

# Carousel

[Sean Watkins](#)

One more time around, I can't stop this carousel  
I've tried so long to no avail  
I've tried each horse on here, still no new scenery  
I'm dizzy, my stomach's sick, and I'm tired  
This I know, horses gold, won't take me home  
Each horse here is  
painted so pretty  
Lifeless beauties that orbit neatly  
I see you go flying by, I've worn my heels down  
On this game of tug-o-war I'm loosing  
Stepping down, kiss the ground that will take me home

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