

I stepped out onto the midway.
I was looking for the pirate ship,
And saw this small, old white tent at one end.
It was blue,
And had white lights hanging all around it.
I decided to check out the tent,
It seemed like I could hear music coming from inside.
As I walked toward it, I passed a crowd of people at the sideshow.
I couldn't figure out why they would want to wait in line.

I pulled back the drape thing on the tent.
There was a crystal ball on the table,
And behind it, a girl wearing a hat.
She smiled, and asked me if I wanted my fortune read.
I said okay,
And sat down.
Then I thought about it for a minute,
And asked her if she would rather go on the roller coaster instead.

Creeping up into the sky.
Stopping, at the top and,
Starting down.
The girl grabbed my hand,
I clutched it
Tight.
I said goodbye to the ground.

Far below, a soiled man.
A bucket of torn tickets at his side.
He watches the children run by
And picks his teeth.

Spinning round,
My head begins to turn.
I shouted, and searched
The sky for a friend.
I heard the fortune teller,
Screaming back at me.
We stuck out our hands and met the winds.

The girl falters as she steps down from the platform.
She clutches her stomach, and begins to heave.
The ticket-taker smiles, and the last car is ready.
Who told you that you could leave?

The sun was setting by the time we left.
We walked across the deserted lot, alone.
We were tired, but we managed to smile.
At the gate I said goodnight to the fortune teller.
The carnival sign threw colored shadows on her face,
But I could tell she was blushing.