

# The Fairground

Ralph McTell

Standing alone in the fairground at night  
The world racing past on the streets  
Only the stars and the highlights 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 'twere 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 to ride on the wind.

And around and around the big wheel when 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.