

# The Monkees, Merry Go Round

Hollow, carnival voice sings  
Tunes of nobody's choice  
And on a vacant lot  
Someone just forgot  
Standing all alone  
Turning on it's own

Weary, merry go round  
Grows slowly into the ground  
And faded circus acts  
Sorrow broke their backs  
And their sadness cries  
From their staring eyes

Still, small children come  
And bring the harm of play  
Spirits all alive  
To drive the ghosts away

Useless merry go round  
Tomorrow they'll tear you down  
To build a parking lot  
If it lives or not  
It was just a toy  
All it brought was joy