

## County Fair

John Grant

On a warm June summer night  
A car pulls up and Cindy's sittin' on the passenger side  
Her hair was dirty and she had the prettiest eyes  
And she was in possession of one of those million dollar smiles

And I can hear the leaves lush and green up in the trees  
And they are whisperin' to a gentle breeze  
Cindy says "Come on we're goin' to the county fair  
You can ride with us, or we can meet you there"

We'll ride the Zipper and the Tilt-A-Whirl  
We'll watch the cotton candy twist and swirl  
We'll ride the Matterhorn and the double Ferris-Wheel  
We love to listen to the screams and the squeals  
And it's hard to believe that the things we are seeing are real

Cindy takes my hand and I start to cry  
They say I'm too small and they won't let me ride  
I looked up at the Zipper as it twisted and writhed  
I saw all the lights reflected in their eyes  
I will never forget the things I saw that night  
I felt so much love and everything was alright  
And she said, "Come on we're goin' to the county fair  
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