

Tricia, Tricia

[Nick Roes](#)

Just when it looked like I might be working my life away.
Betsy followed a doctor out to Californi-ay
A new girl came to Barnum much to everyone's surprise,
And she said, "hello", and she smiled at me
And the stars shone in my eyes and I said

"Tricia, Tricia, Barnum Babe pretty as a pitcher,
Tricia, Tricia, don't you look so fine!
Tricia, Tricia, oh how I'd love to hug and kiss ya
Tricia, Tricia, I wish you could be mine."

Now my days are numbered and I'll soon be on my way
Maybe even wander out to Californi-ay
But often I'll be thinking of the girl I left behind
And I'll drink some beer, wishing she was here
To ease my troubled mind, and I'll sing

"Tricia, Tricia, Barnum Babe pretty as a pitcher,
Tricia, Tricia, don't you look so fine!
Tricia, Tricia, oh how I'd love to hug and kiss ya
Tricia, Tricia, I wish you could be mine."

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