

The 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 muddied 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 run call 911
Calm down, calm down, calm down

124
Fire, fire at the pageant
Everybody calm down, please stop shouting
Go on run call 911
Calm down, calm down, calm down

If he'd be driving 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 tablecloth
Oh Lord, what is Ma' to do?

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

124
Fire, fire at the pageant
Everybody calm down, please stop shouting
Go on run call 911

Calm down, calm down, calm down

124

Fire, fire at the pageant

Everybody calm down, please stop shouting

Go on run call 911

Calm down, calm down, calm down

124

Fire, fire at the pageant

Everybody calm down, please stop shouting

Go on run call 911

Ha ha ha ha

You supposed to be dead Mr. Harlan

Ha ha ha ha

You supposed to be dead, go back to sleep

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