

Fugue for the Ox

Emmylou Harris

Call happy calling children are falling
In line to ride on the merry-go-round
People are passing children are laughing
They want to ride on the merry-go-round

Doesn't matter when you came
Every ride is just the same
Do not worry how it's done
There is room for everyone

Carousel turning children are yearning
To ride it forever and never come down
Little one's singing older one's clinging
Everyone riding the merry-go-round
Go round and round and up and down

Round and round they go always reaching for the ring of gold
Never knowing when the music's over they will be old

Call happy calling children are falling
In line to ride on the merry-go-round
People are passing children are laughing
They want to ride on the merry-go-round

Sometimes up and sometimes down
Don't let your feet ever touch the ground
Sometimes right and sometimes wrong
You'll end up where you belong

Sound of their laughter makes the ride faster
Soon the circus stand must come down
Music grows nowhere the ride is over
Say goodbye to the merry-go-round