

Weekend Show

When the Sun goes down
And the moon comes up
I grab a six pack
And jump in my pickup truck

I'm headed to the local honky tonk
My favorite watering hole
There is a cute Little bartender
That has stolen my soul

I glide to the bar
And she pours me a drink
Slides it across the counter
And gives me a wink

She's got more curves
Than a winding country road
When she pulls on her jeans
She has to go real slow

She wears a thick leather belt
With a big belt buckle
Its Engraved and bright and shiny
She won it at the weekend show
What country people call a rodeo

**It's a country weekend show
Cowboys and cowgirls
At the local rodeo**

**Beer and whiskey is being thrown down
A country party when the sun goes down**

It's a weekend show, it's a rodeo

She races around barrels
Her horse can turn a dime
He runs as fast as he can
Trying to beat their last time

I've seen the trophies and buckles she's won
The crowd cheers her on
And You can tell she's having fun

It's a weekend show
And the crowd gathers round
The beer is flowing as the sun goes down
Another day at the rodeo

Repeat Chorus

Another Week of work
Is in the books
40 hours of punchin' time

Now we're gonna start to party
Rest of the weekend is all mine

I pick up my girl and
We head for the wild west weekend show
Bull riding, bucking broncs, it's a rodeo

My girl is in the saddle and waiting in line,
She is ready to chase those barrels
And win this time

Repeat Chorus

Art Adkins (BMI)
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