

Art Garfunkel, The Kid

I'm the kid who ran away with the circus
Now I'm watering elephants
But I sometimes lie awake in the sawdust
Dreaming I'm in a suit of light
Late at night in the empty big top I'm
All alone on the high wire
Look, he's working without a net this time
He's a real death-defier

I'm the kid who always looked out the window
Failing test in geography
But I've seen things far beyond just the schoolyard
Distant shores of exotic lands
There, the spires of the Turkish Empire
It's six months since we made landfall
Riding low with the spice of India
Through Gibraltar, we're rich men all

I'm the kid who thought we'd someday be lovers
Always held out that time would tell
But time was talking, I guess I just wasn't listening
No surprise if you know me well
And as we're walking toward the train station
There's a whispering rainfall
'Cross the boulevard you slip your hand in mine
In the distance the train calls

I'm the kid who has this habit of dreaming
Sometimes gets me in trouble too
But the truth is I could no more stop dreaming
Than I could make them all come true.