

Outgrown the big top  
But still shadowed by a doubt  
Acrobats deceive, deceive me  
No safety net to help you out  
Selfconscious discipline  
Unconscious disciple in bewildered religion  
All the things you've said and done  
Hope the art remains unharmed

Drifting away your child your lover  
The thing you loved has poisoned you  
Bitter talk that reeks of almond  
Do pictures in a gallery scorn the painter?  
Does a book destroy the writer?  
In a field of inspiration  
I see clowns approaching me  
I look the other way to find a smile to cling to  
Trying to justify, simplify and rectify the end

What ambitious man would sit back and onlook  
While his dream goes sailing by  
In the icy cold night he'll cry  
With the kids tucked up and slippers dry  
I remember that circus so well