

# Trace Adkins, 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  
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  
And they'll be watchin' out the window  
When he pulls up in the drive  
On every other Friday at five