

# Carousel

## Spindle

Almost home  
When I missed the bottom stair  
You were braiding your gray hair  
It had grown so long  
Since I'd been gone

And the perfect girls  
By the pool, they would protest  
The cross around their necks  
But our sons were overseas  
And we all know about the hive and the honey bees

Almost home  
With an olive branch and a dove  
You were beating on a Persian rug  
With your bible and your wedding band  
Both hidden on a TV stand

And the cruel wind blew  
Every city father fell  
Off the county carousel  
While the dogs were eating snow  
All our sons had sunk in a trunk of Noah's clothes

Almost home  
We got lost on our new street  
While your grieving girls all died in their sleep  
So the dogs all went unfed  
A great dream of bones all piled on the bed

And the cops couldn't care  
When that crackhead built a boat  
And said, "Please, before I go  
May our only honored bone  
Be the kinship of the kids and the riot squad"

Lyrics provided by  
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