

Waylon Jennings "Working Without A Net"

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Well, the road can be a circus, a death defying act
But the clowns don't come around no more since the
monkeys off my back
Now, I stand here on the stage, as the house lights
fade to black
Your love helps me forget, I'm working without a net

Up on the high wire, I hear the crowd begin to call
Some want you to fly, some want to see you fall
Now and then I stumble, but I haven't fallen yet
Your love helps me forget, I'm working without a net

Well, I used to depend on some things I did not need
I leaned on some crutches that kept me off my feet
Standing here without them now, well, it scares me half
to death
Your love helps me forget, I'm working without a net

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