

DOWN AT THE DAIRY QUEEN

Martha Myre

Intro

Small town summertime, Not enough happening to make a rhyme.
Hop in the pickup, With your short shorts and Skoal Snuff
Gonna find the teen scene, Down at the Dairy Queen.

Verse 1

Sarah Jane's the counter girl, Joe Mac's at the grill
The couple in the corner is feeling up a thrill
Sweet tea, French fries and soft serve ice cream
All on the menu, Down at the Dairy Queen.

Chorus

Mamas and their babies at the Sonic Drive-in
Grandpa's at the QT with his nursing home friends
But if you wanna find the small town teen scene
You gotta hang out, Down at the Dairy Queen.

Verse 2

Friday nights, bright lights, Rivals in the end-zone
Butts buzz, bras ring, Whip out the cell phones
Green words see red, We all get it when it says
It's going down . . . at the Dairy Queen.
Blue and Gold Tigers, Red and Black Sharks
It's a bad mix down at the DQ parking lot
Sarah Jane screams, Joe Mac's on the floor
The puddle of red ain't just XBOX gore

Prechorus

Cop lights flash, siren's sound
The radio squawks, We got a kid down . . . At the Dairy Queen

Chorus

Verse 3

We don't have no big city gang-banging.
Whole town looks like a Norman Rockwell painting.
No Mexican drug lords dealing out death.
In our trailers on our acres we cook our own meth.
If your family's not a part of the ruling five
No job openings till somebody dies
You can rage in your cage, gotta let off some steam
Only place to go is . . . Down to the Dairy Queen

Chorus

Tag

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