

Amy Obenski, Carousel

Spinning carousel returns the same old horse again
Ramble on and on, the thoughts that fill my head
Sometimes I wake up
There's nothing there but emptiness
So I search myself for what there was to do
Flashing backward still
I think about my youthful dreams
Honest childhood, running dry of years
Sometimes I look back
It doesn't seem that it was me
So who was I then, who am I today?
Can you hear me now? /x3
Yeah, yeah, yeah... /x3
My thoughts are moving fast
Can't seem to catch them in the draft
Floating upward like a kite that's left my grip
Flying higher toward the sky, so blue
I crank my neck
And try to follow as it drifts off into space...
Can you hear me now? /x3