Carousel (SE1 Live Session)

Morning Parade

Late night
Step on the carousel
And spend all night
Spinning round and round
Hold tight
And no don't you let go
Until daylight
Pours through your window
I long for the smell of your hair,
The smell of your hairAnd all this time
In a hiding place, in a hiding place
All our lives, with a melody all our own
All this time
Yeah we might as well, we might as well
Close our eyes, singing a melody all our ownSometimes
We talk on the telephone
Running dry
The conversation slows
Red lights
And plans not set in stone
Well I'm up all night
Until you get home
I long for the smell of your hair,
The smell of your hairAnd all this time
In a hiding place, in a hiding place
All our lives, singing a melody all our own
All this time
Yeah we might as well, we might as well
Close our eyes, singing a melody all our own

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