

# Don McLean, Circus Song

Cotton candy, two for a quarter  
See if the fat man can guess your weight  
A big stuffed tiger is what I bought her  
And I'm going home 'cause it's late  
Roller coasters make me dizzy  
And cotton candy makes me sick  
I wish I had some Bromo fizzy  
Now that would do the trick  
Everyone knows that the clowns aren't happy  
And everyone knows that the people don't care  
I wish I could laugh at the way that they're acting  
But I'm so sick, I just don't dare to  
High wire dancers kick and balance  
White silk horses step in time  
The tattooed man displays his talents  
I'm not the talented kind  
I always go to the circus on Sunday  
And there I can laugh at the people I see  
But when I leave home in the morning on Monday  
Everybody laughs at me  
I make other people nervous  
I guess that's why they laugh at me  
But to me my life is a three-ring circus  
And I can see it for free  
Have you seen my wife Elvira?  
She can tame a lion, you know  
Well, I once had a bushy mane  
But that was so damn long ago  
Tight-collared clowns in plastic buildings  
Have happy families as their fate  
Happy jobs and happy clubs  
And happy people they hate  
Everyone's juggling and everyone's acting  
With smiles of grease paint three feet wide  
Everyone's caught on a carousel pony  
And one time around is a lifetime ride