

## Rockets

### "Big Time In A Small Town"

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The carnival convoy just crossed the county line.  
Kids wavin' on the corner as the truck's rollin' by.  
They'll be settin' up the Big Top out in the field,  
Next to the bumper cars, pony rides and ferris wheels.  
Oh, we been waitin' all year,  
I can't believe that it's finally here.

It's a big time in a small town.  
Everybody's comin' from miles around.  
When the sun comes up, we'll be gettin' down:  
It's a big time in a small town.

Walkin' down the mid-way, weavin' through the crowd.  
Cotton-candy bumper cars, blue-ribbon cows.  
Sherrif Johnson's daughter, she's givin' me the eye.  
I'm gonna ring the bell an' win her a prize.  
A little later on, we'll slip off by ourselves:  
I can't imagine livin' anywhere else.

It's a big time in a small town.  
Everybody's comin' from miles around.  
When the sun comes up, we'll be gettin' down:  
It's a big time in a small town.

They pulled up the tent-pegs an' pulled out of town.  
Leavin' nothin' but litter an' dirt.  
Once a year, this field of dreams,  
Is the greatest show on earth.

It's a big time in a small town;  
It's a big time in a small town;  
It's a big time in a small town.

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