

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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