

# 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

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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