

Lonestar

"T.G.I.F."

Visit "[T.G.I.F.](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Richie McDonald/Philip Douglas/Ron Harbin)

Monday was a bummer, Tuesday was another day
They 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

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 parrothead 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

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 parrothead friends
Gonna stay until there's not a pina colada left... T.G.I.F

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 none 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 parrothead friends
Gonna stay until there's not a pina colada
Stay until there's not a pina colada left... T.G.I.F

