**County Fair**

Used to be hole in the southern fence

Where we’d get in for fifty cents

Just pay the bully and pet his dog

Then lay on your belly and set to slog

That meant an extra buck to blow

Two corn dogs and a girly show

With the money you’d save when you hitchhiked home

You could buy yourself some genuine Indian bones

Bubblegum on the bottom of my shoes

Ain’t nobody got the summertime blues

I’d wash my ears I’d even comb my hair

Mama just let me go to the County Fair

Step right up, now step right in

Give yourself a chance to win

Just throw the hoop on the bottle there

And win your girl a teddy bear

To the livestock barns for the cattle shows

The city folks they hold their nose

R’ain’t no match for Mr. Pence

He could coax a hog right though a picket fence

Local folks is makin’ big-time news

Ain’t nobody got the summertime blues

A free yardstick just for being there

Come on boys let’s go to the County Fair

Up on the hill the fiddler plays

While they’s pitchin’ horseshoes down the way

Pack your pockets full of slate

And make the lady guess your weight

The woman all trying to surmise

Whose apple pie will win first prize

Mrs. Spanks it’s sure to be

She’s got grandma’s secret recipe

Find some shade and have yourself a snooze

Ain’t nobody saddled with the blues

Folks from every corner gonna be there

Come on boys let’s go to the County Fair