

Ellis Paul, Thin Man

I've been avoiding the circus
Afraid the trapeze might fall down
You say the fall will not hurt us
'cause the net stands apart from the ground...

(chorus)

So there you go for the rings
Legs entwined and circling
Height of the backside swing
Arms reaching beckoning me

But I am the thin man
All skin and bones
Am I qualified for the job?
Or better off alone
Sleeping in a bed of leaves
Scarecrow where all the birds are thieves...
Meanwhile, back at the circus
You seeing as the pendulum flies
Watched by ten thousand eyes