

## Erasure

### "Circus"

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(written by Clarke/Bell)  
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Call it new technology  
And they use it to burn  
And they show no concern  
Work for their prosperity  
While the big wheels turn  
Now it's too late to learn  
Don't upset the teacher  
Though we know he lied to you  
Don't upset the preacher  
Gonna close his eyes for you  
And it's a shame  
That you're so afraid  
Just a worker waiting  
In the pouring rain  
Putting back the pieces  
Of a broken dream  
Father worked in industry  
Now the work has moved on  
And the factories gone  
See them sell your history  
Where once you were strong  
And you used to belong  
There was once a future  
For a working man  
There was once a lifetime  
For a skillful hand  
Yesterday  
Don't upset the teacher  
Though we know he lied to you  
Don't upset the preacher  
Gonna close his eyes for you  
And it's a shame  
That you're so afraid  
Just a worker waiting  
In the pouring rain  
Putting back the pieces  
Of a broken dream  
Tempers fray so easily

In desperate despair  
Is there anyone that cares  
Just another tragedy  
Just a personal affair  
In a room somewhere  
There was once a future  
For a working man  
There was once a lifetime  
For a skillful hand  
Yesterday  
And it's a shame  
That you're so afraid  
Just a worker waiting  
In the pouring rain  
Putting back the pieces  
Of a broken dream

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