## Passengers, Circus

Sick of begging Sick of trying to please Sick of the struggle Sick of your fake id

If I ever feel your scent again You're one fist too close If I ever see your shadow again You're going down the hard way

They call me the comedy clown They feed me waste in the gutter They call me the comedy clown I am waste in the gutter

Sick of begging Sick of trying to please Sick of the struggle Sick of your fake id

If I ever see you again I'Il be close to my grave If I ever lie to you again I'Il be dirt