State Fair

Doug Supernaw

Nineteen hundred seventy three
My second cousin Calvin and me
We loaded down his old blue green Corvair
And headed for the State FairWas mid October and the autumn breeze
Shook the colors out of the trees
Time was passing but who were we to care
We were headed for the State FairAnd I remember Calvin reaching underneath the dash
Pulling out that pack of cigarettes that he kept stashed
For half the morning we blew smoke rings in the air
Like two big fat millionairesIt happened way out on route twenty nine
Some drunk driver came across the yellow line
Calvin's momma cried and his daddy sat and stared
Life can sure be unfairIt's been so long since that dark day
I thought by now I'd have put the past away
But just this morning I found myself back there
Going to the State FairAnd I remember Calvin reaching underneath the dash
Pulling out that pack of cigarettes that he kept stashed
For half the morning we blew smoke rings in the air
Like two big fat millionaires

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