

Nicole Atkins "Carouselle"

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In the streets the lights burn low
And children scream as they're held high
Above the sea in ferris carts
Their eyes alive

With mirrored hallways
Done with creepy laughter ride the carouselle
Here comes the wrecking ball
So my town can live
Sell the carouselle

In the carouselle's last days
The strangers came and tried to save
They strive to save a history
That's not their own

But I remember
The thrill of it fantastic ride the carouselle
Here comes the wrecking ball
So my town can live
Sell the carouselle

Here comes the wrecking ball
Here comes the wrecking ball

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