Friday Paycheck

Josh Turner

Monday morning, got my work boots on
My checkbook tells me that my money is gone
Got a little honey depending on me
To take her to town at the end of the week
We'll find a parking spot so we can reconnect
As soon as I get my Friday paycheck
We'll get a chilly cheese dog at the bowling lane
I'm still a-working on that perfect game
Maybe catch a movie when my arm goes numb
Wrap it around her when the good part comes
I may look like an old redneck
But I'm a high roller with a Friday paycheck
Everybody knows I like to have a good time
I just gotta stay above that poverty line
Food on the table, roof over head
Leave something to my young ones
When I wind up dead
You never know what life will throw at you next
I'm counting down the days till my Friday paycheck
Wish I could tell the foreman when I'm under the gun
Take this job and shove it son
I keep it to myself 'cause I gotta get paid
And dance with my baby at the end of the day
I'm a-yelling at the band when they're doing sound check
Why don't you give me some cash with my p-p-paycheck?
Everybody knows I like to have a good time
I just gotta stay above that poverty line
Food on the table, roof over head
Leave something to my young ones
When I wind up dead
You never know what life will throw at you next
I'm counting down the days till my Friday paycheck
Five, four, three, two, one
You never know what life will throw at you next
I'm counting down the days till my Friday paycheck
I gotta get my hands on that Friday paycheck
Paycheck, Friday paycheck
Gots to get that Friday paycheck
Paycheck, Friday paycheck

Gots to get that Friday paycheck
Ooh, gotta get that Friday paycheck
I've been waiting on that whistle
Waiting on the whistle all day long
Friday paycheck, Friday paycheck
Gots to get that Friday paycheck
Paycheck, Friday paycheck
Gots to get that Friday paycheck
Paycheck, Friday paycheck

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/