

# Carnival Bum

Joe Ely

The carnival is closed for the winter  
The gates are full of nails  
All my belongings' in the camper truck  
In front of some Hell Hole Motel

The rides are wrapped in canvass  
There's a smell of snow in the air  
They're taking apart the ferris wheel  
Like a game of solitaire

Love oh, love, I will be home  
When the trees are bare and brown  
Without you I'm just a carnival bum  
Whose life goes 'round and 'round  
Whose life goes 'round and 'round

When little Maggie lost big Earle  
Man, that was about it for her  
She was MIA in the Day to Day  
The next 3 years were a blur

Well, I left home when Maggie checked out  
An' I been a snowbird ever since  
I work the circuit in the summertime  
Come winter, I jump the fence

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The darkness comes with the headlights  
It gives me a little relief  
I feel a little more like a leaf in the wind  
And a little bit less like a thief

Sometimes I feel I stole life itself  
I'm lucky as a man can be  
The carnival is closed for the winter  
But it don't matter to me

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