

# My Friend Steve, Arnie

Arnie works the cyclone at the state fair  
Says he's in it for the chicks  
Smokes about two packs of cigarettes each day  
And he drinks just like a fish  
Arnie never talks of family  
And he never found a wife  
He sleeps with the bearded lady  
So does the guy that swallows knives

Oh and I, I'm quite a lot like him  
Oh and I, I'm quite a lot like him  
Oh and I, I'm quite a lot like him-I swear

Arnie talks as if someday he'll leave  
If the right thing comes along  
A distant dream as a mercenary marine  
Is a dream that's long gone

My eyes, my eyes they're not like his  
Maybe a little  
God, I wish my eyes were just like his

Arnie's on the road eight months each year  
Winters down south where it's warm  
He's in a trailer park in Sarasota  
Getting drunk with the clowns