

Johnathan Rice, The Acrobat

The child is an acrobat
He walks upon the wire
Knowing well that he might fall
Still he climbs up higher

If he should slip
He will surely die
And his body will break and his soul will fly
Into the night where the spirits scream
He will leave this world and become a dream

My father was a sailor
He lived upon the water
Knowing well that he might drown
He sailed beyond the harbor

If he should fall
He will surely die
And his body will sink and his soul will fly
Into the night where the spirits scream
He will leave this world to become a dream
He will leave this world to become a dream

Nothing will change
Time goes by and nothing will

My love she is my saving grace
She holds me through the winter
Knowing well that I will leave
Still she holds me closer

And if my heart should break
I will surely die
And my blood will flow and my soul will fly
Into the night where the spirits scream
We will leave this world and become a dream
We will leave this world and become a dream