

# Emmylou Harris, Fugue For The Ox

(Emmylou Harris)

Call happy calling children are falling  
In line to ride on the merry-go-round  
People are passing children are laughing  
They want to ride on the merry-go-round

Doesn't matter when you came  
Every ride is just the same  
Do not worry how it's done  
There is room for everyone

Carousel turning children are yearning  
To ride it forever and never come down  
Little one's singing older one's clinging  
Everyone riding the merry-go-round  
Go round and round and up and down

Round and round they go always reaching for the ring of gold  
Never knowing when the music's over they will be old

Call happy calling children are falling  
In line to ride on the merry-go-round  
People are passing children are laughing  
They want to ride on the merry-go-round

Sometimes up and sometimes down  
Don't let your feet ever touch the ground  
Sometimes right and sometimes wrong  
You'll end up where you belong

Sound of their laughter makes the ride faster  
Soon the circus stand must come down  
Music grows nowhere the ride is over  
Say goodbye to the merry-go-round