

Carousel

Joe Brooks

Promises,
You make your bed then you lay in it,
at least I thought that's what a promise is,
But I find no truth here.

Far away,
God I wish I was far away,
For a night, maybe a couple of days,
Just to get my head straight.

Carousel,
This is the way that the world goes round,
Spinning in circles
Ride to the highest of height
Before it brings you back down then

Take all you need now
Before you waste it away
Ohhhh, they take it away
Because they'll take it away

Ohhh, flyin' high
Yeahh yeahhh
Ohhh, flyin' high
Yeahhh yeahhh
Ohhh, to the highest of height
Before it brings me back down to the ground

Carousel,
This is the way that the world goes round,
Spinning in circles
Ride to the highest of height
Before it brings you back down
And we go back around again

Carousel,
This is the way that the world goes round,
Jumping the hurdle
Sharks tip-toe-ing
Spinning us out

Promises,
You've made your bed now you lay in it
I was told that's what a promise is
You get what you give