

Murray McLauchlan, Sweeping The Spotlight Away

Here's a plain simple song, without much to say
For times when plain circumstance
Finds me with someone whose world is all wrong
So they feel like they don't have a chance
It's alright to learn from the times you're a fool
But it don't pay to dwell on the past
Sometimes I think, I'm really a clown
But there's plenty of time left for that

The sun's goin' down on the midway tonight
The red stripes are turning to grey
But old Emmett's still out in the big top tonight
Sweeping the spotlight away

Here's a song for the rain on the trash can lids
And the nights when there ain't much to do
Here's a song for the face
That it sometimes seems
People always tell their troubles to
You might see a trace of a greasepaint face
On everyone comin' around
Don't you always laugh with a tear in your eye
When you laugh at a sad faced clown

The sun's goin' down on the midway tonight
The red stripes are turning to grey
But old Emmett's still out in the big top tonight
Sweeping the spotlight away

Somewhere there's a child that everyone hides
A prisoner that longs to be free
Boys and girls in a fantasy world
But I guess I'm just talkin' for me
But I feel him there, behind me somewhere
When the streetlights reflect in the rain
The sad-faced clown with his mouth turned down
Sweeping the spotlight away

The sun's goin' down on the midway tonight
The red stripes are turning to grey
But old Emmett's still out in the big top tonight
Sweeping the spotlight away