

Chris Flew, Circus Song

How does it feel with curtains down?
And crowds so loud are soon forgotten
They scream and shout into the night
And hurl about
And how does it feel with big-top down?
Deflated clown retreats forgotten
A hazy mess of yellow, red and muddy brown
Maybe tonight I'll jump through this ring of fire
Hoping to land right by your side
Or walk across tightrope wire in denial
See you on the other side
Abigail's holding herself to a dream
Of tightrope wire artists suspended on beams
Lions in cages and ten dancing girls
Covered in sequins, drowning in their own curls
Ringmaster, please, let me off of this ride
'Cause I'm starting to think that there's no place to hide
So you climb down the cannon and wait for the spark
That'll send you off shooting, straight into the dark
She comes down, down, down, down
Down, down, down, down, down
Maybe tonight I'll jump through this ring of fire
Hoping to land right by your side
Or walk across tightrope wire in denial
See you on the other side
Maybe one day we'll take this ride
Holding each others hands, we're fine
We'll walk across this crazy line
One hundred feet up in the sky