

Bruce Springsteen, County Fair

Every year when summer comes around
They stretch a banner 'cross the main street in town
You can feel somethin's happenin' in the air
Well, from Carol's house up on Telegraph Hill
You can see the lights going up out in Soldiers Field
Getting ready, for the county fair

County fair, county fair,
Everybody in town'll be there
So come on, hey we're goin' down there
(hey) Little girl with the long blond hair
Come win your daddy one of them stuffed bears
Baby, down at the country fair

Now you'll be hangin' tight when we hit the top
And that rollercoaster's ready to drop
And your braggin', how you wasn't even scared
Well baby you know I just love the sound
Of that pipe organ on the merry-go-round
Baby, down at the county fair

County fair, county fair,
Everybody in town'll be there
So come on, hey we're goin' down there
(hey) Little girl with the long blond hair
Come win your daddy one of them stuffed bears
Baby, down at the country fair

At the north end of the field they set up a stand
And they got a little rock and roll band
People dancin' out in the open air
It's James Young and the Immortal Ones
Two guitars, (baby) bass and drums
Just rockin', down at the county fair

(well) County fair, county fair
Everybody in town'll be there
So come on, we're goin' down there
Little girl with the long blond hair
Come win your daddy one of them stuffed bears
Baby, down at the county fair

Now it's getting late before we head back to town
We let that fortune wheel spin around
Come on mister tell me what's waiting out there
On my way out I steal a kiss in the dark
Hope I can remember where our car's parked
Baby, out at the county fair

Now off down the highway there's the last stream of cars
We sit a while in my front yard
With the radio playin' soft and low
I pull Carol close to my heart
And I lean back and stare up at the stars
Oh I wish, I'd never have to let this moment go