

## **Felice Brothers**

# **"Fire at the Pageant"**

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Harlan's papa wouldn't stay in the ground  
Dead and buried and he walked into town  
Lord God, what is Ma to do?

Mama's so mad cause he muddled up his suit  
Caught in a thorn bush, blowin on a flute  
Lord God, what is Ma to do?

12456789Thousand,  
Everybody calm down please stop shouting  
Go on the run call 911  
Calm down, calm down, calm down

James: 12456789Thousand, Ian: Fire, Fire at the  
pageant  
Would everybody calm down please stop shouting  
Go on the run call 911  
Calm down, calm down, calm down

If he did drive into town  
Everyone would stand around, and stare  
Harlan's girl would catch a glimpse  
In the mirror as she crimps her hair

Harlan's papa wouldn't stay in the ground  
Dead and buried and he walked into town  
Lord god what is Ma to do?

Mama's so mad 'cause she can't scare him  
off  
Even if she's wrapped in a table cloth  
Oh Lord what is Ma to do

12456789Thousand  
would everybody calm down please stop shouting  
Go on the run call 911  
Calm down, calm down, Calm down

James: 12456789Thousand, Ian: Fire, Fire at the  
pageant  
Everybody calm down please stop shouting  
Go on the run call 911

Calm down, calm down, calm down

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Everybody calm down please stop shouting

Go on the run call 911

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