

Lickpenny Loafer

"The End Of The Fair"

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Move forward, we're getting older,
This fair is done,
On the next turn we'll change around,
Reaching for your hand,
I'm pressing down,
Down, down...

I'll meet you in the middle,
I'll meet you half-way,
I won't spare any change.

So ride on, right out of this town,
There's nothing here on this merry-go-round,
There are far-off lands to be found,
Reaching for your hand,
I'm pressing down,
Down, down...

I'll meet you in the middle,
I'm gonna meet you half-way,
I'm gonna love you in the middle,
I won't spare any change.

I won't let this slip away...

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