

Erasure, The Circus

Call it new technology
And they use it to burn
And they show no concern
Work for their prosperity
While the big wheels turn
Now it's too late to learn

Don't upset the teacher
Though we know he lied to you
Don't upset the preacher
He's gonna close his eyes for you

And it's a shame
That you're so afraid
Just a worker waiting in the pouring rain
Putting back the pieces of a broken dream
Putting back the pieces of a broken dream

Father worked in industry
Now the work has moved on
And the factory's gone
See them sell your history
Where once you were strong
And you used to belong

There was once a future
For a working man
There was once a lifetime
For a skillful hand
Yesterday

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That you're so afraid
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Tempers fray so easily
In desperate despair
Is there anyone who cares?
Just another tragedy
Just a personal affair
In a room somewhere

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For a working man
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Of a broken, of a broken dream

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