

Cold Chisel, Merry-Go-Round

I cried my tears in a glass of tequila
For a truck-stop honey with a dubious name
She held my heart like a blackjack dealer
And took my money when she left the game
She was overly fond of sophisticated messin' around
I've had a bellyful of livin' in the same old merry-go-round

Well I played in the summer and I froze in the winter
And I hankered for the high school beauty queen
She was married to a rich young timber-miller
And christened a boy when she was just nineteen
Crazy love, never gonna settle down
I've had a bellyful of lovin' on the same old merry-go-round

Like any man I've got to work for a living
Just to earn my soul for a weekend show
Saturday morning I'll be down by the river
Getting whipped at the Copmanhurst rodeo
When the weekend comes I'm gonna set fire to the town
I've had a bellyful of workin' on the same old merry-go-round

I'm looking out as the sun goes down
Drinking Bundeburg at the end of the day
I'm twentyfive, I'm half alive
The rest is only just a ticket away
Give me a ticket, take me to a city hotel
I've had a bellyful of livin' on the same old merry-go-round