

## “Friends We Won't Forget” by Lee Brice

Well I remember Friday nights,

We were full of bull and natural light

Rock stars, under the parking lot lights

Killing time in a little town

Window's tinted up, tailgates down

Running our mouths, riding up and down

Just looking for a fight

We heard all the stories a thousand times

Somebody go on and tell 'em again, ain't nobody gonna mind

Here's to the good old boys, the guitars that made the noise

And all the girls that we annoyed, and the ones we kissed goodnight,

To the trucks that drove us home, secrets we never told

And all the talks on old dirt roads that somehow changed our lives

Here's to the nights we don't remember and the friends we won't forget

Like I still smell the craw fish stand, diving head first in the morning drink

Standing in the lake watching water skis go by,

Got a pretty girl sitting on my shoulders and another pretty girl trying to push her over

My boys on the bank letting the horseshoes fly

Well I can still see it now,

All of us piling in our trucks and heading back into town

Here's the good old boys, the guitars that made the noise

And all the girls we annoyed, and the ones we kissed goodnight,  
To the trucks that drove us home, secrets we never told  
And all the talks on old dirt roads that somehow changed our lives  
Here's to the nights we don't remember and the friends we won't forget

Here's to the last calls when we didn't care, holding our shots up in the air  
A bunch of reckless boys, man I swear, it's a wonder we survived  
To the trucks that drove us home and secrets we never told  
And all the talks on old dirt roads that somehow changed our lives  
Here's to the nights we don't remember  
Yeah here's to the nights we don't remember and the friends we won't forget, no

Writer/s: LANCE MILLER, ROB HATCH, LEE BRICE

MIKE CURB MUSIC

Do you have a friend that you won't forget? Discuss.

Quick write.