

## Pointed

### "Carnival Cowpuncher"

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Little partner, you've done very well  
In every virtue worth weighing  
Now that the carnival's come into town,  
We have reason for playing

I gave you an apple, caramel and all  
You stood laughing at me  
Keep it anyway, think if they last  
The fruits of today

Questioning friends can so bring on the blush of a lover  
"Some have one favorite, while some have another"

Take the merry-go-'round when it slows to a crawl  
Take the horse next to mine  
Reach for my hand -- aiming true, we can span,  
Hands clasped, the aisle while we're running

Take in the whirl of the world for a while  
The calliope's mad, drunken grind  
My heart took to skipping in threes  
(Kiss me now, kiss me please)

Little partner, you move very well  
Even this has me thinking:  
How you tip back a bottle of beer  
By the neck when you're drinking

Has something about it, a devil-take-all  
A boyish and arrogant air  
May your boyishness never be calmed,  
Never be tamed!

The world is a wasteland of terrible taste  
For it's left you unloved and resigned  
But here is my apple -- to hell with them, anyway!  
Why mirror them, why be unkind?

Take the merry-go-'round when it slows to a crawl  
Take the horse next to mine  
Reach for my hand -- aiming true, we can span,

Hands clasped, the aisle while we're running

Take in the whirl of the world for a while  
The calliope's old, mocking grind...

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