

## Slint

### "Breadcrumb trail"

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I stepped out onto the midway.  
I was looking for the pirate  
ship and saw this small, old tent at one end.  
It was blue,  
and had white lights hanging all around it.  
I decided to check  
out the tent, it seemed I could hear music coming from inside.  
As I walked toward it, I passed a crowd of people at the sideshow.  
I couldn't figure out why they would want to wait in line. I  
pulled back the drape thing on the tent.  
There was a crystal  
ball at the table, and behind it, a girl wearing a hat.  
She smiled, and asked me if I wanted my fortune read. I said okay,  
and sat down. I thought about it for a minute, and asked her  
if she would rather go on the roller coaster instead.  
Creeping up into the sky. Stopping, at the top and,  
starting down. The girl grabbed my hand, I clutched it  
tight. I said good-bye to the ground.  
Far below, a soiled man. A bucket of torn tickets at his side.  
He watches as the children run by. And picks his teeth.  
'Round, my head begins to turn. I shouted, and searched the sky  
for a friend. I heard the fortune teller, screaming back at me.  
We stuck out our hands, and met the winds.  
The girl falters as she steps down from the platform. She  
clutches her stomach, and begins to heave. The ticket-taker  
smiles, and the last car is ready. Who told you that you  
could leave?  
The sun was setting by the time we left. We walked across  
the deserted lot, alone. We were tired, but we managed to smile.  
And the gate I said goodnight to the fortune teller. The  
carnival sign threw colored shadows on her face, but I could  
tell she was blushing.

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