorrow and if you see my friend
Tell him meet me at the bar and we can try that again
He might not know me 'cause I'm low class
Tell him I'm the one with his head up his ass

Ready to roar, oh, ready to roar
It's five o'clock and I'm out that door
I'm hot and dusty and I'm tired and wore
But it's Friday night and I'm ready to roar
One more of it