

# Firewater, The Circus

The Circus Lyrics

THE GIRL:

I remember a jet slowly scraping  
Low and heavy across a sky of slate  
I remember the angle of your elbow  
As it doubled back  
In the crack of fists across a face  
I remember the suck of boots in mud  
Guttural, sexual, in those clandestine woods

THE KILLER:

Down at the river's edge  
Below the concrete bed  
The smell of lilac in your hair  
Where the stinging nettles grow  
And the lonely rushes blow  
I left you in a culvert there

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
Buildings and dreams dissolve into rust  
Now all the flowers are turning brown  
Cause the circus is coming to town  
Cause the circus is coming to town

THE GIRL:

I remember dying to cry out  
But throat-stuck with briars and stones  
As your ruddy lips grew much ruddier

THE KILLER:

Step you lightly now  
We must keep our voices down  
The dogs of remorse  
Follow close on the wind  
Take your face off, don't be shy  
They can't hunt you with their eyes  
But surely they know the scent of sin

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
Buildings and dreams dissolve into rust  
Now all the flowers are turning brown  
Cause the circus is coming to town  
Cause the circus is coming to town

THE GIRL:

I remember falling, falling back  
Into that tangled bed: a mesh of twigs  
Deflowered like a virgin bride  
In the ground swell of spring  
Underneath that deciduous canopy  
Propped up with jagged scaffolding  
Is that a train or thunder coming?  
Is that a train or thunder?