

Idle Race

"The Skeleton And The Roundabout"

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Climb aboard my roundabout
Climb aboard my roundabout

I am the fairground man at heart
I run the roundabout this part
I fill this fair but custom have I none

I turn the handle round so fast
It makes my elbow ache
Nobody seems to care
No-one rides upon my roundabout
No longer anymore
Oh what a horrid fair

Climb aboard my roundabout
Climb aboard my roundabout
Climb aboard my roundabout
Climb aboard my roundabout

Money there is none
I'm thinner than a skeleton

But wait a minute, I'm so thin
That all these aches and pains
Could be a chance for me
I could be a horror
Or a ghost in a ghost train
I think I'll go and see

I meet the man who run the ghost train
He says, you're just great
I'll pay you top class wages
If you'll just hang from this gate

A year is passing lots of food
And money come my way
Oh, lucky man am I
But who's this telling me, you're fired
You're much too fat to be a ghost
Be on your way - so here I am

Climb aboard my roundabout
Climb aboard my roundabout
Climb aboard my roundabout
Climb aboard my roundabout

La la la la

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