State Fair

Drunk Stuntmen

Let me tell 'bout a kid I know.
We met a while ago.
At the State Fair.
He was showing his blue ribbon pig.
I was thinging big.
While I was combing my hair.
He was never like the other guys,
Selling curly-fries,
Or rigging the games.
4-H was his one true love.
We'd hang out above
The dunk-tank when it rains.Gonna step-up, step-up, step right up.
I'm never-ever never-ever coming home.I'm really into the boys that work there.
The feeling you get when your ticket they tear.
Four days in May: The State Fair!I used to go out with the other man.
He ran the sno-cone stand.
He looked good from behind.
I like a baggy kind of overall.
They don't really show at all.
I can use my mindI'm gonna step-up, step-up, step right up.
I'm never-ever never-ever coming home.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/