

Spirit Of The West, Circus

(Kelly/Mann)

There was writing on the walls
Looked like "Circus"; there for me
We were smoking Karl Marx
With the junkies in the park
I watched the barmaid keeping track
By marking X's on our mats
And this is how it all began
On our first campaign to the Fatherland
The jet lag landed after hours
On an empty street in an Axis power
We broke the yardarm; it's too restricting
Cramped out style and cut our drinking down...
And this is how it all began
On our first campaign to the Fatherland
When we are falling
We got up to falling down
A canary yellow call-box
Gave me six marks worth of small talk
A broken conversation
Dulled by my intoxication
This is how it all began
Our first campaign to the Fatherland
"Let's go Europe" on the Kelly Plan
When we go up to
Falling Down