

# Barclay James Harvest, The, Sideshow

Barclay James Harvest, The  
Miscellaneous  
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

When it's late at night and you're all alone  
With the one you love  
Turn on the late night news and cry  
Tears for all the lost and lonely people  
Innocents in prime time

(tragedies) of our life  
(tragedies) of our life  
(tragedies) of our life