

# Merry Go Round

The Monkees

A lone carnival voice  
Sings tunes of nobody's choice,  
And on a vacant lot,  
Some one just forgot,  
Standing all alone,  
Turning on its own.

Weary, merry go round,  
Grows slowly into the ground,  
And faded circus acts,  
Sorrow broke their backs,  
And their sadness cries  
From their staring eyes.

Still small children come  
And bring your harm of play,  
Spirits all alive  
To drive the ghosts away.

Useless merry go round,  
Tomorrow they'll tear you down,  
To build the parking lot  
If it lives or not,  
It was just a toy,  
All it brought was joy.