

# 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