Festival Love

Festival Love
(Mark Graham)

We were standing round picking some bluegrass
I had me a half dozen beers
A bottle of Jack in my pocket, my friends
Well I hadn't felt that good in years
She was standing there picking the banjo
She was pickin' and lookin' just fine
My heart it went wild when she looked up and smiled
And passed me her bottle of wine

It was festival love in the moonlight
Sure as the stars shone above
And there in a flash I was feeling such passion
That old demon festival love

She asked for a drink of my whiskey
And I bummed her last cigarette
The sparks theyWe were flyin' as we strolled towards the pines
To play fiddle and banjo duets
We played there for nearly an hour
And I put my hand on her knee
In about half a second we was necking and pecking
All down on the ground 'neath those trees

It was festival love in the moonlight
Sure as the stars shone above
Three in the morning it came without warning
That old demon festival love

We started for her tent together
When the world seemed to twist and to veer
I insulted my shoes with three kinds of booze
And passed out at the feet of my dear
When I woke from my drug-induced slumber
The sunlight was hurting my eyes
I was shocked to discover my festival lover
Had her arm around some other guy

It was festival love in the daylight
Sure as the sun shone above
But I knew in my sorrow there was always tomorrow

That old demon festival love

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