

# Bruce Springsteen, Wild Billy's Circus Story

The machinist climbs his ferris wheel like a brave  
And the fire eater's lyin' in a pool of sweat, victim of the heatwave  
Behind the tent the hired hand tightens his legs on the sword swallower's blade  
And circus town's on the shortwave

The runway lies ahead like a great false dawn  
Fat lady, big mama, Missy Bimbo sits in her chair and yawns  
And the man-beast lies in his cage sniffin' popcorn  
As the midget licks his fingers and suffers Missy Bimbo's scorn  
Circus town's been born

Whoa, and a press roll drummer go, ballerina to and fro  
Cartwheelin' up on that tightrope with a cannon blast lightin' flash  
Movin' fast through the tent Mars bent, he's gonna miss his fall  
Oh God save the human cannonball.  
And the flying Zambinis watch Margarita do her neck twist,  
And the ringmaster gets the crowd to count along: "Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven"  
A ragged suitcase in his hand, he steals silently away from the circus grounds  
And the highway's haunted by the carnival sounds  
They dance like a great greasepaint ghost on the wind  
A man in baggy pants, a lonely face, a crazy grin  
Runnin' home to some small Ohio town  
Jesus send some good women to save all your clowns

And circus boy dances like a monkey on barbed wire  
And the barker romances with a junkie, she's got a flat tire,  
And now the elephants dance real funky and the band plays like a jungle fire  
Circus town's on the live wire  
And the strong man Sampson lifts the midget little Tiny Tim way up on his shoulders, way up  
And carries him on down the midway past the kids, past the sailors  
To his dimly lit trailer  
And the ferris wheel turns and turns like it ain't ever gonna stop  
And the circus boss leans over, whispers into the little boy's ear "Hey son, you want to try the  
All aboard, Nebraska's our next stop.