

# Carousel Horses

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Lost, lost, all of them lost  
They must have made the river  
But how could they have crossed  
The painted horses from the carousel ride  
All of them gone

Lost, lost, all of them lost  
They must have made the river  
But how could they have crossed  
The painted horses from my carousel ride  
They must have carried on

The crazy lady on the bench  
Always looking out to sea  
Says she saw them get away  
She saw them running free  
And she knows the reason why  
But she swears she'll never tell  
Some things are better left unsaid  
About the carousel

And she saw their eyes burned golden  
As they galloped wild into the dazzling sun  
And doesn't it make you wonder  
Does it make you wanna say goodbye  
To the world you thought you knew  
Doesn't it make you wonder  
Or does it make you wanna close your eyes  
And pretend it is untrue  
Doesn't it make you wonder  
Doesn't it make you wonder

Grace, grace, lady of grace  
The ticket girl chanted in her Indian lace  
Alone in the booth where there used to be lines  
But now there's only faith  
Grace, grace, lady of grace  
The ticket girl chanted in an Indian lace  
Alone in the booth where there used to be lines  
Before they ran away

Shuttered doors flung open wide  
Leaves were blowing all around  
She just stood there mystified  
By the hoof marks on the ground  
Splintered poles and rusted nails,  
Jewelled bridles in the tide  
Vestiges of old betrayals  
From when the brass ring ruled the ride

And she heard their eyes burned golden  
As they galloped wild into the dazzling sun  
And doesn't it make you wonder  
Does it make you wanna say goodbye  
To the world you thought you knew  
Doesn't it make you wonder  
Or does it make you wanna close your eyes

And pretend it is untrue  
Doesn't it make you wonder  
Doesn't it make you wonder

Trying to finish this wild song  
But who know where it ends  
Those pleasure palace fugitives  
Were never seen again.  
But the girl's still selling tickets  
Since they fixed the carousel  
There's a crazy lady on the bench  
And those of us who still remember well  
Those of us who still remember well