

# Garth Brooks, The Fever

He's got a split finger wrap  
And his rope's pulled way to tight  
He's got a lunatic smile  
'Cause he's really drawn deep tonight

He's got a fever, fever, fever, fever  
Grab a hold of anything and hold on tight  
It hits you like the venom from a rattle snake bite  
We're all here 'cause he's not all there tonight

He takes one last breath  
And time turns inside out  
Then the gate busts open to the world he dreams about

He's got a fever, fever, fever, fever  
Stick a rope on anything 'cause he don't care  
He'd even take a ride on the electric chair  
We're all here cause he's not all there tonight

He says it's really kind of simple  
Keep your mind in the middle  
While your butt spins 'round and 'round  
Take heed to Sankey's preachin'  
Keep liftin' and reachin'  
And ridin' like there ain't no clowns

What he loves might kill him  
But he's got no choice  
He's a different breed  
With a voice down deep inside  
That's screamin' he was born to ride

He's got a fever, fever, fever, fever  
Fever makes you crazy 'cause it makes no sense  
Like runnin' from your shadow out of self-defense  
He won't run and baby he can't hide  
He thinks the odds are even leavin' one hand tied  
He gets so tired of hangin' on so tight  
I know you think he's crazy well I think you're right  
We're all here 'cause he's not all there that's right