

Lobo, A Little Different

(Kent LaVoie)

Once upon my boyhood time
The circus came to town
I remember church going people
Talking the carnies down
Misfits of society
That's what they said to me
So I sneaked up close
And watched them work
And found that actually

They laughed alot
They sang out loud
The way they walked
Made them look kinda proud
A little different from you
A little different from me
Alot like the man who walked
Through Galilee

Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein
Moved in next door to us
The neighbors were indignant
They put up quit a fuss
The neighborhood had gone to pot
And they had worked so hard
So I sneaked out back
Peeked through the fence
And watched them do the yard

They laughed a lot
They sang out loud
They looked just like the rest
Of the crowd
A little different from you
A little different from me
A lot like the man who walked
Through Galilee

Everyone is different
But everyone's the same
Riding around in circles
On life's mysterious train

What if other people
Thought that way of you
Too weak for the circus
Too dumb to be a Jew
A plain old Joe
In wash 'n' wear suit
Wasting his life away
Or do they look in envy
And do or don't they say