

Carousel

Morning Parade

Late night, step on the carousel,
Spend all night spinning round & round,
Hold tight, no don't you let go,
Until daylight pours through your window,
I long for the smell of your hair...
All this time, in a hiding place,
All our lives, with a melody all our own,

All this time, we might as well close our eyes,
And sing a melody all our own,
Sometimes we talk on the telephone,
Running dry, the conversation slows,
Red lights and plans not set in stone,
And I'm up all night,
And until you get home,
I long for the smell of your hair...

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