

Barn Burner

Jason Michael Carroll

Brown paper sack, wintergreen pack
A full tank of gas from a mini mart
Cruisin' slow with Curtis Loew 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
Bathroom lines takin' too long
Go behind the tree

Party all night 'til the sun comes up
Sleep it off 'til 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