

Wooden Circus

"Our Union"

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Another year, another room, where you hang a few
things on the walls.

It's just where you call home for now,
Until it's time to take them down and move on.

Great company, has no where else they need to be,
No place else they'd rather go, and no one waiting for
them at home.

Another year, another room, you still don't care to own
anything.

You know you won't find what you want, in a place
where you don't belong.

I am wanted, wherever there is a need,
For those with no place to go, who need somewhere
new to be.

Hope is the room, you make in your heart,
To find a new home for all your misguided love.
Look at the room I've made. I am nearly empty again,
But I want to give to you, and I like it when you take
from me.

I still don't care to own anything. I still don't have
anything to defend.
But less is more than ever before, in transition again...

Another year, another room, where you hang a few
things on the walls.

It's just where you call home for now,
Until it's time to take them down and move on.

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