

# Ringling, Ringling

[Jimmy Buffett](#)

Ringling, ringling, slippin' away  
Only forty people livin' there today  
Streets are dusty and the bank has been torn down  
It's a dyin' little town Church windows broken, that place ain't been used in years  
Jail don't have a sheriff or a cell  
And electric trains, they run by maybe once or twice a month  
Easin' it on down to Mussel Shell Ringling, ringling, slippin' away  
Only forty people livin' there today  
'Cause the streets are dusty and the bank had been torn down  
It's a dyin' little town And across from the bar there's a pile of beer cans  
Been there twenty-seven years  
Imagine all the heartaches and tears  
In twenty-seven years of beer So we hopped back in the rental car and we hit the cruise control  
Pretty soon the town was out of sight  
Tho we left behind a fat barmaid, a cowboy and a dog  
Racin' for a ringling Friday night Ringling, ringling, you're just slippin' away  
I wonder how many people will be there a year from today  
'Cause the streets are dusty and the bank has been torn down  
It's a dyin' little town, it's a dyin' little town

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