

Brian Burns

"Get Together"

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If you go hungry 'round here, son, it's your own damn fault.

There's enough food around here to feed an army.
Yes, no sir, use your manners, that's the way you was taught.

We got some company comin' over, gonna have a party.

We're gonna have a get together.
We got some good guitar weather.
Blue sky, fish fry, oh my son,
Ringer leaner horseshoe fun.
We'll cut a watermelon, a little slice of Heaven.
Son, there ain't no tellin' who might come along.
Swingin' on a tire, oh Daddy, push me higher.
Tonight we'll build a fire and sing a sing-along.
Ain't nothin' beats a good ol' campfire song.

And when the company gets here, be on your best behavior,
Y'all don't make me have to get on to ya.
Let's count our blessings, the Good Lord is our savior,
And let's say a prayer for those not as fortunate.

We're gonna have a get together.
We got some good guitar weather.
Blue sky, fish fry, oh my son,
Ringer leaner horseshoe fun.
We'll cut a watermelon, a little slice of Heaven.
Son, there ain't no tellin' who might come along.
Swingin' on a tire, oh Daddy, push me higher.
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[x2]

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