

Dave Potts

"Ferris Wheel"

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It's warm for the end of October, even for this town
A mist hangs in the autumn air, like it's afraid to touch
the ground
And the lights are so bright, they won't turn 'em down
'Til the middle of the night, now that the carnival's in
town

I get this feeling in my heart that I remember well
It takes my mind off everything else, like hearing a
secret that you're not supposed to tell
Two tickets for the ride, and they strap me in
Rising up, rising higher, than I have ever been
There's something about the way it makes me feel
It all looks different from the top of the ferris wheel
And I know when my feet finally hit the ground
I won't remember, the coming down

Mothers and fathers they hold hands, while the
carousel spins round
This is the only time of year when children screaming is
a welcome sound
There's cotton candy on my hands and on my face
Yeah, everything seems right, it's all in place

CHORUS

It's cold for the middle of November, I wasn't ready for
the rain
The parking lot is emptier than I remember, or maybe
it's the same
The winter's closing in, when the nights pass slow
The bright lights made me think that things were
changing but I probably should have known

There's no way getting around the way I feel
The view's much better from the top of the ferris wheel
I should've known when my feet finally hit the ground
I would not remember, the coming down
The coming down

