

Banbury Fair

Fairport Convention

The month of October, nights drawing in
A crescent moon hung in the sky
Smoke out of chimneys, a frost on the ground
Nothing is passing us by...

Me and a friend, with an evening to spare
My shirt collar whiter than white
We talked our way down to the middle of town
With the music and movement and light

I rode the big wheel and got stuck at the top
With the loveliest girl at the fair
We had a different view of the old town hall clock
As we swung to-and-fro in the air...

Shot on the rifle range, knocked them all down
Missed at the coconut shy
Closed eyes on the waters, we're spinning so fast
We thought we were going to die

At the Talk Of The Town, you've got to be old enough
Down by the boxing booth, acting all rough and tough
The thrills and the spills of it, I had my share
We were coming together for Banbury Fair

To the Teller Of Fate, we both had a go
To see if she proved to be wrong
We palmed her with silver, held onto our breath
She gazed in her huge crystal ball...

"Seeing an animal, seven hands high
Galloping wild and free
Now the picture is fading, I see nothing more
But a very good omen, you'll see"

We bet on a horse, promised another win
With the name on our ticket, Live Duck
So slow, even slower, she was the last post
I thought we were in with some luck

Jumping into the air, "Damn, you bet mine"
A winner right out of the blue
Our hearts were in laughter as we both realized
That's what the old gypsy knew

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