Eric Heatherly "Wrong Five O'Clock"

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I got a call from the boys yesterday Said get ready, we're on the way It's happy hour at the BBQ bar Luther's playin' that hot guitar.

Told my baby I just had to go She was cussin' as we hit the road Said, "You'll be wanted, mister, dead or alive If you don't make it back home by five."

Chorus 1:

I got to the wrong five o'clock
I was here right on the dot
Hey baby why you look so shocked
She said "You got home at the wrong five o'clock."

Well, I'm guilty baby, my mistake
Please don't kill me for goodness sake
Now I'll do anything to make it up to you
She said, "Hush your mouth, there ain't no excuse."

Chorus 2:

For comin' home at the wrong five o'clock I was waitin' and your supper was hot In case you wonder why I changed the lock You got home at the wrong five o'clock.

We were playin' pool and havin' a ball Weren't doin' anything wrong at all Then Jimmy got crazy, got thrown in jail What else was I supposed to do but post his bail.

I got home at the wrong five o'clock Key wouldn't fit had to knock, knock, knock She opened the door with that pistol cocked I got home at the wrong five o'clock.

Chorus 2:

For comin' home at the wrong five o'clock I was waitin' and your supper was hot In case you wonder why I changed the lock

You got home at the wrong five o'clock...

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