

# Joe Ely, Carnival Bum

The carnival is closed for the winter  
The gates are full of nails  
All my belongings in a camper truck  
In front of some Hell Hole Motel.

The rides are wrapped in canvass  
There's a smell of snow in the air  
They're taking apart the ferris wheel  
Like a game of solitaire.

Love o love I will be home  
When the trees are bare and brown  
For without you I'm just a carnival bum  
Whose fate goes round and round  
Whose fate goes round and round

When Little Maggie lost Big Earle  
Man, That was about it for her  
She was MIA in the Day to Day  
The next 3 years were a blur

I left home when Maggie checked out  
I been a snowbird ever since  
I work the curcuit in the summertime  
Come Winter I jump the Fence

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When the trees are bare and brown  
For without you I'm just a carnival bum  
Whose fate goes round and round  
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Darkness comes with the headlights.  
It gives me a little relief.  
I feel a little more like a leaf in the wind  
And a little bit less like a thief.

Sometimes I feel I stole life itself  
Im as lucky as a man can be  
The carnival is closed for the winter  
But it dont matter to me

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