

# The Idle Race, Skeleton And The Roundabout

Climb aboard my roundabout  
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I am the fairground man at heart  
I run the roundabout this part  
I fill this fair but custom have I none

I turn the handle round so fast it makes my elbow ache  
Nobody seems to care  
No-one rides upon my roundabout no longer anymore  
Oh what a horrid fair!

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Money there is none - I'm thinner than a skeleton

But wait a minute, I'm so thin

That all these aches and pains could be a chance for me  
I could be a horror or a ghost in a ghost train  
I think I'll go and see

I meet the man who runs the ghost train  
He says, "you're just great!  
I'll pay you top class wages  
If you'll just hang from this gate"

A year is passing lots of food and money come my way  
Oh lucky man am I  
But who's this telling me, "you're fired!  
You're much too fat to be a ghost, be on your way!"  
So here I am

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