Michael Sarver
"Aint Going Down Till The Sun Comes Up"

Six o'clock on Friday evening
Momma doesn't know she's leaving
'Til she hears the screen door slamming
Rubber squealin', gears a-jamming
Local country station just a blaring on the radio
Pick him up at seven and they're headin' to the rodeo
Momma's on the front porch screamin' out her warning
Girl you better get your red head
Back in bed before the morning

Nine o'clock the show is ending
But the fun is just beginning
She knows he's anticipating
But she's gonna keep him waiting
Grab a bite to eat
And then they're heading to the honkey-tonk
But loud crowds and line dancing
Just ain't what they really want
Drive out to the boondocks and park down by the creek
And where it's George Strait 'til real late
And dancing cheek to cheek

Ain't going down 'til the sun comes up
Ain't givin' in 'til they get enough
Going 'round the world in a pickup truck
Ain't goin' down 'til the sun comes up

Ten 'til twelve is wine and dancing
Midnight starts the hard romancing
One o'clock that truck is rocking
Two is coming, there's still no stopping
Break to check the clock at three
They're right on where they want to be
Four o'clock get up and going
Five o'clock that rooster's crowing

Ain't going down 'til the sun comes up
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Six o'clock on Saturday

Her folks don't know he's on his way
The stalls are clean, the horses fed
They say she's grounded 'til she's dead
Well here he comes around the bend
Slowing down, she's jumping in
Hey mom, you're daughter's gone
And there they go again

Ain't goin' down 'til the sun comes up
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Goin' 'round the world in a pickup truck
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