

# Barn Burner

## Jason Michael Carroll

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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