

# Garth Brooks, Ain't Going Down

('til 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  
&quot;girl you better get your red head  
Back in bed before the morning.&quot;

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.

(chorus)

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, 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

\*chorus\*

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

\*chorus\*