

Merry Go Round

Mary Gauthier

From the painful rays of daybreak
Ripping darkness out your eyes
To every kiss with bourbon breath

Your daddy didn't hide, he didn't hideFrom the crack of his backhand slap

To your mama's blue veined hands
That held her rosary desperately

'Cause she didn't understandFrom the brokenhearted playground
In the lonely afternoon

To the violence of little boys

And the crying in your bedroomTill the wind blows right through you and rain don't get you wet

Till your lips move constantly but you ain't said nothing yet

Till you ride that horse in circles, going up and coming down

Round and round, it's a merry go roundFrom the bitter tears of helplessness

Falling from your grandma's face
As they strap you to the stretcher

While she quickly packs your suitcaseFrom the money that you stole
From her on the day she died
To the long lines at the clinic

Waiting for a days supply, a days supplyTill the wind blows right through you and rain don't get you wet

Till your lips move constantly but you ain't said nothing yet

Till you ride that horse in circles, going up and coming down

Round and round, it's a merry go roundFrom the phone booth on the freeway
When there's no one left to call
To the porcelain cod you pray to

In the public restroom stallFrom the milky white of heroin
As it bubbles and it sooths
To the dirty sheets you lie on

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