

My Friend Steve "Arnie"

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Arnie works the cyclone at the state fair
Says he's in it for the chicks
Smokes about two packs of cigarettes each day
And he drinks just like a fish
Arnie never talks of family
And he never found a wife
He sleeps with the bearded lady
So does the guy that swallows knives
Oh and I, I'm quite a lot like him
Oh and I, I'm quite a lot like him
Oh and I, I'm quite a lot like him-I swear
Arnie talks as if someday he'll leave
If the right thing comes along
A distant dream as a mercenary marine
Is a dream that's long gone
My eyes, my eyes they're not like his
Maybe a little
God, I wish my eyes were just like his
Arnie's on the road eight months each year
Winters down south where it's warm
He's in a trailer park in Sarasota
Getting drunk with the clowns

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