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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