

# 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 hide From the crack of his backhand slap  
To your mama's blue veined hands  
That held her rosary desperately  
'Cause she didn't understand From the brokenhearted playground  
In the lonely afternoon  
To the violence of little boys  
And the crying in your bedroom Till 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 round From the bitter tears of helplessness  
Falling from your grandma's face  
As they strap you to the stretcher  
While she quickly packs your suitcase From 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 supply Till 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 round From 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 stall From the milky white of heroin  
As it bubbles and it soothes  
To the dirty sheets you lie on

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