

Carnival Bum

Joe Ely

The carnival is closed for the winter
The gates are full of nails
All my belongings' in the camper truck
In front of some Hell Hole Motel

The rides are wrapped in canvass
There's a smell of snow in the air
They're taking apart the ferris wheel
Like a game of solitaire

Love oh, love, I will be home
When the trees are bare and brown
Without you I'm just a carnival bum
Whose life goes 'round and 'round
Whose life goes 'round and 'round

When little Maggie lost big Earle
Man, that was about it for her
She was MIA in the Day to Day
The next 3 years were a blur

Well, I left home when Maggie checked out
An' I been a snowbird ever since
I work the circuit in the summertime
Come winter, I jump the fence

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The darkness comes with the headlights
It gives me a little relief
I feel a little more like a leaf in the wind
And a little bit less like a thief

Sometimes I feel I stole life itself
I'm lucky as a man can be
The carnival is closed for the winter
But it don't matter to me

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