

# Peter, Paul & Mary, The Kid

I'm the kid who ran away with the circus  
Now I'm watering elephants  
But I sometimes lie awake in the sawdust  
Dreaming I'm in a suit of light

Late at night in the empty big top  
I'm all alone on the high wire  
Look he's working without a net this time  
He's a real death defier

I'm the kid who always looked out the window  
Failing tests in geography  
But I've seen things far beyond just the schoolyard  
Distant shores of exotic lands

There're the spires of the Turkish Empire  
Six months since we made landfall  
Riding low with the spice of India  
Through Gibraltar, we're rich men all

I'm the kid who thought we'd someday be lovers  
Always held out that time would tell  
Time was talking  
I guess I just wasn't listening  
No surprise, if you know me well

And as we're walking toward the train station  
There's a whispering rainfall  
Across the boulevard, you slip your hand in mine  
in the distance the train calls

I'm the kid who has this habit of dreaming  
Sometimes gets me in trouble too  
But the truth is  
I could no more stop dreaming  
Than I could make them all come true  
Than I could make them all come true