

This old carousel keeps on turning  
This old carousel keeps on turning, keeps on turning  
Worn smooth, faces, voices, broken, cracking  
Bright blue eyes in the darkness, passing lovers  
Chances taken, good times used  
Good times used

Tell me it wasn't all for nothing

On that old carousel we refused  
We rode, we rode, we made believe  
Naked watching the snow falling, it burned our skin  
On that old carousel we shouted our love  
We shouted our love

Tell me it wasn't all for nothing  
That we weren't just taking our time before we caved in  
Those moments shared, they meant something, didn't they?  
That intimacy wasn't all for nothing  
We had something that was ours, tell me  
We had something that was ours