

## Tilt-a-whirl

Slobberbone

Have you ever been drivin' home late at night  
You found yourself enraptured by a captivatin' site?  
The mystical allure of blinkin', twinklin', twirly lights  
Shinin' in your baby's eyes, can seem so right

And that girl, she makes you stop, in that Wal-Mart parkin' lot  
The smell of sweaty people on the summer's air so hot  
And you buy a roll of tickets at fifty cents a pop  
And you're thinkin' that it's gonna be cool  
But I'm tellin' you that it's not, no

'Cause looks can be deceivin', if you know what I mean  
A shiny patch of happiness may not be what it seems  
I learned that lesson long ago, much to my chagrin  
But not before the whole damn thing came crashin' to an end

And it looked so cool, and looked so fun, I thought  
The picture-perfect perch from which to get me some the top  
But the wheel, it was junk and that carny, he was drunk  
And they sent my baby flyin' across the parkin' lot

Tilt-A-Whirl, it took my girl  
Took my happiness away from me  
And it put me in traction, it's the Devil's contraption  
It's the bane of my existence, fellas, listen to me

It's no mechanical cupid, don't be stupid  
No matter how she begs and whines, don't listen to that girl  
If you know how to handle her, you'll ride the Scrambler  
But keep away from that Tilt-A-Whirl

Now, looks can be deceivin', if you know what I mean  
A shiny patch of happiness may not be what it seems  
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