

**The County Fair:** Music and lyrics by Brittany Jean

Apple season in this apple town  
The trees are changing--they're throwing their crowns away  
With daisies you show up at my door  
You say we're late--I don't have time to ask what for, okay?  
Okay

Hop in the truck with wondering eyes  
Because of you I'm getting used to surprises, so  
I take the flowers--put 'em up in my hair  
Half an hour till we're finally there—oh

Homemade ice cream at the county fair  
The way we're smiling, people stop and stare  
Holding hands around the Ferris wheel  
From way up here this little town feels beautiful

We play the games like they're goin' outta style  
A wagon full of kids gets every prize we won  
Except a bear that's bigger than me  
'Cause watching me try and carry it is too much fun  
For you

Hot apple cider keeps my hands warm  
The smell of funnel cakes an' Indiana sweet corn  
I'll steal your coat 'cause it's getting cold  
Sittin' waitin' for the fireworks show

You tell me now you want the world for me  
You should know that means the world to me  
But I wouldn't trade a daisy  
I wouldn't trade a single one of these small-town days with you

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It's beautiful

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