

## Chisel Cold "Merry-Go-Round"

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I cried my tears in a glass of tequila  
For a truck-stop honey with a dubious name  
She held my heart like a blackjack dealer  
And took my money when she left the game  
She was overly fond of sophisticated messin' around  
I've had a bellyful of livin' in the same old merry-go-round

Well I played in the summer and I froze in the winter  
And I hankered for the high school beauty queen  
She was married to a rich young timber-miller  
And christened a boy when she was just nineteen  
Crazy love, never gonna settle down  
I've had a bellyful of lovin' on the same old merry-go-round

Like any man I've got to work for a living  
Just to earn my soul for a weekend show  
Saturday morning I'll be down by the river  
Getting whipped at the Copmanhurst rodeo  
When the weekend comes I'm gonna set fire to the town  
I've had a bellyful of workin' on the same old merry-go-round

I'm looking out as the sun goes down  
Drinking Bundeburg at the end of the day  
I'm twentyfive, I'm half alive  
The rest is only just a ticket away  
Give me a ticket, take me to a city hotel  
I've had a bellyful of livin' on the same old merry-go-round

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