

# Zach Bryan, Fear And Friday's

Plucked strings on porches  
A poor boy's choir  
My blood's at a boil  
There ain't no fire  
I just love the way the light beams in  
But I got bad news, I'm fearing Friday again

Choking on some bourbon when you roll up  
Said, "Boy, you got a face it, you's ain't that tough"  
Theres a house hoppin' on the edge of town  
I'm revved up, thirsty, and ready to drown

I got a fear, dear, that it's gonna end  
Won't you get angry at me?  
Say you love me again  
I got a fear, dear, that it's a Friday spark  
You only love me like you mean it  
When it's after dark  
Woo

We can hide out tonight, out  
Where the trees get clear  
Those please-you-eyes  
Are a man's worst fear  
Theres a namesake on your heart's gravestone  
Saturday's coming, I fear I'm waking alone

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