No Doctors, Birdman & Snakearms

Come one come all see the Birdman,
Nasty wings that barely flap,
Fate has perched him on his trapeze,
Chasing popcorn soaked in sap,
Turns to the cage when he feels weary,
He locks himself in the old antique,
We found him living in the tree tops,
A lonely pet for an evil sheik,

Feather face!
You're out of place!

She is Snakearms,
Her finger fangs bleed toxic touch,
To shake your hand she'd have to bite you,
And nobody seems to like that much,
The love she gives is always deadly,
Some say her mind is split in three,
Come and marvel at her beauty,
And pray some day the curse won't be,

Snake for arms!
Hey that's no charm!

Hey Mr. Birdman!
Come kiss the Snake Arms!

Circus of Love!
It's a Circus of Love!