

The Fair

100 Monkeys

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

He bought a bullseye at the county fair
To show what a good shot he was
Cost him fourteen dollars and ninety five
It's on the wall, can you see, can you see,
Can you see, can you see it? She caught a stuffed tiger full of styrofoam beads
Do you see how she carries with ease?
A safe smile wiped across her face
No fear for his fabric teeth You're a plate, you're a plate
You're a messy paper plate
You're a plate, you're a plate
You're a messy paper, ah He swings a silver hammer on a copper plate
Sending lights shooting straight in the air
A brassy bell rings out but I hear one sound as he shouts
I'm the winner, I'm the winner, I'm the winner, I'm the winner! Stuck carny smiles with no teeth at all
Counting stacks of green paper bills
Next to those milk jugs that just wont fall
And a bursting money till You're a plate, you're a plate
You're a messy paper plate
You're a plate, you're a plate
You're a messy paper, ah

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