

The Carnival by fiddlin' Mike

Gm A7 Gm A7
It's a carnival in the house with the half-shattered windows,
Gm A7 Gm A7
where the ghosts go "a-sailing" by day
Gm A7 Cm A7
and the spiders are slowly spinning their webs
Gm A7 Gm
and the man eating flies stalk their prey...

Stripes of all sorts and colours "surround" us,
'til we cannot tell day from night
and the bats are all singing and the tomcats are glaring
& staring at this old sight...

The man-eating flies will end all ov our lives,
and suck all the flesh from our bones
then they'll lay down to rest in these chambers of joy,
sleeping soundly after their meal.

Now the chambers are empty and the curtains are drawn,
and the accordions lie silent, it seems
and the flies are sleeping away all their nightmares,
in the land ov unpleasant dreams...

Tomorrow will bring no respite from their troubles,
for tonight they are happy all –
dancing, as they do, on wings ov fancie,
through wolrds made ov silke and gauze...

And the spirits are waltzing through the gateway,
rotting corpses dressed up so fine!
They're taking a dip in that lake ov fire,
and the devil is laughing in time - !

Ha ha ha ha! Hee hoo ha ha! Ha heh heh ha ha ha,
ha heh heh ha ha ha, ha, ha ha!