

Watts John, Carousel

The alcohol had made him sweat.
He had trouble in lighting his cigarette.
He'd spilt his drink so his cuff was wet when she moved on to the floor.
CAROUSEL.... vermillion nails and a painted face.
So young and full of experience.
He felt alone till he heard her sing, then it made him want to
cry - CAROUSEL....
Never in his life had he felt so warm as when she came up to his
table and touched his chin. He closed his eyes....it almost broke his heart.
He was lying in those sensual arms, when a waiter spotted his
sleeping form.
He shook his dreams, he awoke in pain and was thrown out in the road.
CAROUSEL.
Never in his life had he felt so cold as when he bounced
into the neon outside.
He closed his eyes....it almost broke his heart. CAROUSEL!