

## Page France

### "Circus Head"

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Little one, move along  
You're my last crooked song  
Pluck your eyes from your dreams  
There's a circus where my head should be

Little one, cloud of smoke  
Up so high, where'd you go?  
Here's the sun, I'll be damned  
And a cloud for where your head will land

I'm pulling my eyes (pulling my eyes)  
From the hole in the sky  
So nobody knows (nobody knows)  
How high I can fly

Little one, one of war  
You can't blow your trumpet anymore  
Appleseed, appleseed  
You're a rattle where my head should be

I'm pulling my eyes (pulling my eyes)  
From the hole in the sky  
So nobody knows (nobody knows)  
How high I can fly

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