

Beer On the Table

Josh Thompson

Every morning I get up
Before that rooster crows
Heading straight to somewhere
I don't even wanna go Eggs and bacon in my belly
And a Folgers coffee buzz
Good ol' radar detector
It protects me from the fuzz Well, I do what I gotta do
To get through working that 9 to 5
It's killing me, but then again
It's keeping me alive It puts the gas in my truck
Butter on my biscuits
Couple bucks when I'm itching
For a scratch-off ticket
That poker makes me broker
Every Saturday night
But I still got running water
And they ain't cut off the lights Come Friday night, my friends and I
Start peeling off them labels
Working hard all week
Puts the beer on the table Eighteen bucks an hour and
A million dollar tan
All them women whistle at me
While I'm working for the man Making me some cold hard cash
Out in that summer sun
Come Friday I'll have money
But by Monday, I'll have none
Once the bills are paid
And that bass boat tank
Has gone from E to F
I fill that big ol' cooler up
There ain't a whole lot left But I got gas in my truck
Butter on my biscuits
Couple bucks when I'm itching
For a scratch-off ticket That poker makes me broker
Every Saturday night
But I still got running water
And they ain't cut off the lights Come Friday night, my friends and I
Start peeling off them labels
Working hard all week
Puts the beer on the table Oh, I'm a simple man, yes I am
All I need's a few good friends
And a good job

And a good dog
Maybe a woman that understands
And a little gas in my truck,
Some butter on my biscuits
Couple bucks when I'm itching
For a scratch-off ticket
That poker makes me broker
Every Saturday night
But I still got running water
And they ain't cut off the lights
Come Friday night, my friends and I start
Peeling off them labels
Working hard all week
Puts the beer on the table
Puts the beer on the table
Would y'all pass me another one of them cold cans?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>