

## Ocean Blue, The "The Circus Animals"

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You, the writer knew  
You, the writer cared  
Sold are things once told  
Old are things once bold

The diamonds and the gold they are for real  
Depending on the way they make you feel

We can touch the sky  
You, oh you and I  
Oh I can count to two  
We can count to three

I line them up and they stare back at me  
Creations in the mind and soul of me

Drift fall  
Blue call  
You, the writer knew  
You, the writer cared

Diamonds and the gold they are for real  
Depending on the way they make you feel

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