Barclay James Harvest, Sideshow

I have seen the streets and alleyways Of a million faceless towns The camera comes, the camera goes Filming our blues for the late night news We gather round Never searching for our innocence Our faith, our truth, our love They're only there when things go wrong Filming our blues for the late night news We gather round Show us peace and understanding Brother love for fellow man Cure us, we are sick from violence In your sideshow of life Impartiality is like A coin they have to spend The currency of the chosen few They place their bets Switch on your sets There's world disasters by the minute They tell us on the hour And when we think we've paid our dues They've filmed our blues for the late night news We gather round Show us peace and understanding Brother love for fellow man Cure us, we are sick from violence In your sideshow of life Sideshow of life