

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