

# T. G. I. F.

## Lonestar

Monday was a bummer  
Tuesday was another day whey could've left outta the week  
Wednesday nearly got me  
Thursday all but stopped me; I was broken down and beat  
But I started feelin' strong when Friday finally came along

[Chorus]

T-G-I-F, you know what that means  
Get down to the beach A-S-A-P  
Yeah, there's gonna be a party goin' all weekend  
Polynesian Polly and her parrot-head friends  
Gonna stay until there's not a pina colada left  
T-G-I-F

Yeah, there's ain't no stoppin' once the band starts rockin'  
With those shaker things and big steel drums  
Don't worry half as much about the tide risin' up  
As we do 'bout getting low on rum  
So bury me in the sand, put a frozen drink in my hand

[Chorus]

T-G-I-F, you know what that means  
Get down to the beach A-S-A-P  
Yeah, there's gonna be a party goin' all weekend  
Five o'clock, non-stop, the fun begins  
T-G-I-F, you know what that means  
Get down to the beach A-S-A-P  
Yeah, there's gonna be a party goin' all weekend  
Polynesian Polly and her parrot-head friends  
Gonna stay until there's not a pina colada  
Stay until there's not a pina colada left  
T-G-I-F

---

Lyrics powered by [lyrics.tancode.com](http://lyrics.tancode.com)

written by DOUGLAS, PHILIP / HARBIN, RON / MCDONALD, RICHIE

Lyrics © Curb Music/Curb Records/Mike Curb Music/Curb Songs, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC,  
Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., MIKE CURB MUSIC, OLE MEDIA MANAGEMENT LP

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>