

Jet Set Roger

"Sealion"

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Over the mountains, and under the sky ---
Riding dirty gray horses, go you and I.
Mating with chance, copulating with mirth ---
The sad-glad paymasters (for what it's worth).
The ice-cream castles are refrigerated;
The super-marketeers are on parade.
There's a golden handshake hanging round your neck,
As you light your cigarette on the burning deck.
And you balance your world on the tip of your nose ---
Like a SeaLion with a ball, at the carnival.
You wear a shiny skin and a funny hat ---
The Almighty Animal Trainer lets it go at that.
You bark ever-so-slightly at the Trainer's gun,
With you whiskers melting in the noon-day sun.
You flip and you flop under the Big White Top
Where the long-legged ring-mistress starts and stops.
But you know, after all, the act is wearing thin ---
As the crowd grows uneasy and the boos begin.
But you balance your world on the tip of your nose ---
You're a SeaLion with a ball at the carnival.
Just a trace of pride upon our fixed grins ---
For there is no business like the show we're in.
There is no reason, no rhyme, no right
To leave the circus 'til we've said good-night.
The same performance, in the same old way;
It's the same old story to this Passion Play.
So we'll shoot the moon, and hope to call the tune ---
And make no pin cushion of this big balloon.
Look how we balance the world on the tips of our
noses,
Like SeaLions with a ball at the carnival.

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