

# 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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