# Friday Night

## Brantley Gilbert

This city's looking like a ghost town
All the stores downtown they've been closing down
Yeah, the only lights that shine for miles
Are lighting up the sky above memorial driveAnd if you want a seat you better come on down
'Cause when the band fires up that old glory sound
This is the moment we've all been waiting for
Lining them up, and the whistle blowsThis ain't no game around here
It's more like religion
We've built this thing right here
A football tradition
So everybody get up
And feast your eyes
On the highlight of small town life
It's Friday nightAnd winning state would be a miracle
Man, we did it back in '54
And if the baptist church prayed Sunday morning
We might just stand a chance with the help of the LordThis is ain't no game around here
It's more like religion
We've built this thing right here
A football tradition
So, everybody get up
And feast your eyes
On the highlight of small town life
It's Friday nightAnd now the stadium's quiet
Standing here alone on this old 50 yard line
If I listen close I can hear battle cries
Of all the heroes come and gone before I was alive
The memories of fourth and three
Now that rival game is coming back to me
It meant more than a big state ring
If we could do it again it'd never be the same
Remember the lights and the butterflies
Giving it all just one last time
Because heroes are remembered but dragons never dieThis is ain't no game around here
It's more like religion
We've built this thing right here
A football tradition
So, everybody get up
And feast your eyes

On the highlight of small town life
It's Friday night

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