Robert Earl Keen, Jr., Furnace Fan

We were at the Rythem Room In Scottsdale Arizona It was in the summertime it must have been O2' We got there way to early and we sat around for hours Loaded in when the man came down And the smushball game was through

You can fry and egg out there on the city sidewalk You can fry your bacon and and and and I understand why lizards live in sunny Arizona Wy 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 your 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 finsied up but they wanted more
So we kept right on playing
We played and stayed in the desert shade
Till we played up every song

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