

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