

Crushin' It

Brad Paisley

I sure could use an attaboy
Or a big old high five
I'd love to hear, "you're killing it, dude"
Yeah, it's been a long time
Since I hit one out of the park
Or nailed it, as they say
I guess I've been in a dry spell,
But that's about to change
'Cause Every week has a weekend
By this time Friday night
I'll be done with my third can
Of cold Bud Light
And I'll be crushin' it
Yeah, I'll be crushin' it They say, "your baby's mad",
'Cause you told her that you'd hang some pictures for her
You know the ones she framed late last spring of you and her in Florida
You're up on the ladder when it shatters into smithereens
She shakes her head and
Looks at you and says, "ain't you good for anything"
And you say, Every week has a weekend
By this time Friday night
You want a margarita
I'll get tequila and ice
And I'll be crushin' it
With a cold one in my other hand
I'll be crushin' it When I'm finished with my can
I can stomp it with my boot,
Crunch it with my fist,
Smash it on my forehead, yeah
I got this
I'll be crushin' it
Oh, I'll be crushin' it, ooh I figured this out in college
Walking past them gothic columns
That I was gonna probably wind up somewhere, near the bottom
I was never gonna be the best and brightest guy around,
But like the great George freakin' Straight
I'm the king of getting unwound And every week has a weekend
By this time Friday night
I'll be done with my third can

Of cold Bud Light
And I'll be crushin' it Every week has a weekend
Yeah, I'll be crushin' it
(By this time) Friday night
Oh, I'll be crushin' it
I'll be done with my third can
Oh, I'll be crushin' it
Of cold Bud Light
And I'll be crushin' it (Hey, hey, hey) I'll be crushin' it

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