

Madison Chase "Circus"

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Ladies and gentlemen, children of all ages,
Welcome to the Circus of Dreams!
I present, for your judgmental cravings,
The story of an ordinary human,
Filled with hopes and aspirations.

Whatever happened to dear, old, sweet Alice?
She woke in a cold sweat,
Her bedsheets were all wet.
Her childhood wishes left with the circus long ago.

She flew on Sunday but fell on a Monday.
She prayed for redemption,
But the real world won't have none.
What looked like a window was a cruel innuendo, so to
say.

And all of these voices,
They whisper and mock me.
Real and imagined, they seem so impassioned
To make me believe that I'm not so important
To have these dreams.

[chorus] 2x
La la lalala lalala
La
La la lalala lalala
La

Was it wrong to be a dreamer,
To hope and believe that others would follow my step?
But status killed passion, it's all about the passion
And the lives that we try to present.

And all the words that were spoken
To make me regret
That I ever believed that I'd be more than this.
How they whisper and mock me
And keep me from seeing the truth in me.

[chorus] 4x

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