FAIRGROUND, THE
Ralph McTell

Standing alone in the fairground at night
The world racing past on the streets
Only the stars and the headlights of cars
Light the fantasy world while it sleeps
And I looked around but there wasn't a sound
But the cinders under my feet

Candy-floss sticks spelt words on the ground
I tried to read them in vain.
Before it was clear the wind blew my hair
And re-phrased the sentence again.

I stopped to light my last cigarette
The fair was lit up in its glow
I threw it away but the light seemed to stay
Like moonlight shining on snow.
And I hardly dare breathe
I just couldn't believe
Then the music started to flow.

Slowly everything started to move
'Cept me and I stood quite still.
Then came a soft cry near the coconut shy
Will you take me to ride on the wheel.

And around and around the big wheel went spinning
Round and around until
I noticed although the fairground was moving
The rest of the world stopped still.

It was then that I realised that I'd have to get off
Although I would've much rather stayed.
Then with a jolt the wheel came to a halt
And the music started to fade.
As the lights went dim my head started to spin
Told myself that I wasn't to blame.

Looked at the ground at the candy-floss sticks
Now the message was plain
Behind me the wheel and the fairground were still
And outside it was moving again.