

Jimmy Buffett, Ringling, Ringling

Ringling, Ringling
Slippin' away
Only forty people, livin' there today
Streets are dusty and the bank has been torn down
It's a dyin' little town

Church windows broken
That place ain't been used in years
Jail don't have a sheriff or a cell
And electric trains they run by maybe once or twice a month
Easin' it on down to Musselshell

Ringling, Ringling
Slippin' away
Only forty people livin' there today
`Cause the streets are dusty and the bank had been torn down
It's a dyin' little town

And across from the bar there's a pile of beer cans
Been there twenty-seven years
Imagine all the heart aches and tears
In twenty-seven years of beer

So we hopped back in the rental car
and we hit the cruise control
Pretty soon the town was out of sight
Though we left behind a fat barmaid, a cowboy and a dog
Racin' for a Ringling Friday night

Ringling, Ringling
Your just slippin' away
I wonder how many people will be there a year from today
`Cause the streets are dusty and the bank has been torn down
It's a dyin' little town
It's a dyin' little town