

Amy Obenski

"Carousel"

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Carousel

Spinning carousel returns the same old horse again
Ramble on and on, the thoughts that fill my head
Sometimes I wake up
there's nothing there but emptiness
so I search myself for what there was to do

Flashing backward still
I think about my youthful dreams
Honest childhood, running dry of years
Sometimes I look back
it doesn't seem that it was me
So who was I then, who am I today?

Can you hear me now?

My thoughts are moving fast
can't seem to catch them in the draft
Floating upward like a kite that's left my grip
Flying higher toward the sky, so blue
I crank my neck
And try to follow as it drifts off into space...

lyrics by Amy Obenski

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