

Steve Hackett, Circus Of Becoming

As the roaring day towards
The night forms
Look at us like a double decker bus
Climbing to the top of St. Paul's
To watch the storms

Stand clear of the doors there's
Handel in the Strand
You'll find a better class of
Ventriloquist on the radio
Calling you back to a time
That's never been

In the Circus of Becoming
It all starts with a spark
Once below a time
Set fire to the stars

Over the Eternal City
Somewhere between
The hills and the columns
And the carcass of Rome
Alone but close to spirit
Sitting Bull says there is more