

Talking Heads, The Democratic Circus

Found out this morning
There's a circus coming to town
They drive in Cadillacs
Using walkie-talkies, and the Secret Service

Their big top
Imitation of life
And all the flags and microphones
We have to cover our eyes

We play the sideshows
And we like the tunnel of love
And when we ride the ferris wheel
We're little children again

And when they're asking for volunteers
We'll be the first ones aboard
And when the ringmaster calls our names
We'll be the first ones to go ... to sleep

Stealing all our dreams
Dreams for sale
They sell 'em back to you

On with the show
Start the parade
We sand along
Sweep us away

It's political party time
Going down, going down
And the celebrities all come out
Coming down, coming down, coming...

The sun is going down
And the dogs are starting to howl
We stay out after dark
Eating cotton candy
And the music's playing...

How we all laughed!
We split our sides
The cameras flashed
We almost died!

The rain's gonna pour on down, falling out of the sky
Coming down, coming down
And the celebrities all run out, and the rain's
Coming down, coming down

Gonna rain,
Gonna rain, gonna rain
Gonna rain, gonna rain,
Rain, rain
Rain, rain

And now I wonder who's boss
And who he's leavin' behind?