

The Monkees, Merry Go Round

Hollow, carnival voice sings
Tunes of nobody's choice
And on a vacant lot
Someone just forgot
Standing all alone
Turning on it's own

Weary, merry go round
Grows slowly into the ground
And faded circus acts
Sorrow broke their backs
And their sadness cries
From their staring eyes

Still, small children come
And bring the harm of play
Spirits all alive
To drive the ghosts away

Useless merry go round
Tomorrow they'll tear you down
To build a parking lot
If it lives or not
It was just a toy
All it brought was joy