

Philip Claypool "Circus Leaving Town"

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Before you draw the final curtain before the big top
crashes down
Before you pack away my trunkcase I'd like to take a
final bow
One last chance to hear the laughter and to see your
face there in the crowd
One last moment in the spotlight one last chance to be
your clown
I guess you're tired of walking tightropes of settin' up
and tearing down
You want a place to call forever and rest your feet on
solid ground
Somewhere you lost that sense of wonder but that's
still the place I'm bound
Like a storm in search of thunder I'm just a circus
leaving town

Once we could fill a room with laughter and fill each
other's hearts with joy
Through each trial and disaster till we'd cling to our
choice
To take a path so unforgiving a road that waits for no
one
We know we chose to keep on living oh tell me where
did we go wrong
I guess you're tired of walking tightropes of settin' up
and tearing down
You want a place to call forever and rest your feet on
solid ground
Don't try and break this spell I'm under or stop these
wheels from spinning round
For I'm a storm in search of thunder yeah I'm a circus
leaving town
Someday you'll wake up and wonder and your heart will
start to pound
And you'll long for the thunder and the kisses of a
clown

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