

Incrave "Circus Girl"

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Circus girl, how could you love me
You're so far above me
You hang by your knees and your toes
Circus girl can you even hear me
Down in the crowd
Your silver skirt hangs back over your breast
Such beautiful legs and you sparkle and flirt
I don't mind lipstick all over my shirt
You fly through the air
You've got princess hair
I'm really impressed

Circus girl you fly higher than the house of lords
You look serene
Circus girl your picture cheers hospital wards
You met the queen

The ringmaster's hat is as black as a wellington boot
He's mean he cracks his whip
But if he tries to beat you or even mistreat you
I'll give him some lip
Circus girl you ride wild horses running real quick
You smoke long cigars and you don't get sick
You dance on tightropes sleep on knives
If I married you would I want other wives

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