

The Idle Race, Skeleton And The Roundabout

Climb aboard my roundabout
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I am the fairground man at heart
I run the roundabout this part
I fill this fair but custom have I none

I turn the handle round so fast it makes my elbow ache
Nobody seems to care
No-one rides upon my roundabout no longer anymore
Oh what a horrid fair!

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Money there is none - I'm thinner than a skeleton

But wait a minute, I'm so thin

That all these aches and pains could be a chance for me
I could be a horror or a ghost in a ghost train
I think I'll go and see

I meet the man who runs the ghost train
He says, "you're just great!
I'll pay you top class wages
If you'll just hang from this gate"

A year is passing lots of food and money come my way
Oh lucky man am I
But who's this telling me, "you're fired!
You're much too fat to be a ghost, be on your way!"
So here I am

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