

# 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 drive  
And 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 blows  
This 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  
And 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 Lord  
This 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  
And 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 die  
This 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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