

Travis Tritt, Circus Leaving Town

(Written by Phillip Claypool)

Before you draw the final curtain
Before the big top crashes down
Before you pack away my trunk case
I'd like to take a final bow.

One last chance to hear the laughter
And see your face there in the crowd
One last moment in the spotlight
One last chance to be your clown.

I guess you're tired of walking tightropes
Of setting up and tearing down
You want a place to call forever
And rest your feet on solid ground.

Somewhere you've lost that sense of wonder
But that's still the place I'm bound
I'm a storm in search of thunder
I'm just a circus leaving town.

Once we could fill the room with laughter
And fill each other's hearts with joy
Through each trial and disaster
Still we cling to our choice.

To take a path so unforgiving
A road that waits for no one
You know we chose to keep on living
Lord, tell me where did we go wrong.

I guess you're tired of walking tightropes
Of setting up and tearing down
You want a place to call forever
And rest your feet on solid ground.

Don't try to break this spell I'm under
And stop these wheels from spinning around
I'm a storm in search of thunder
Yes, I'm just a circus leaving town.

Some day you'll wake up and wonder
And your heart will start to pound
And you'll long for the thunder
And the kiss is of a clown...