

Attila

"Fairground Attraction"

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Children with candyfloss
and prizes of goldfish
Young men kill tin ducks
in sharp shooter poses
The laughter of the lovers
on the rickety stairs
The rumble of the diesels
and the sounds of the fair

An old gipsy lady,
in soft Spanish whispers,
took my hands in hers
and told me their secrets:
"Your heart is a fire
and his love is an ember;
you must forget
what you'll always remember"

Superstition's nonsense,
just a fairground attraction
I walk through the neons
in search of distraction
But the tears in my eyes
knew the truth in my heart
She'd only confirmed
what I knew
at the start

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