

Cold Chisel

"Merry-go-round"

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"Merry-Go-round"

Written by Don Walker

Performed by Cold Chisel

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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