

# Fairground Attraction

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Children with candy-floss and prizes of goldfish  
Young men kill tin ducks in sharp shooter poses  
The laughter of the lovers on the rickety stairs  
The rumble of the diesel and the sounds of the fair  
An old gypsy lady in soft Spanish whispers  
Took my hands in hers and told me their secrets  
Your heart is a fire and his love is an ember  
You must forget what you'll always remember  
Superstitious nonsense, just a fairground attraction  
I walked through the neons in search of distraction  
But the tears in my eyes knew the truth in my heart  
Shed only confirmed what I knew at the start  
Oh, ahh  
Ahh  
Ahh, ah

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