

## **Murray McLauchlin**

# **"Sweeping The Spotlight Away"**

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Here's a plain simple song, without much to say  
For times when plain circumstance  
Finds me with someone whose world is all wrong  
So they feel like they don't have a chance  
It's alright to learn from the times you're a fool  
But it don't pay to dwell on the past  
Sometimes I think, I'm really a clown  
But there's plenty of time left for that

The sun's goin' down on the midway tonight  
The red stripes are turning to grey  
But old Emmett's still out in the big top tonight  
Sweeping the spotlight away

Here's a song for the rain on the trash can lids  
And the nights when there ain't much to do  
Here's a song for the face  
That it sometimes seems  
People always tell their troubles to  
You might see a trace of a greasepaint face  
On everyone comin' around  
Don't you always laugh with a tear in your eye  
When you laugh at a sad faced clown

The sun's goin' down on the midway tonight  
The red stripes are turning to grey  
But old Emmett's still out in the big top tonight  
Sweeping the spotlight away

Somewhere there's a child that everyone hides  
A prisoner that longs to be free  
Boys and girls in a fantasy world  
But I guess I'm just talkin' for me  
But I feel him there, behind me somewhere  
When the streetlights reflect in the rain  
The sad-faced clown with his mouth turned down  
Sweeping the spotlight away

The sun's goin' down on the midway tonight  
The red stripes are turning to grey  
But old Emmett's still out in the big top tonight  
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