

You clamber up
And look behind
Their watchful eyes
The helping hands
A hen that's fierce
And painted blue
With red eyes
Wants to swallow you

A dragon dives and soars on tracks
The hands that strap you to its back
You turn around and look behind
Their smiling eyes
Won't help you down

Their tiny hands
Their tiny feet
Such little hearts
To miss a beat

Grotesque dwarves in mirrored rooms
Pulled and taut -- a thousand yous
Staring back through stinging tears
Remembering those funhouse thrills

The paintbox tunes and wild balloons
Their watchful eyes -- you start to swoon
Oh painted vile in lurid hue
The snarling horse that waits for you

Its motor whirrs and colours curl
Inside your head the monsters whirl
Its motor whirrs and colours curl
Inside your head the monsters whirl

In sucked out
Time stood still
Roundabout back
Carousel
Time stood still
And you remember it well
Carousel