

Country Fair

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Indian summer evening, the smells are in the air
Cotton candy and sausage stands, an old-time country fair
Children running 'round, fun time on the grounds
And the echoes ring like the old folks sing of the old-time country fair.

And the merry-go-round spins round and round
And the ferris wheel goes up then down
And the people all around finding love in the sounds
Of the old-time country fair.

Days are getting shorter, nights go on and on
Work all day raising life from the land for the family, everyone
No time for simple pleasures, evenings out are rare
But for one brief night no one sleeps after light at the old-time country fair.

Evening to remember for many years to come
The expo place and the harness race and the bingo games for fun
Holding close together, a family bound by care
Coming back each year, never miss what is here at the old time country fair.