

## THE MERRY-GO-ROUND MAN

The Merry-go-round-man in your Village is coming!  
Silver horses and magic pumpkin,  
in the summertime you'll have lots of fun  
it is yours, so start it run!  
This job is my heritage, all my father left me for living.  
During the night I work with the cogging  
and in the morning you'll see the wheel start turning an turning.  
Waltzing on the Merry-go-round!  
You are alive and you know the reason why,  
you dance your life going backwards  
and feel the child that's inside you!  
You hold your future in your hands, staving your fingers.  
In the carillon the dancer is round turning  
you can smell her cooking.

(How) many years full of dust on the streets of Europe,  
in the Parks of city-towns and seaside villages.  
(How) many years travelling with Eastern friends,  
happy nights passed dancing together.  
The inspector ask me if Mary is stolen child or my daughter.  
"I'm a gipsy not a criminal! My Job, sir, is entertain people!"

Waltzing on the Merry-go-round!  
and the world starts dancing around,  
dance your life going backwards  
I disclose the child hidden inside you!

Toy balloon fly, take a secret in the sky  
your name is tied to a string  
it really means good luck.

Remember my wife with copper hair?  
She made necklaces of flowers's leaves and she steached her skirt by the evening fire.  
One night she ran away like a panther,  
with laquered claws and made up eyes.  
Waltzing on the Merry-go-round!  
You live your life as you really are  
don't think of the future, be sure that the luck will return!

Lyrics and Music: Emanuele Scataglini.  
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