

## **Fanfarlo**

### **"Atlas"**

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It's all hats off now, all drum rolls and applause.  
By slight of the hand you will turn them into dust.  
A face to face you will lead them by the fall.

A track fiend and the saw dust,  
You're allowed to stare it out.  
Its all good luck charms,  
All trying to understand.  
Indeed inside me will always hope for worse,  
You say keep them close by,  
They're closer than you think.

A track fiend and the saw dust,  
You're allowed to stare it out.

Next spring will bring you back again,  
You'll sigh and crack a whip for us,  
And maybe you will be the one,  
Who'll drawl the line in the sand,

For us to crawl.

It's all at bats now  
All painting gorgeous time.  
And maybe when the night comes  
You'll open up the cage.  
You'll open up the cage.

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