

# Barn Burner

## Pigeon-Hole

Brown paper sack, wintergreen pack  
A full tank of gas from a mini mart  
Cruisin' slow with Curtis low speakers  
'Bout to blow, let the party start  
Take that ol' dirt road past that grain silo  
Red taillights glow, it's a pickup parade  
Over the cattle guard, find a place to park  
Show me to the bar, take my keys away, it's time to play  
Then it's beer bong hangin' from the hayloft  
Jell-O shooters with Smirnoff  
Long necks chillin' in the feed trough  
Pig smokin' slow  
Flatbed band cranked up loud  
The more we drink the better they sound  
See the bonfire from all around  
Lettin' everybody know, we've gotta Barn Burner  
Mini skirts, skintight shirts  
Look so good, it hurts, drives me insane  
Mechanical buckin' bull  
Shot glasses full of tomorrow's pain  
Ain't you glad you came?  
Drinkin' games goin' in the horse stalls  
Two step under the disco ball  
Billy Bob's blowin' on his duck call  
It's a hell of a show  
Sticky from the sweat so to beat the heat  
We go skinny dippin' down in the creek  
Promise the girls we can't see  
Thank God for that moon glow, we've gotta Barn Burner  
Homemade shine way too strong  
David Allen Coe sing-a-long songs  
(You don't have to call me)  
Bathroom lines takin' too long, go behind the tree  
Party all night till the sun comes up  
Sleep it off till you lose your buzz  
Good luck tryin' to find your truck  
We'll see you all next week at the Barn Burner  
Let it burn

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