

Firewater "The Circus"

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The Circus Lyrics

THE GIRL:

I remember a jet slowly scraping
Low and heavy across a sky of slate
I remember the angle of your elbow
As it doubled back
In the crack of fists across a face
I remember the suck of boots in mud
Guttural, sexual, in those clandestine woods

THE KILLER:

Down at the river's edge
Below the concrete bed
The smell of lilac in your hair
Where the stinging nettles grow
And the lonely rushes blow
I left you in a culvert there

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Buildings and dreams dissolve into rust
Now all the flowers are turning brown
Cause the circus is coming to town
Cause the circus is coming to town

THE GIRL:

I remember dying to cry out
But throat-stuck with briars and stones
As your ruddy lips grew much ruddier

THE KILLER:

Step you lightly now
We must keep our voices down
The dogs of remorse
Follow close on the wind
Take your face off, don't be shy
They can't hunt you with their eyes
But surely they know the scent of sin

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Buildings and dreams dissolve into rust

Now all the flowers are turning brown
Cause the circus is coming to town
Cause the circus is coming to town

THE GIRL:

I remember falling, falling back
Into that tangled bed: a mesh of twigs
Deflowered like a virgin bride
In the ground swell of spring
Underneath that deciduous canopy
Propped up with jagged scaffolding
Is that a train or thunder coming?
Is that a train or thunder?

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