

# 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