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Slobberbone "Tilt-A-Whirl"

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Have you ever been drivin' home late at night You found yourself enraptured by a captivatin' site? The mystical allure of blinkin', twinklin', twirly lights Shinin' in your baby's eyes, can seem so right

And that girl, she makes you stop, in that Wal-Mart parkin' lot

The smell of sweaty people on the summer's air so hot And you buy a roll of tickets at fifty cents a pop And you're thinkin' that it's gonna be cool But I'm tellin' you that it's not, no

'Cause looks can be deceivin', if you know what I mean A shiny patch of happiness may not be what it seems I learned that lesson long ago, much to my chagrin But not before the whole damn thing came crashin' to an end

And it looked so cool, and looked so fun, I thought The picture-perfect perch from which to get me some the top

But the wheel, it was junk and that carny, he was drunk And they sent my baby flyin' across the parkin' lot

Tilt-A-Whirl, it took my girl Took my happiness away from me And it put me in traction, it's the Devil's contraption It's the bane of my existence, fellas, listen to me

It's no mechanical cupid, don't be stupid No matter how she begs and whines, don't listen to that girl

If you know how to handle her, you'll ride the Scrambler But keep away from that Tilt-A-Whirl

Now, looks can be deceivin', if you know what I mean A shiny patch of happiness may not be what it seems I learned that lesson long ago, much to my chagrin But not before the whole damn thing came crashin' to an end

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