

Carousel Revisited

"Hold on" said the big man in strip-ed clothes Your little hands tightly around the pole Oh, boy, and you had to yell back to him "Hurry up, mister, get my pony goin'"

Up, down, round on the carousel Feel yourself goin' round hangin' on until Lights bright in your eyes and you finally see All you are seeing is a miracle

Fly, fly on your pony again you're so free Ride on the air again High higher up till you reach the ring Then the music stops till the next go around...

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MarkPearsonMusic.com (360) 643-1705

> P.O. Box 65002 Port Ludlow Washington 98365