

Gadjits

"Carnival Sense"

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Come see the gentle man with the jackass on his back
Parade him through the streets and then send him
back
He's the man of the estate, He's the man of land and
title
He's the man to make you chomp the bit,
Make you wear the bridle

I knew you liked your make-up like one
but I never knew you had a thing for downs
You got to know him in the carnival sense
So don't say I'm the one putting you down
Bragging in the drinking hole to every listening ear
About 52 positions and a leather belt Goodyear

He's the conquistador laying claim to all the lowlands
Relate to all the primitives by laughing about the
mountains
You traded in your real man for trailer life and funnel
cake
Don't say the doctor never warned you about the side
effects of what you take
What kind of guy would turn a woman to child in
distress
Darlin' climb into his arms but don't expect a rest

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