

Mary Gauthier, Merry Go Round

(Mary Gauthier/Crit Harmon)

From the painful rays of daybreak
Ripping darkness out your eyes
To every kiss with bourbon breath
your daddy didn't hide, he didn't hide

From the crack of his backhand slap
To your mama's blue veined hands
That held her rosary desperately
Cause she didn't understand
From the brokenhearted playground
in the lonely afternoon
To the violence of little boys
And the crying in your bedroom

Till the wind blows right through you and rain don't get you wet
Till your lips move constantly but you ain't said nothing yet
Till you ride that horse in circles going up and coming down
Round and round, it's a merry go round

From the bitter tears of helplessness
Falling from your grandma's face
As they strap you to the stretcher
While she quickly packs your suitcase
From the money that you stole from her
on the day she died
To the long lines at the clinic
Waiting for a days supply, a days supply

Till the wind blows right through you and rain don't get you wet
Till your lips move constantly but you ain't said nothing yet
Till you ride that horse in circles going up and coming down
Round and round, it's a merry go round

From the phone booth on the freeway
When there's no one left to call
To the porcelain Cod you pray to
In the public restroom stall
From the milky white of heroin
as it bubbles and it soothes
To the dirty sheets you lie on