

Chris Trapper **"Perfumed Hair"**

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Still wearing my makeup from yesterday
I'm a corner cutting clown
Lower the curtains down
There's no more crowds around

See Mary Jane sneaking a cigarette
Like a shadow in the room
Watching the cloud go by
Wishing that she could fly

This is the circus
The backstage door
Every act I've seen before

Somebody's spilling a drink on my
Somebody claimed I saved his life
Here's hoping he's still alright

In thourgh the back door in Baltimore
From the cradle to the stage
Singing my pain away
Hoping someone relates

This is the circus
The beer soaked floor
Come take me eyes I've seen before

But when I feel alone
When I just don't know
I hear your voice on the phone
Saying when I come home you'll be there
You say you just can't wait

But I'll be home too late
So when I find you asleep
I will turn out the lights
And kiss your perfumed hair

Blow out of the club to the parking lot
From the highway to the street
Reach in to find the key
Locked deep inside of me

Seeing my shadow a second late
Trying to navigate the stairs
Hoping that you still care
Tripping up everywhere

This is the circus
The place you land
Hoping you can come back again

But when I feel alone
When I just don't know
I hear your voice on the phone
Saying when I come home you'll be there
You say you just can't wait

But I'll be home too late
So when I find you asleep
I will turn out the lights
And kiss your perfumed hair

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