

# Carousel Man

Cher

I had a taste of bitter life  
At sweet sixteen  
I was growing up too fast  
If you know what I mean  
Met an older man  
Who taught me his own way to live  
And all I had to do to keep him  
Was to give and give

The carousel man  
Kept me going around and round  
Carousel man always know  
That I'd stay around  
The carousel man  
Wouldn't let me off his merry-go-round

I followed him around in traveling shows  
Along the main county lines  
Watching him drinking his mind away  
Not ever knowing my name at time  
Each night when the show closed down  
He used to tell me of his dreams  
He was wearing new French suits  
While I mended my torn jeans

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Kept me going around and round  
Carousel man always know  
That I'd stay around  
The carousel man  
Wouldn't let me off his merry-go-round

Then one night in Santa Fe  
The horses stop going around  
There he was my poor rich man  
Lying on the Mexico ground  
All the sad music of his life  
Is still spinning in my mind  
The carousel starts up again  
And I found my place in life

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