

# Fairground

Pulp

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Was it the mother or the father to blame, inside the damp grass and tilted tent?

Won't you come with me to the fairground?

Your head / will be spinning,

I said your head / is your feet.

And the man at the side of me starts a lewd laugh

(ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!)

at the cat with two heads and the dog with eight legs.

(ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!)

The man has come between us, his cheeks rattle like a fence,

(ah ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!)

He's come between us, and he starts a lewd laugh.

(ah ha ha ha ha ha ha!)

I sought shelter from the storm in a small inn by the coast.

In the children's room three identical sisters sat,

except for the one who was hideously deformed;

her grotesque features seemed to parody her sisters' beauty,

ridiculing and mocking everything I held dear.

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The fish-eyed foetus floated blankly in the yellowed waters, still as wax.

The man came between us, my sister and I,

ridiculing and parodying everything we held dear,

making a mockery of our former emotions. Dragging it all down to his level.

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He's come between us, and he starts a lewd laugh.

(ah ha ha ha ha ha ha!)

And then we went for rides.

[Jarvis:] Roll up, roll up, nice rides...

Come on, spin those cars boys and make the girls scream!

The louder you scream the faster we go!

Come on, roll up, go on, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls,

for the ride of a lifetime. There's plenty of seats, come on, don't be shy!

Roll up, come on, come on!

[shreiking and wailing laughter]

And then we went for rides.