

John Watts "Carousel"

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The alcohol had made him sweat.
He had trouble in lighting his cigarette.
He'd spilt his drink so his cuff was wet when she moved
on to the floor.
CAROUSEL.... vermilion nails and a painted face.
So young and full of experience.
He felt alone till he heard her sing, then it made him
want to
cry - CAROUSEL....
Never in his life had he felt so warm as when she came
up to his
table and touched his chin. He closed his eyes....it
almost broke his hearf.

He was lying in those sensual arms, when a waiter
spotted his
sleeping form.
He shook his dreams, he awoke in pain and was thrown
out in the road.
CAROUSEL.
Never in his life had he felt so cold as when he
bounced
into the neon outside.
He closed his eyes....it almost broke his heart.
CAROUSEL!

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