

# Merry Go Round

Victoria Williams

Inside is outside  
Everywhere no one can hide  
Sitting in a door jamb  
There was a quiet figure of a man  
Unused to embellishments  
Acquired from establishments  
But improvising efforts  
Beyond the wide intelligence  
His actions were his words

Now from one cynical herd  
Of autos on the freeway  
There came one wildly small  
Enthusiastic 'hooray'  
Like a prayer received from far away  
In the middle of a fiery day  
She turned and made her getaway  
She found the good deed in the sun  
Purple green and yellow  
She told him she would like to hold it  
Truthful little fellow  
Not knowing what she'd done  
It melted in the sun  
And many came to wallow in the puddle

The key to the merry go round is the merry  
The key to the fairy tale is the fairy  
It sat on the bridge between happy and scary  
The key to the merry go round is the merry

Lost and found on common ground  
To rescue on the ladder must be hung  
Instead they got the brushes out  
Began to shout and painted every rung  
Not knowing what they'd done  
They painted in the sun  
And many came to join in the struggle

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The key to the fairy tale is the fairy  
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The key to the fairy tale is the fairy  
It sat on the bridge between happy and scary  
Too long did the young man tarry  
Who had stood for good and hope for the masses  
Now melted, now sticky, licked up like molasses  
Why ask us?  
Why not ask us?  
Why ask us?  
Why not ask us?

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