Robert Earl Keen, Furnace Fan

We were at the Rhythm Room
In Scottsdale Arizona
It was in the summertime it must have been '02
We got there way too early and we sat around for hours
Loaded in when the man came down
And the smushball game was through

You can fry an egg out there on the city sidewalk
You can fry your bacon and and and and
I understand why lizards live in sunny Arizona
Why people do and call it home I'll never understand

It's hotter than a furnace fan out in Arizona
110 ain't nothing when you live out there you see
Stars come out you scream and shout "Hey it's good to know you"
If you're going there and you don't mind say hello for me

Uncle Joe he lives out there in Phoenix Arizona
He wears a cap that spells it out "I'm Uncle Joe"
His kid is in the restaurant biz
So he bought us fourteen boxes
Of chicken strips and ranch style dip
And wings from buffalo

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The room was small but the crowd turned out in Scottsdale Arizona
They listened to the stuff we played
And sometimes sang along
We finished up but they wanted more
So we kept right on playing
We played and stayed in the desert shade
'Til we played up every song

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