

Monkees

"Merry Go Round"

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by Peter Tork & Diane Hilderbrand

A lone carnival voice
Sings tunes of nobody's choice,
And on a vacant lot,
Some one just forgot,
Standing all alone,
Turning on its own.
Weary, merry go round,
Grows slowly into the ground,
And faded circus acts,
Sorrow broke their backs,
And their sadness cries
From their staring eyes.
Still small children come
And bring your harm of play,
Spirits all alive
To drive the ghosts away.
Useless merry go round,
Tomorrow they'll tear you down,
To build the parking lot
If it lives or not,
It was just a toy,
All it brought was joy.

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