

Merry Go Round

Victoria Williams

Inside is outside
Everywhere no one can hide
Sitting in a door jamb
There was a quiet figure of a man
Unused to embellishments
Acquired from establishments
But improvising efforts
Beyond the wide intelligence
His actions were his words

Now from one cynical herd
Of autos on the freeway
There came one wildly small
Enthusiastic 'hooray'
Like a prayer received from far away
In the middle of a fiery day
She turned and made her getaway
She found the good deed in the sun
Purple green and yellow
She told him she would like to hold it
Truthful little fellow
Not knowing what she'd done
It melted in the sun
And many came to wallow in the puddle

The key to the merry go round is the merry
The key to the fairy tale is the fairy
It sat on the bridge between happy and scary
The key to the merry go round is the merry

Lost and found on common ground
To rescue on the ladder must be hung
Instead they got the brushes out
Began to shout and painted every rung
Not knowing what they'd done
They painted in the sun
And many came to join in the struggle

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The key to the fairy tale is the fairy
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The key to the fairy tale is the fairy
It sat on the bridge between happy and scary
Too long did the young man tarry
Who had stood for good and hope for the masses
Now melted, now sticky, licked up like molasses
Why ask us?
Why not ask us?
Why ask us?
Why not ask us?

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