

Carnival

Shovels & Rope

Fairy lights and muslin drapes,
the eyes that see us are sleeping.
Bottle of whisky, bottle of wine,
both from which we are drinking.
Dallies in December, Chrysanthemums in June,
in a town that can't remember,
from dusk to dawn, my love was gone. Between the veil of dusk and light,
the sweet and sorrowful hour
that separates morning and night
I roll you in the flour.
Across the world I wonder,
my moments made from years.
On a still and silent midway,
I wait for you to reappear. Carnival, lull me to sleep.
No one can hear our voices.
I can tell your future and past
by the light of the carousel horses.
Across the world I wonder,
my moments made from years.
On a still and silent midway,
I wait for you to reappear.

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