

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 mind! I'm gonna step-up, step-up, step right up.

I'm never-ever never-ever coming home.

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