Bruce Springsteen "Circus Song"

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The machinist climbs his ferris wheel like a brave And the fire eater's lyin' in a pool of sweat victim of the heatwave

Behind the tent the leatherboy tightens his legs On the sword swallower's blade Circus town's on the shortwave

Well now (and) the runway lies ahead like a great false dawn

Oh fat lady, Missy Bimbo, sits in her chair and yawns And the man-beast lies in his cage sniffin' popcorn The midget licks his fingers and suffers Missy Bimbo's scorn

The circus town's been born

Oh and a (the) press-roll drummer go, ballerina to-andfro

Cart-wheelin' up on (across) the tightrope (And) with a cannon blast, lightning flash, moving fast through

The tent Mars bent, he's gonna miss his fall Oh God save the human cannonball

And the flying Zambini's watch Marguerita do her neck twist

(And) the ringmaster gets the crowd to count along Ninety-five, ninety-six,....ninety-seven And behind the tent half bent money spent With his wet face fallin' (make-up drippin') on the ground

With a half-smile half-frown goin' down Oh Jesus sent some sweet women to save all the clowns

And circus boy dances like a monkey on barbed wire And the barker romances with a junkie, she's got a flat tyre

And the elephants dance real funky, and the band plays like a jungle fire Circus town's on the live wire

Samson lifts the midget up above the liars

Hear the liars, they're outside crying
Hear the liars, they're inside sighing
Hear the liars, listenin' to the barker
Hear the liars, watching the centre ring
Oh hear the liars, up on the trapeze
Oh hear the liars, feel their fire
Oh hear the liars, they're all scared of

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