

Adkins Trace, Every Other Friday At Five

Adkins Trace

More...

Every Other Friday At Five

One out of two ain't gonna make it

Those are the odds these days

And in a world of statistics

He's left tryin' to survive

'Til every other Friday at five

He counts the days and then the hours

'Til he can hold his babies in his arms

And they'll be watchin' out the window

When he pulls up in the drive

On every other Friday at five

For forty-eight hours they're with him again

But on Sunday afternoon he's out of time

Some folks call him a deserter but his kids know he'll arrive

On every other Friday at five

So let's not put 'em in the middle

And play tug-of-war with their little hearts

But let mamas and daddies

Smile hello and wave goodbye

On every other Friday at five

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