

Aardvarks, Merry-Go-Round

Living in blind superstition
fearing malignant unknown
former believe old tradition
faces behind the mask
tribute to natures renewal
wishing for better times
it used to make sense to our fathers
but what is its sense today

repulse the frost
dispell your sorrow
welcome the spring
drink untill you smile

Merry-go-round, merry-go-round
merry-go-round, merry going round

It's time that I put on my make up
I won't be myself for tonight
I tell the clown in me to wake up
if he won't I drink to smile

repulse the frost
dispell your sorrow
welcome the spring
drink until you smile