

## **Brian Davis**

# **"Barn Burner"**

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Brown paper sack,  
Winner dream pack,  
A full tank of gas, from the mini mart,  
Cruisin slow, crankin Curtis Loew,  
Speakers bout to blow,  
Let the party start,  
Take that old dirt road,  
Pass the grain silou,  
Red taillights glow,  
It's a pickup parade,  
Over the cattle guard,  
Find a place to park,  
Show me to the barn,  
Take my keys away,  
It's time to play,

And it's beer pong hit it from the hayloft,  
Jello shooters with Smirnoff,  
Long necks chillin in the feed trough,  
With a pig smoking slow,  
Find that band cranked up loud,  
More we drink the better they sound,  
See the bonfire from all around,  
Letting everybody know,  
We got barn burner,

Mini skirts, skin tight shirts,  
Looks so good it hurts,  
Drives me insane,  
Mechanical buckin bull,  
Shot glasses full of tomorrows pain,  
Ain't you glad you came,  
And it's drinks get pourin in the horse stalls,  
Two step under the disco ball,  
Billy Bob blowin on his duck calls  
A helluva a show  
Sticky from sweat so to beat the heat,  
But go skinny dippin down in the creek,  
Promise the girls that we can't see,  
Thank God for that moon though,  
We got barn burner,

Pour me a shot way too strong,  
David Allan Coe sing-along-songs,  
"You Don't Have to Call Me"  
Bathroom line takin too long,  
Go behind a tree,  
Party all night till the sun comes up,  
Sleep it off till you lose your buzz,  
Good luck trying to find your truck,  
See you all next week, at the barn burner,

Let it burn  
Wooh

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