

Townes Van Zandt, Fare Thee Well, Miss Carousel

by Townes Van Zandt

The drunken clown's still hanging round
but it plain the laughter's all died down
the tears you tried so hard to hide
are flowin'

A blind man with his knife in hand
has convinced himself that he understands
I wish him well, Miss Carousel
but I gotta be a-goin'

Won't you come and get me when
you're sure that you don't need me then
I stand outside your window
and proudly call your name

The ladies been told that all of gold
is worth so much it can't be sold
No time to weep she'll need her sleep
tomorrow
When she carries her face to the market place
and bets it on the opening race
she can ring her bells, Miss Carousel,
but her singing brings me sorrow

It's always done every mother's son
is shown that grown men never run
and so they fight with all the might
inside them
When the battle's been fought and they all been taught
that the trick is just not being caught
Will you give them hell, Miss Carousel,
when they're begging you to hide them

When the need arose your eyes fell closed
you clamped your fingers round your nose
Would you say that's any way
to judge him
You haven't got the authority
to kill him in the first degree
but would you feel compelled, Miss Carousel,
if you have something to begrudge him

On a velvet beach far beneath the reach
of those that come to pray and preach
The natural man who tries to stand
is fallin'
How long will it be before he sees
you own his legs but his mind is free
Only you can tell, Miss Carousel,
how long will he be crawling?

The castle walls has grown so tall
seem there ain't no hope at all
to reach the top even though you stop
for breathin'
But I ain't gonna try to make you cry
the tear drops couldn't find your eye
It's all been swell, Miss Carousel,
but the time has come for leavin'