

# 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