

Antje Duvekot, Merry-Go-Round

Someone is tossing petals in a stream
Somewhere someone is standing at the foothills of their dreams
Someone got a paintbrush, is painting over doubts
Someone opened up his eyes and saw the sun coming out
Someone was captive and found the courage to get off
From a boulder in the well, somewhere the rain has stopped
Someone is finding the place where they belong
Everyday is summer somewhere in the world
And the summer boys are headed for the falls to kiss the girls
With their impatient hands groping honey breasts and curls
They are filled with desire
And high in the hills there's a baby being born
As forgiveness and peace wash over bruises and sores
People bridging the distance over nettles and thorns
Everyone aboard on the merry-go-round
Some things will rise up so that others come down
If the devil don't dance, heaven won't shine
It's a mighty thick haze and it's a pretty thin line
If the faucet is tightened up the love won't flow
If the love isn't bright enough the corn won't grow
If the night isn't dark enough the moon won't glow
A rich man counting money, a tired man counting sheep
While the safe man counts his blessings, the hungry man has beans
There's a million people praying, raising up their eyes
To what turns out to be the same god, the same sky
We are slightly scared of death, a little bit afraid
So we celebrate everything we can think to celebrate
We shall sing out loud to keep the hounds away
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Prisons will crumble and governments will fall
It's the order of freedom to be preceded by walls
'Cause the truth would be worthless if no one ever lied
So we carry our shame in the interest of pride
And we have all these questions to make us go roam
And we've got all this distance to make us come home
As the sun burns, a child learns, the tide churns, the world turns
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