

# Cyclone McClusky

## Gaelic Storm

Twinkling lights come into view as the night swallows the day  
We listen for the sounds, the screams, the fear and the fun  
to guide us on our way  
The barker shouts, into his megaphone, Step right up and gather round  
Two nickels buys a ticket, the Carnivals in town!Chorus:  
Were going round, round, round, wheels on the wall  
Round, round, round, were not gonna fall  
Round, round, round, were all living for another day  
Well ride another dayWere not here for the cotton candy, were here for the gasoline  
Were waiting for the show to begin then well all hustle in  
To hear the roar of his machine  
McClusky waves at a pretty girl, blows a kiss, we hold our breath  
Hes Cyclone McClusky and hes gonna ride the wall of death(Chorus)Will McClusky live? (or will he die?)  
I paid to watch him fall (or maybe watch him fly)  
Ive been afraid to live (Ive been afraid to try)  
But if the Cyclone can do it, then maybe so can INow the midways empty, the grounds gone bare and cold  
I still can hear the cheers, the screams, the squeal of the wheels  
like when I was ten years old  
It echoes on, itll never die, I wont let go til my last breath  
Im living like the Cyclone and Im riding on the wall of death(Chorus)

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