

Ferris Wheel

Donovan

Walking in the seashore twilight,
It's then you spy carnival lights,
You slowly near the magic sight,
Tangerine sky minus one kite.
Take time an' tie your pretty hair
The gypsy driver doesn't care
If you catch your hair in the ferris wheel on top,
In the ferris wheel on top.

A silver bicycle you shall ride,
To bathe your mind in the quiet tide.
Far off as it seems your hair will mend
With a Samson's strength to begin again.
Take time an' dry your pretty eyes,
Watch the seagull fly far-off skies
To build its nest in the ferris wheel on top,
In the ferris wheel on top.
If ever I reach her.

And the moral here, if any, my friend:
Follow through your dream to the end.
Dig the seagull fly across the sky
To build its nest in the ferris wheel,
In the ferris wheel