

Stay At Home Merry-go-round

(Richard Lamplough)

*In the last few years don't know what I've done,
Keeping busy getting dizzy with the tales I've spun.
In my hazy world and these crazy times of keyboard angels and coffee cup crimes.
I watch the spaceship, yellow and green; in my head it's a time machine,
That takes me away from my little white room with a small smug smile and a big bad boom.
Who am I kidding these trembling hands only keep good time with bottles and cans.
But my legs are strong, my chest is proud; I'm the fittest and quickest in the pot of gold crowd.
Meet me again in another ten years I'll still be obsessed with blood, sweat and tears.
My eyes shut tight, my shoes too loose, the same old job and the same excuse.
So to hear my songs, to see my face; if you want to take a trip around my place,
You can come, hide, take a ride to my heart...*

*I'm a little mixed up, I'm a little bit down.
I'm your very own stay at home merry-go-round.
I'm a little mixed up, I'm a little bit down, I'm your...*

*Okay, hang on tight, as the roundabout moves,
I'm a lover for a cover of colours and grooves,
That keep me warm in the shadows of the song; my mind made up and my heartbeat strong.
I still have visions, ambitions, and schemes; open-plan rooms and open-plan dreams.
Floods of sunlight with a honeycomb taste; a ribbon of flowers around your waist.
On gentle curves, black marble and stone; sort of sneaky and freaky with a cool-down zone.
But right now I'm the saddest for sure cause every day as I open my door,
My ansaphone curiosity creeps; my measure of pleasure is the number of bleeps.
It isn't allowed to be so alone; I'd dial your number but I'd never dare phone.
So call me up or call on by; if the truth's gonna hurt you can lie, lie, lie.
But come, hide, take a ride to my heart...*

*So with pages fresh and pen in hand, I'll score the score for a one man band,
Who took you home like a gold award; let you kick off your shoes and climb aboard.
I was scared to touch, even scared to look,
Couldn't find the right words from my poetry book.
The sweetest kisses I ever had, that sure felt good though I shook so bad.
I just can't believe this fumbling fool; you were so damn hot, I was so un-cool.
And I'll never know what might have come next,
I'd been saying I'd been praying just for sweet soft sex.
But the moment came, the moment went, my prayers unanswered, my emotions all spent.
With one more chance you could take me away,
From the swings and slides to where the big boys play.
Sure I come to late or I go too soon,
I'm a few notes short of a finished good tune,
But come, hide, take a ride to my heart...*

*Your perfect skin, my wretched doubt,
You should have breathed me in and then just blown me out.
I'm a little mixed up (same sound, merry-go-round.)*