

Carnival

Bert Jansch

I see your face in every place I'll be goin'
I read your words like black hungry birds read every sowin'
Spin and call, throw the ball, my name is a Carnival

Sad music in the night sings a scream of light out of chorus
Voices you might hear appear and disappear in the forest
Short and tall, goin' throw the ball, my name is a Carnival

Strings of yellow tears drip from black-
wired fears in the meadow
Their white halos spin with an anger that is thin and turns to
sorrow
King of all, hear my call, yes is Carnival
Here there is no law but the arcade's penny claw, hanging empty
The painted laughing smile, the turning of the style do not env
y

Where the small can steal the ball, to touch the face of a Carn
ival

The fat lady frowns at screaming frightened clowns that stand e
nchanted
And the shadow lie and waits outside your iron gates with one w
ish granted
Colors all, come throw the ball, my name is a Carnival

Without a thought of size, you come to hypnotize the danger
In a world that comes apart there is no single heart when life
is stranger
Wheel and call, clawed dreams all, in the name of a Carnival
Yeah, wheel and call, spin and call, my name oh it's Carnival